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June 9, 1928

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Another "Boppo" Story by James Warner Bellah

"The Education of Herbert Hoover"

By William Allen White

JUNE 9. 1928

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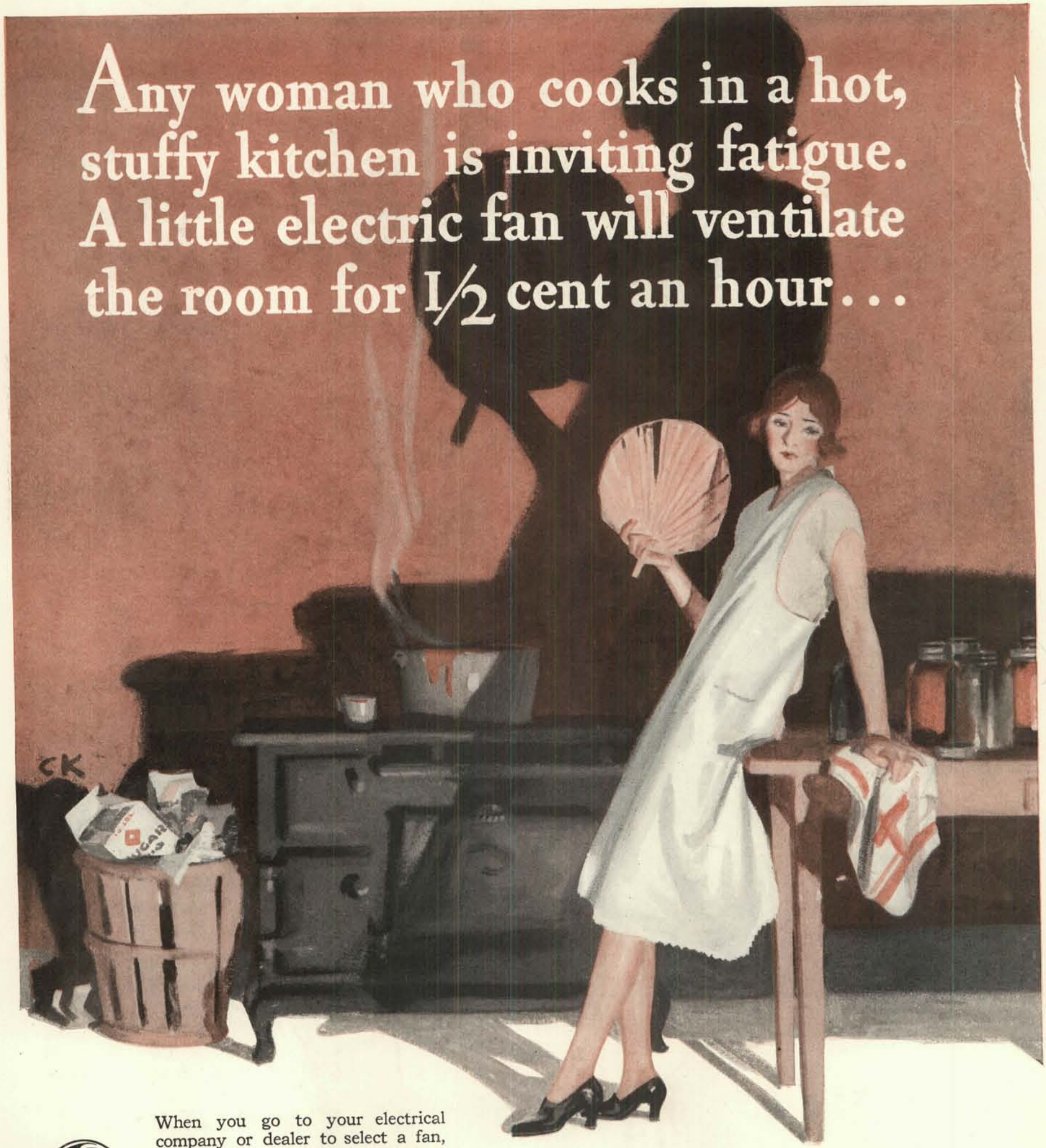
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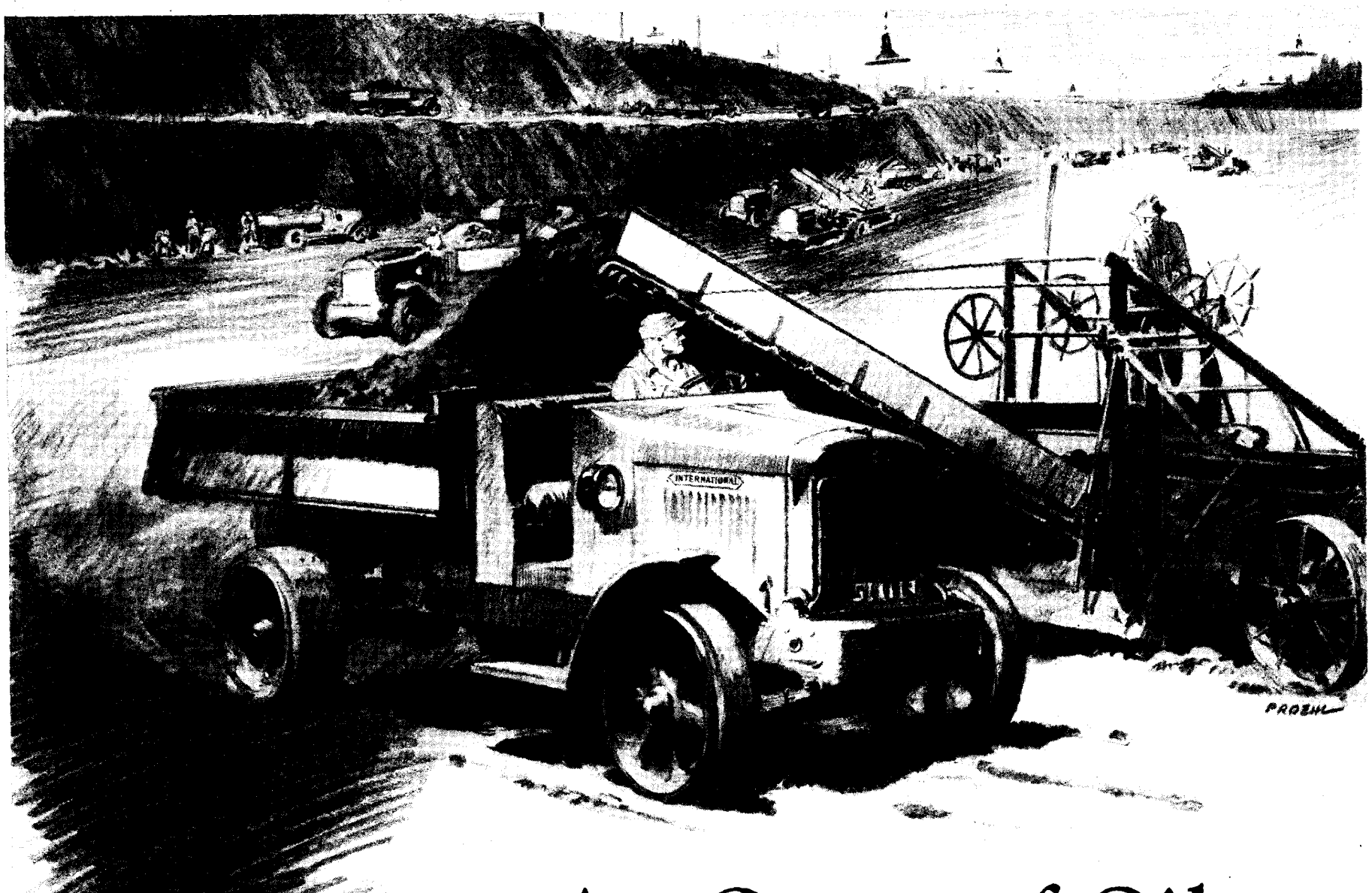

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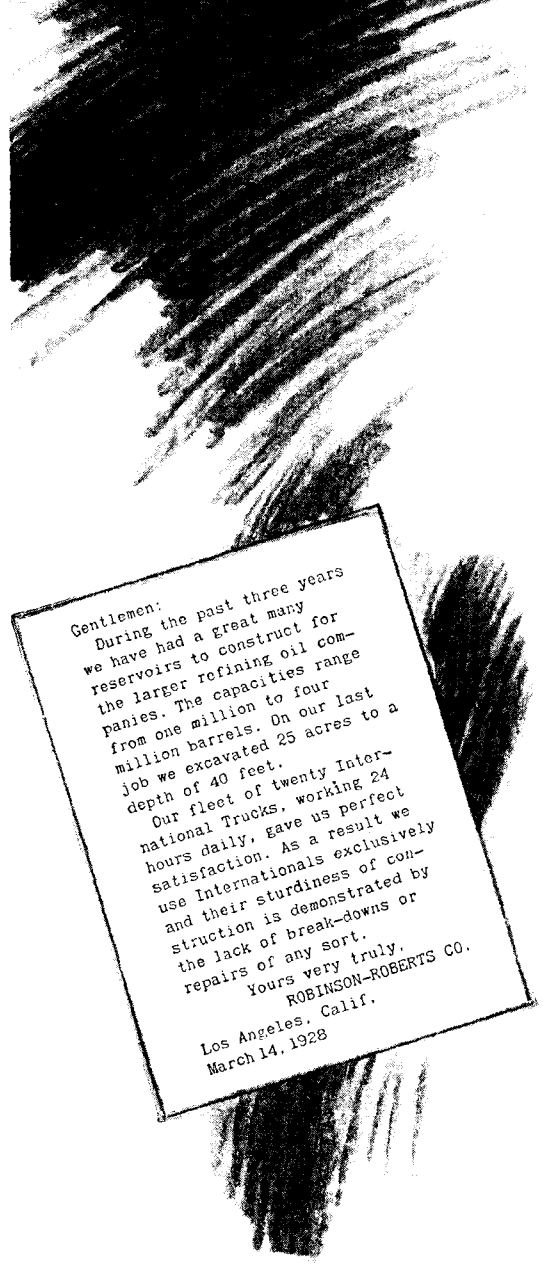
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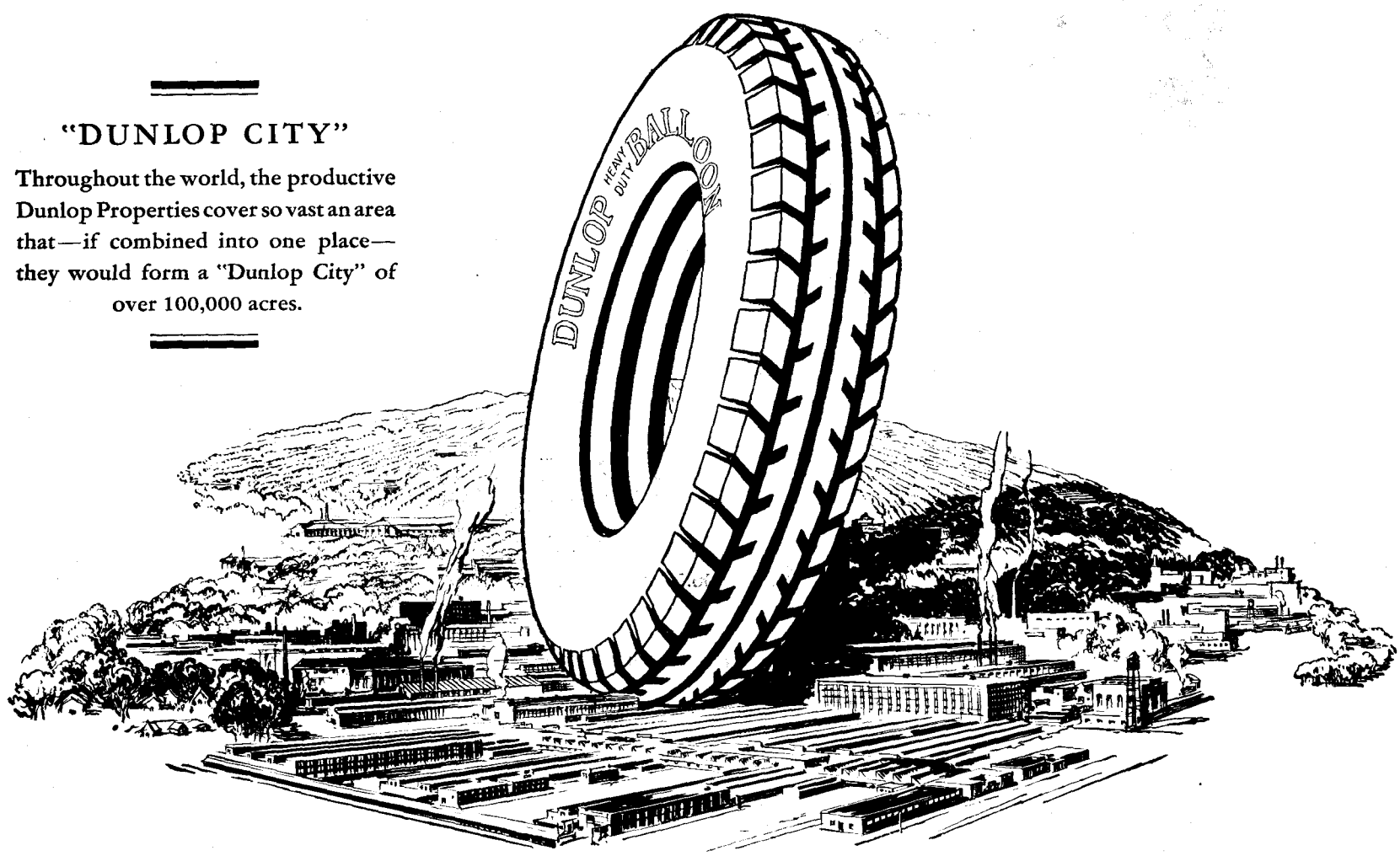

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Double Dealing

By LAURIE YORK ERSKINE

"I've told you far too much, now," he said. "But it's the truth, Alice! It's the truth!"

Strange and exciting events take place on the Bay of Biscay

UPON the love which existed between Sophronia and Randolph Corvan, Mr. Elliot Bletchly had ever looked with suspicion and with doubt. Sophronia was beautiful beyond human beauty. That was unquestionable; and as one saw her move with stateliness and grace upon whatever business Corvan ordered her, one could not but admire her dignity and her quick response to the man who handled her; nor could one remain insensitive to the profound, almost devout attention which Corvan lavished on her. But, hang it all, she was only a boat, and Mr. Bletchly's point was that life held other things than boats. For a man to give up all club life, society, sports, cards and such other earnest elements of life for the purpose of cruising the seas in a pretty barkentine was, in the opinion of Mr. Bletchly, a bit thick. He often told his daughter so.

"Mark my words, Alice," he would say. "Ranny's quite all right, and I don't want you to think I'm criticizing him. I'm not. But you must go into it with your eyes open. The truth is he's devoted to that damn' boat of his and to digging up the slime from ocean bottoms. I'm afraid you'll see precious little of him once you've gone in off the deep end."

But it had no effect on Alice.

"Don't be a duffer," would be the way she'd put it—"don't be a duffer, Dad. If you think I'm going to stay at home while Ranny roams the seas, it's because you just can't think. On all voyages undertaken after August 31st the Sophronia carries along the skipper's wife."

But Alice was wrong. By August 31st there was a war going on, and both Randolph Corvan and the barkentine Sophronia had been last heard from at Mudros and for three weeks had not been heard from at all. After Sub-Lieutenant Jack Bletchly, her brother, had left to report for duty, Alice found herself still unmarried and not a little frightened by the cloud of mystery and black silence which had swallowed up the owner and master of the Sophronia.

THERE followed, however, a wave of khaki and blue which effectually engulfed all the manhood of England and with it a wave of fantastic and dreadful eventualities which engulfed everybody, including Alice Bletchly, in a hysteria of activities which were a cloak and a shield under which one might hide the fact that one was a suffering and frightened individual.

Then, along toward the end of November, the missing bridegroom turned up, on the heels of a telegram from London, at the hospitable portals of Bletchly-Mordible, which was the somewhat cryptic name of the estate upon which the Bletchlys had lived for three hundred years preceding these events. He arrived in time for dinner, which was somewhat late because Alice Bletchly was doing something active at Market Drayton, seven miles away. She met Randolph in the hallway just before they went in to dinner, and, since her father was present, she was spared the emotions proper to such a meeting.

"Oh, Ranny!" she cried, and sat down abruptly on the Chesterfield under the stairs. He plunged into the place beside her and did his best to meet the situation.

"Of course," he said, "it's me, all right. No mistake about that. Buck up, old girl. Buck up, Alice. Here we are, all safe and sound."

Whereupon Alice arose from the Chesterfield and became very cool and self-possessed, as becomes a girl who practices rigid self-control twenty-four hours a day.

"It's jolly nice to see you back," she said, and they went in to dinner.

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At the table Elliot Bletchly was conscious of something odd in the appearance at his table of a young man in civilian clothes. For months now the young men at his table had been dressed decently in blue or in khaki. Corvan, decided Bletchly, looked offensively soft and secure in his neat dinner jacket and white shirt.

"You might have let us have a word from you," said the head of the house of Bletchly coldly.

"Couldn't!" protested Corvan, not taking his eyes from Alice, who, clad in a sort of uniform, sat opposite her father and watched Corvan's every expression as though quite unconscious of his gaze. "You see, they impounded the Sophronia at Malta and impounded me too if it comes to that. Devilish tight people, these sailors—"

"Jack," said Bletchly coldly, "is in the navy."

"Of course! Of course! No offense, you know. They're damn' fine fellows too, all of them. But close, you know. Everything secret. Made me feel like a criminal—all under cover, secret, you know."

"What a shame!" said Alice. "They might have let you send a cable."

"Oh, no," smiled Corvan. "Not a line. I had the deuce of a time getting Sophy out of their clutches. You've no idea how hard it was. I can tell you I was fair up a tree. Thought they were going to keep the little boat. But I got through all right. Sophronia still sails free." He laughed.

BLETCHLY did not respond to Corvan's laughter. There was something about the young man's blithe disrespect for the naval authorities and his concern for himself and his boat which grated upon the older man's war-racked nerves. Also he seemed to detect a nervous insincerity in Corvan's staccato periods.

"I don't see what you can do with her now," he said. "You're going to join up, I suppose?"

Corvan looked at him for a moment as though taken by surprise.

"Join up?" he asked feebly.

"Yes!" snapped Bletchly. "Join up! Join up! Is it possible you haven't heard that there's a war going on?"

"Father!" cried Alice. "Remember, Ranny's only just got back."

"Of course I'll join up!" said Corvan. "But I thought we ought to talk over—well, first, you know—there was going to be a marriage last August."

At this Mr. Bletchly flushed. Catching the drift of Corvan's remark with almost fiendish perspicacity, he decided to take the matter in hand at once.

"My daughter is at present in training," he said heavily. "She is preparing to serve her country, sir, as a nurse. Her brother is now facing God knows what perils in the service of his king and country. There will be time enough to talk of marriage, Mr. Corvan, when you come to our house in the uniform of whatever service you choose to enter."

"But, I say," said Corvan, "if it comes to that—" He stopped short, not hesitating to gaze, with eyes which seemed searching for something, on the countenance of Alice Bletchly. Then: "A man can't decide a thing like that offhand," he said.

"Why not?" demanded his host. "You are an experienced sailor. All this subterranean exploration you speak of ought to give you the edge on most of them, if it comes to that. I—ah—I may claim to have some small influence at the Admiralty, and I've no doubt I can dig up a commission for you in the Naval Reserve." He glanced across the table at the prospective recipient of his good works with something less than benevolence.

Corvan was looking at him with a peculiar effect of trepidation, with the sort of expression a man might bear who was trying to step on an egg without breaking it.

"Good Lord," thought Mr. Bletchly, "the man's frightened! The white feather, by gad!" Which, in the mind of Mr. Bletchly, settled it.

"I'll attend to it tomorrow," he announced and his voice deepened pompously. "When you wear the uniform of the service, Mr. Corvan, we can talk of other things than what a man's duty is in these dark days."

MONTHS later Bletchly-Mordible was in the hands of the R. A. Medical Corps. "One of the first of England's country homes to be given up to the needs of her fighting men," said Mr. Elliot Bletchly, who personally liked to be near his club.

With his daughter, "in training to do her bit with the best of them," as her father put it, he now occupied a pleasant flat in the West End of London and fought every battle of the war in the lounge of the Senior Conservative Club. Mr. Randolph Corvan came to this West End flat in the late afternoon of a dismal January day and found Alice Bletchly writing letters to young men somewhere in France by way of resting after a day in the hospital. Mr. Corvan was clad in a natty suit of light-brown tweeds.

Alice faced the situation with courage.

"Ranny!" she greeted him. "But you ought not to have come. We're so busy. And—did Dad manage it?" She couldn't conceal her interest in the clothes he wore. But Corvan was blind to that.

"You're going over with a hospital unit," he said. "Jack told me. You're going overseas."

"Oh, you've seen Jack?"

But his voice pursued its end relentlessly.

"Yes. And he says you're going overseas. Alice! When do you go?"

He snatched her in his arms as he said this and held her very tightly, gazing with great fervor into her eyes.

"Oh, don't Ranny! Don't, please don't . . . make a scene!"

With great abruptness he let his arms drop to his sides and allowed her to retreat to her desk. There she leaned back against the edge of the desk and spoke with queer, cold restraint.

"Jack ought to be here now," she said. "I thought it was he when you rang the bell. He's on leave. You're quite right about my going away. I'm training with a group of nurses for service in the East. Jack's coming up to say good-by. When did you see him? It seems so funny that you should have seen him." She tittered with a decidedly false effect of being amused by her own prattle.

"This is ripping," said Corvan grimly. "Perfectly ripping. You drop in to see the girl you're going to marry—drop in to say good-by—and she jolly well gives you the bird. Oh, Alice, you're not going off without—without—the marriage?"

For a fleeting instant her eyes became wide with a frightened, hunted look. Then she was cool again.

"Oh, Ranny," she cried, "what's the matter? Why is it you're not in uniform? Did Dad's scheme fail?"

He stared at her for a moment, as though he were measuring her; then he came to her side, leaning over the big chair which stood in front of the desk.

"Alice," he (*Continued on page 45*)

It was a ridiculous fantastic picture with the wallowing steamer looming before them

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Other Men's Gifts

By HOWARD McLELLAN

Illustrated by JOHN H. CROSMAN

"You've given him the best years of your life, dearie, and he can pay"

Certain gorgeous but unexplained offerings make an astonishing wedding

COUNSELOR SAM KRUMNITZER, of the firm of Krumnitzer, Mulhooley & Dragonzola, stole into the majestic presence of the criminal law via the back-door route.

Keen to help her young husband through the first years of his struggle at the bar, Madame Polly Pitcher opened a small lingerie emporium next door to the Crown Vaudeville Palace. This placed her approximately in the center of the Great White Way. She larded the windows with filmy undies and other pretty-pretties. These were arranged neatly in a sort of diaphanous tanglefoot scheme to catch first the acquisitive eyes of ladies of the ensemble and then ensnare the bank rolls of fat-pursed gentlemen escorts who were dumb enough to be led to the windows while perambulating their sweeties to and from stage doors.

Very often the maids waltzed their Johns into Madame Polly's, and then again sometimes they didn't. Not infrequently they came in alone, in tears, and sobbed their misery into the eager ears of the rotund Madame Polly, who, in such moments of distress, gave them her undivided attention at the expense of fat sales. There was nice method in this, on her part.

IT WAS not difficult at times for Madame Polly to cry with her woebegone customers, but this special display of sympathy was reserved for those who had free call upon the larger and inexhaustible bank rolls. But usually Madame Polly assuaged their grief with comforting advice.

"Dearie," she would say to them, with soothing intimacy, "you don't mean to say that you and the boy friend have split? Now, now, you mustn't take it that hard." And one of her chubby hands—usually the one that wore a triple deck of diamonds—would stroke the sobbing sister's arm.

"Buck up, girlie," she would go on bravely, "I hope you're not going to let him wriggle out of it easy. You're going to make him pay, ain't you?"

"Yes, Polly, but how?" came back the tearful response, but in a voice a bit more cheerful now that agony had been leavened by Madame Polly's suggestion that a cracked heart could be mended with golden cement.

Then it was that Madame Polly would strut her big stuff. She would draw a little white card from her hand bag and thrust it into the hand of the fair victim of a suddenly blighted romance, who, through drying eyes, would read:

MR. SAMUEL KRUMNITZER
Counselor at Law
John Marshall Building

"You've got a swell case of breach of promise," she would add triumphantly. "You've given him the best years of your life, dearie, and he can pay. Now take this card to this lawyer friend of mine. Tell him I sent you. Run along, dearie, while everything is fresh in your mind, and tell him your whole story."

Madame Polly shared with none of her customers the fact that Counselor Krumnitzer was her struggling but devoted husband—for reasons best known to herself and to inquisitive bar associations who were always reaching out to haul in lawyers' cappers.

By this master stroke of business perspicacity Madame Polly managed to keep her husband's docket crowded with breach of promise suits. It was promising business at first, especially when there were lots of booful-baby love letters to bolster up slipping memories. But in the end it petered out. Too often Madame Polly's hand-picked clients failed to show up in court when the show-down came, and Counselor Krumnitzer would be left on the end of a limb, holding the bag, without client but plus a stack of court costs on his hands, which, of course, he had to pay.

He dropped the busted-romance game and went in for a monumental undertaking. He organized the Pickpockets' Trust. From then on the criminal law was his meat. This Dip Trust, as they called it for short, was his masterpiece. Counselor Krumnitzer gathered together the pick of the leather lifters and sold them his idea. They agreed to pool a part of their earnings into what he called a "sinking fund." When members of the trust were sunk in jail, their fall money and get-away dough would come out of this fund. Then, in addition, the fences who bought stolen stuff from the membership would be compelled, under threat of a general pickpocket strike, also to contribute to the fund.

The plan worked. Counselor Krumnitzer was retained as counsel on a permanent basis, and in an appreciative moment the board of managers voted him the title "Attorney General," which he relished. Later, when the trust's power had grown, Counselor Krumnitzer could have the backing of the combination if he ran for police magistrate, in which event he would be called "Judge." And this was sweet music to his ambitious ears and honey for Madame Polly's social pancakes.

Then came the threat. That squat little runt of a shyster, Counselor Harold Mithmick, tried to organize an opposition Dip Trust by importing outsiders. He actually wired big dips in other towns to "come on in now—the water's fine." Counselor Krumnitzer wanted to punch his brother lawyer in the nose, but this would be a flagrant violation of the canons of legal ethics. So he moved against Counselor Mithmick in a dark, mysterious way.

OUTWARDLY Counselor Krumnitzer said the kindliest things about Counselor Mithmick. The day that Counselor Mithmick announced the forthcoming marriage of his daughter Regina, Counselor Krumnitzer spied Little Rudie, bellwether for the Window Smashers, in a seat in the Tombs Courtroom. They had a long, whispered conversation. The upshot of it was that Little Rudie and his boys, at Counselor Krumnitzer's big-hearted suggestion, agreed to do something magnificent for Counselor Mithmick, their friend and mouthpiece. This magnanimity would take the form of wedding (*Continued on page 28*)

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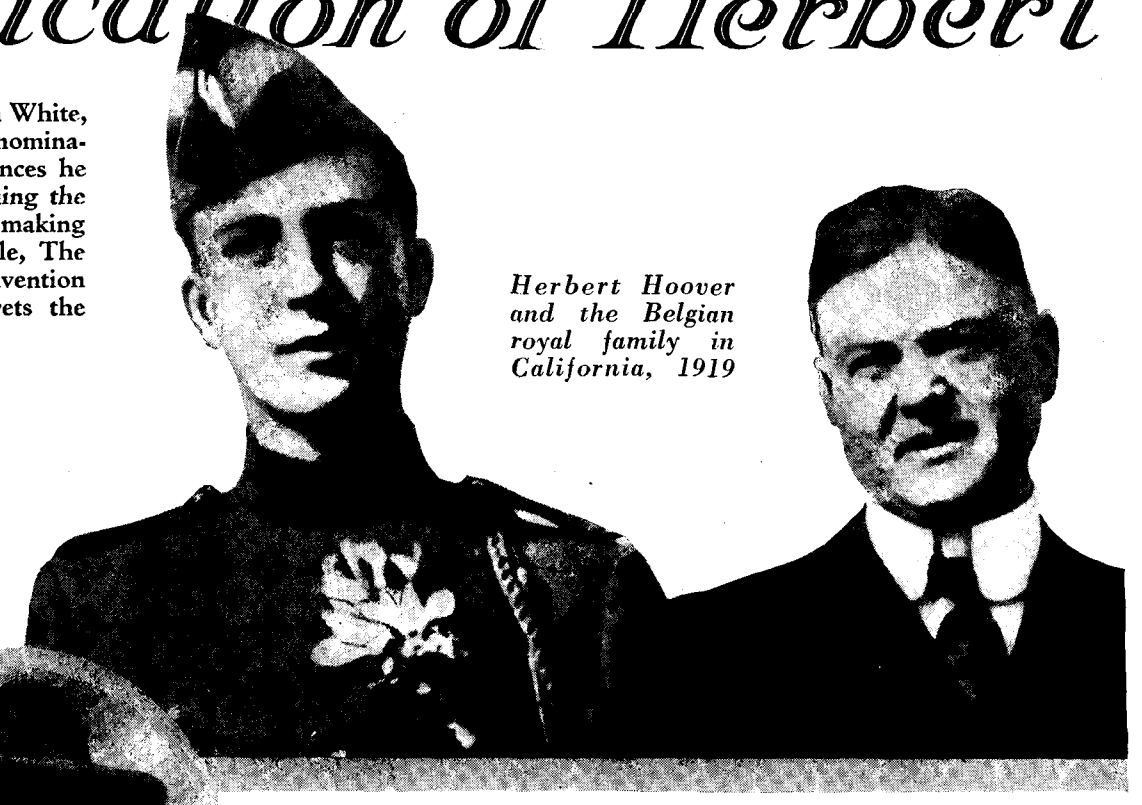
The Education of Herbert

THE far-flung Mr. Hoover is not, says William Allen White, a politician. His opponents for the Republican nomination are. While they were building their political fences he was digging mines, blazing trails for commerce, widening the fringes of empire, feeding the hungry and otherwise making himself useful to the world in general. In his article, The Sage of Emporia, who will attend the Republican Convention as a delegate instructed for Senator Curtis, interprets the heart and mind of his friend Hoover.



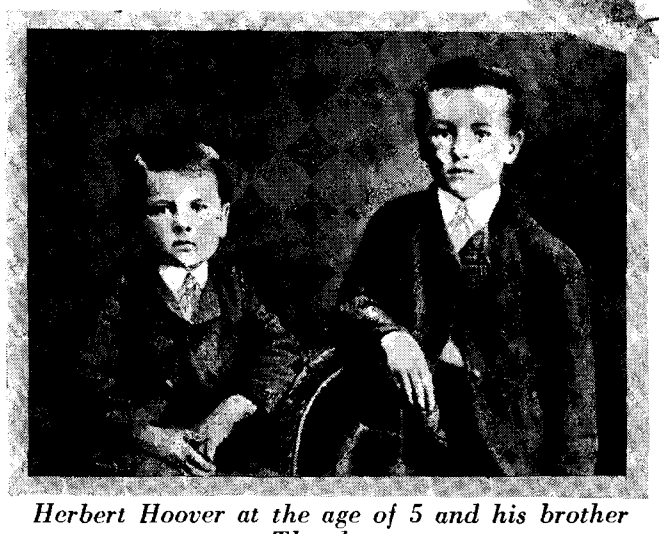
Herbert Hoover and the Belgian royal family in California, 1919

AMERICAN Presidents, for the most part, are career men—men who have made politics the business of a lifetime. In the memory of living men, let us say since Lincoln's day, every President but two came up to the White House in the regular order: Grover Cleveland, who was a lawyer until two years before he was President; and Woodrow Wilson, who was a teacher two years before he became President. The others had trudged on the treadmill of politics, had faced the people on the hustings, had known the joys of victory and the bitterness of defeat in popular elections.

Herbert Hoover has been fourteen years in public service for America, and not one hour in politics.

Statesmen who have come up through the various chairs of the lodge of politics resent Hoover as an outsider. Unconsciously, every attitude, which to Hoover seems rational, is to them offensive. He puts on no parades; but

Herbert Hoover (below) in 1898 was establishing a mining town in Australia



Herbert Hoover at the age of 5 and his brother Theodore

one door separates him from the elevator on the seventh floor of a nondescript rectangular commercial-looking building which is the Department of Commerce. Hoover's room is perhaps 22x18, furnished with three chairs and a smooth-topped mahogany table, adorned only with a blotting pad. He is sometimes slumped, generally slouched, never pompously posed, in a swivel chair, and talks across the table, often humped over and propped up on his elbows, always the unconventional soft-spoken but explicit, unemotional business executive. He has not learned to shake hands with visiting statesmen. He rarely walks to the door even with the high and mighty when they leave his presence. His promises are always qualified, his statements decently restricted. He exhibits no enthusiasms, reveals no prejudices.

In his departmental work for the last seven years, and in his bureau administration for three years before that, Hoover has dealt almost exclusively with business problems, with ponderables, if there are any such in politics. So Hoover has remained a vestal virgin in politics. It has never touched him—the thing which is the breath of the nostrils of the men who make or break governments in a democracy.

"Look at him!" say the Pharisees, "sitting there behind that polished desk, unstrewn by the débris of the day's work. He toils not, neither does he spin, as we do," they say. "Did anyone ever bring him across on any dubious proposition because Hoover had a personal obligation? Not that anyone knows. If he smokes, no one knows what kind of cigars; if he drinks, no one knows what kind of liquor; if he plays poker, it must be with the Smithsonian crowd, the professors maybe.

Can We Adore an Adding Machine?

"CAN he sing at Rotary with a cigar in his mouth? He cannot. Did he ever look a double-crosser in the eye knowing he lied and that he knew that Hoover knew he lied and take him into a deal trusting God's grace in the man's heart and the pulling power of an expectant gratitude? Not for a minute.

"When he stands up to speak, Hoover's head droops forward, and he seems to be fascinated by some gravy spot on his vest. Do you know that the only time his voice ever carried past the sixth row was when some fellows in Philadelphia put over a job on him by raising the reading stand up to his chin, so that he couldn't get confidential with his vest buttons, and had to bawl across his speech to the multitudes?

"He's written books on engineering; he's made speeches about economic problems; he has conducted researches in rubber and oil and pork and cotton and God knows what of material things; made graphs, and spewed columns of statistics, but where is his apostrophe to the flag?

"Not a stuttering syllable has he voiced to put on a banner! What a candidate to face the people in a great emotional contest like this! The contrast between him and Al Smith would be like a debate between the barker outside the side show and the automatic chess player inside under the shadow of the fat woman. We have rallied for five years around the ice-plant, and now the best we can hope for with Hoover on the ticket is four passionate years in pious adoration of the adding machine.

"We won't know whether we're in politics or in business college. The whole trouble with this bird," declare the oracles of American politics sublimating their distaste for the gentle Quaker in the department of Commerce, a distaste embittered by his low voice, his exact and qualified speech, his habit of reasoned action where politics trusts to hunches, "the whole trouble with this thinking machine is that he ain't got no sex appeal!"

To understand Hoover and to explain why politicians instinctively reject him, one must go to Hoover's career. It is a career lying at the other end of the world from politics. For politics is a career in itself.

Politics is best learned, as any other profession is learned, by playing the game of politics, by running for office, by meeting the people in their political moods, by working in party caucuses, primaries, conventions, by putting one's life, well-being, and happiness at stake upon the turn of an issue. Thus, in a decade or so a politician, even the worst politician, learns more about the ways of government than the wisest academician.

Herbert Hoover has never understood politics in the sense that a congressman gets it. All Hoover's life, he has been dealing with concrete things—things to be measured in cubic yards, linear rods, gallons, pounds and dollars. These things are substantial, may be reckoned with safety, and have few variants. A ton of earth carried a mile at a certain angle may be moved at a certain speed for a certain cost. A million gallons of water under certain circumstances will do rather definite and predictable things. Rocks have known contents, specific gravity, market value. Human labor, under varying conditions, produces varying results, but definitely calculable.

Politicians Distrust Hoover

HOOVER was born a Quaker in Iowa in 1874, was graduated in his twentieth year from Stanford University in California as an engineer. He had earned his way through school delivering papers, running a lecture course, summering in the field with a geological survey, carrying a chain, pointing a compass, doing odd jobs with his hands out-of-doors, or indoors as an accountant—a desk clerk.

From 1895 until he found himself at the head of the Belgian relief committee, approximately twenty years, Herbert Hoover lived as a mining engineer in twenty of the forty-eight American states, in China, in Australia, in Siberia, in Italy, in South Africa, in England, in Japan. Those two decades of his twenties and thirties were his formative years.

Today, he stands opposing, for the Republican nomination, four other men who have come to leadership in their party and in the nation, through paths as remote from his as though they had been on another planet.

Alphabetically, their names run: United States Senator Charles Curtis of Kansas, Vice President Charles B. Dawes of Illinois, former Governor Frank Lowden of Illinois, and United States Senator James E. Watson of Indiana. They are politicians, fairly good products of American politics, decently honest, politically conscientious, competently intelligent about governmental business.

The contrast between Hoover and his Republican opponents will explain the distrust of him which politicians generally instinctively feel. For instance: let us go back to 1898 and find Charles Curtis and Herbert Hoover. Curtis in that year was running for Congress for the fourth time. He had climbed upward in the organization of the National House of Representatives, attracted the attention of Speaker Tom Reed; for Curtis had willing hands, tireless legs, and a kindly heart. In his district, he was welding his own organization, which his enemies called a

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Hoover By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

International Newsreel

machine. He had card indexed every township leader in an area larger than a New England state which he represented so well that Curtis was considered impregnable. So much for Curtis.

Now what about Hoover? At that moment, he was in Australia. For three years, while Curtis had been dealing with those vague but powerful influences of self-interest and aspiration which, massed, make public sentiment, Hoover had been pushing a car in a mine, had been roaming Arizona inspecting mining prospects as a youth barely able to vote, and sometimes forgetting his privilege.

He had been laying out ditch lines on a gravel proposition, surveying sage brush in New Mexico, running tunnels, bringing water from the desert hills. In 1898, as Curtis fought his way to a fourth nomination and election, speaking in little Kansas towns and schoolhouses, Hoover was in Australia, establishing a mining town.

$15,000 at 24 Years of Age

HE WAS handling money in terms of millions, riding on camel-back across arid wastes, laying railroads and highways to his town, delving in the earth with ravenous machines which burrowed their way into mountain sides like greedy brutes. Shafts were rising, and great dumps warting the surface of the earth at Hoover's will, and 25,000 Australians looked to him for their daily bread. He followed no instinctive guides; it was all laid out by rule of thumb on blue prints with exact mathematical calculations.

He was earning $15,000 a year, and asked no man for any favors that might mean bread or shelter or clothes. He was wearing a slouch hat, a flannel shirt, boots and corduroys, a person of consequence for a boy in his twenties, an upright self-respecting man. Half a dozen years or so later, Hoover was in China. His base of operations was in Peking, but he traveled into Manchuria and Mongolia, even into Chihli, Shantung, and Shausi provinces.

By river and canal, and on horseback, he was spanning the wilderness, a young bridegroom, by the way, with his wife on his pack, laying out all sorts of railroads, mines and waterways, dealing with diplomats, standing before kings, looking premiers squarely in the eye and telling them to go straight up. Five assistants worked under him.

Now let's turn to another of Hoover's opponents—say, Frank Lowden. While Hoover was in China, Lowden married the daughter of George M. Pullman, the sleeping-car magnate, and was professor of law in Northwestern University near Chicago.

He had been a delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1900 and 1904, having fought his way through the precinct, ward, county and district to a place of honorable leadership among his party associates.

He was a member of the National Republican Committee, which is the 32d degree in the masonry of the political temple in 1905, when, in Tientsin, Mr. and Mrs. Hoover were in the barricaded foreign quarters under fire from the Boxers. One fine summer day the 30,000 Chinese troops, equipped with modern arms and well furnished with artillery, faced the Boxers, and the next day threw down their arms, and deserted to the Boxers fired with a lust for slaughter, rape and pillage.

On that day when Hoover was plugging the flank ends of the street against military attack, when he had assigned a revolver to every white woman there for use if the plugged street gave way, Frank Lowden was cogitating upon the entirely honest manipulation of the Evanston delegation in the county convention for the coming year. He solidified himself with the precinct leaders as Republican National Committeeman, having post offices to dispose of and favors to grant. He was doing political business with Theodore Roosevelt; also with Billy Lorimer, Martin Madden and Billy Mason, Chicago statesmen who still lag not altogether useless on the stage.

The blockade on Tientsin held. The machine in Evanston made good. Lowden went to Congress; Hoover came out of China, 27 years old, with an air of authority on his face, with a heel-gait in his walk, with his nose headed for Siberia where there were mines to work.

The Siberian top was spinning a few months later. About the time that Frank Lowden was running for Congress, Hoover had some truck with the Sultan of Afghanistan and was working on a project in Borneo. While Frank Lowden, with pardonable pride, was standing before the rail in front of the Speaker's dais, being sworn in, a young congressman with visions of patriotic achievement in his heart, Herbert Hoover, somewhere in the Ural Mountains, was installing an equipment of American smelters and mills before a mine, trying to recover the by-products from iron and copper workings, salvaging the sulphuric acid from the slag, distilling the turpentine, and recovering acetone from the woods of the great Black Forest. There and then, 60,000 people hurried out of the fastnesses to promote this project, and where once had been recurring famines and an occasional fat year, there came steady employment and a paying job for tens of thousands.

He was following the bent of his nature, the insatiable mental curiosity of a man who desires to know things well and do them efficiently. He was anything but an adventurer, even if he followed the Sinbad trail. He was learning the executive's hard unromantic task.

If he touched governments—and he did, a score of them, as he hurried along the world's highway—it was to get from governments definite things which he got, or failed to get, and he had no further relations with them.

His Hands Are Always Building

AND while he was at this administrator's job, another of his opponents, Senator James E. Watson of Indiana, was learning the statesman's job in those busy years. He was going to Congress, or staying at home at the behest of a fitful, fretful people, running for governor, helping the Taft forces in his state to take the delegation to the National Republican Convention away from Roosevelt, lobbying for clients before the legislature and Congress, getting entangled here and embroiled there, making enemies sometimes wisely, and sometimes not so well, but always learning something of government, of the science of politics as it is practiced in this democracy. In the meantime, Herbert Hoover was painting his name on office doors in San Francisco, London, Melbourne, New York, St. Petersburg, in Mandalay and Shanghai. He had acquired a business that brought substantial profits and netted him a modest fortune, stated, probably, in the minor millions.

It is only honest to say that these careers so varied—Hoover's and his political rivals—all have something valuable for the times; what and how much no one knows exactly. For politics is the science of imponderables. Hoover's Republican fellow contestants for party honor have (*Continued on page 42*)

Theodore, Herbert and May Hoover in 1888. Herbert was 14

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We Want Charlie!

"Business is business, but friendship is something different. Am I right or am I right?" said George

By JAMES WARNER BELLAH

Illustrated by R. VAN BUREN

Boppo takes a flyer in oil stocks—and what a flyer!

IT IS of the utmost importance when taking up the study of the Life and Letters of George Stanley ("Boppo") St. Anselme Stokes-Mowbray to determine accurately the frame of mind of that gentleman at the moment when the research is entered upon. This is only fair to the student and fully conforms to the correct scientific method of procedure.

For instance, then, on the evening in question Boppo, at 11:30 P. M., was not in the very least whittled. To say that he was not even braised would be untrue. He was braised, but he was emphatically not whittled. But if he had been completely undone, there might have been an excuse, for, arriving in New York, he had found himself consigned to one Melville Brotherington, the American head of Bancroft-Parsons, Ltd., who had been at Harrow with Mr. H. J. K. M. Chuttleworth of Chuttleworth, Chuttleworth, Chuttleworth, Chuttleworth & Chuttleworth, the administrators of Boppo's estate, and had, in some very antediluvian era, wielded, as it were, a rather mean cricket bat at Lord's against Eton, to that institution's immense chagrin.

TEN days before Boppo had called upon Mr. Brotherington. Mr. Brotherington had coughed, removed his pincenez and delivered himself of a "Haw!" Thereupon he had launched into a short preamble anent pickpockets, footpads, embezzlers, grafters and sundry other adjuncts of the city, the earmarks and the method of approach of which might be slightly different from that of the same species in London. Subsequently Mr. Brotherington, who was sixty, asthmatic and slightly on the offside of moldy, had taken Boppo to the top of the Woolworth building.

After that Mr. Brotherington, who was under the impression that Boppo had come over to study the country, suggested the Stock Exchange, the Public Library, the Zoo and the Opera, with a side trip to New England to see shoes manufactured. A luncheon at the Brokers' Club, a lecture at the Pan-English League on Synthetic Wood Pulp—Its Uses and Limitations, an afternoon spent going through a charity hospital, three pamphlets on American systems of education, and a dinner at Mr. Brotherington's house completed the program.

But Boppo did not want to study the country, hence it was that at 11:30 P. M. on the evening in question he was resting from his labors. Deep in his heart he felt that perhaps Mr. Brotherington's temperament was not his own and that, kind and solicitous as Mr. Brotherington had been, there were, perhaps, several points that he had missed. In short, to put it mildly, Mr. Brotherington was a musty old trout, slightly puckered at the gills.

One of the points he had undoubtedly missed was the Alimony Club. It was the place Boppo had chosen to rest in, preparatory to carrying on his further studies. It seemed to stimulate thought in him. Whereas all through dinner at Mr. Brotherington's he had thought of nothing whatsoever but a slightly tired sardine he had nibbled at luncheon, he was now thinking seriously of a mole on the collar bone of a rather plumpish lady at the next table and wondering whether or not it could be improved by tattooing two eyes, a nose and a mouth upon it. It had a small tuft of hair in exactly the right spot to do for a beard. Idly, on his menu card, he drew the front elevation of his suggested design.

HE WAS interrupted by a flash of purple lights, an opening wail from the orchestra and a dark lady who slid into the center of the floor and sang "Pigeon-toed Papa Can't Shuffle With Mamma No More." It was a sad song and completely snared Boppo's attention. So it was that, when he heard a deep sigh from a table behind him, he turned slowly around in his chair and regarded the two men who were sitting there.

"Listen, Charlie, you're a friend of mine. I'm not begging *any*one to buy this stuff. Lone Star Consolidated is a going proposition, and it'll keep going, what I mean. Since we brought in that well in February we've been getting 50,000 barrels a day, what I mean."

Charlie sighed again. "I know, George, but I gotta wife I gotta support. I know you think this stuff is all right, and I ain't casting any aspersions at you, but it costs a lot to live and, besides, I got enough of it now. It ain't gone up since I bought that 5,000 block last month—an' I gotta wife."

"WELL, now, let me tell you something, Charlie. I know it costs a lot to live, but this here is a gold mine. Listen, Charlie—I'm buying it myself, and the way I feel about it is so strongly that I'd like to lend you the money to go into it deeper only if I hadn't gone so deep in it myself. That's the kind of a guy I am, an' I don't mean peradventure."

Boppo, under the spell of the song, regarded them benevolently but withal somewhat blankly meanwhile he tried to bring their conversation into the focus of his understanding.

"I know," said Charlie. He sighed again. "But I can't. I gotta sweet, lovin' li'l wife, and I ain't got the money to spare." His eyes lit up suddenly as the dance music started.

"Geez," he said, "there's that Correlas dame over at the third table. 'Member her, George? I'm going to trot over and ask her will she dance with me."

He got up, smoothed his waistcoat and started across the floor.

George, who saw Boppo's eye upon him, smiled sadly and shrugged his shoulders in despair.

"That's the way it is, Buddy. You

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try to make millionaires out of your pals, and they think you're handing them a gold brick. Then, when you're riding around in your Rerlls-Rerce, they're as thick as flies trying to borrow five bucks."

"Jolly rotten and awkwardish, what?" said Boppo.

George looked at him in astonishment. "Whad y'say?"

"I said," said Boppo, "heating and botherish, not? I mean to say"—he waved his hand in an inclusive gesture of explanation—"all that, what?"

"Oh," gulped George. "Well, what I was saying was that—"

"Quite so," said Boppo. "I mean to say, pukka washout tryin' to show one's friend the path that leads to the jolly old jug of glitter at the end of the rainbow, as it were, but when one takes it oneself and garners the wherewithal, one finds oneself bothered no end by one's friends cadging one's tin." He smiled brightly.

"Say," said George. "You been to college, or something? What I was really trying to say wasn't anything about that. This here is oil I'm talking about. Real honest-t'-Gawd oil, an' nobody believes me." He shrugged again hopelessly. "That's the way of the world—nobody believes me."

"Oh, I say," said Boppo in some distress. "Don't shuffle off the deep end, Old Cabbage. I mean to say, hardly worth boiling over about! *I* believe you, what?"

"Do you?" asked George mournfully. "Do you really?"

"Rather," said Boppo. Light was beginning to dawn upon him in a small, distant flicker. He scratched the top of his head to intensify it into a beam. Slowly it brightened. "Jolly well sh'd say I do—read all about it in the paper. Oil y'know, what? Jolly old stuff comes bubbly-bubbly out of the ground. Merely dig a hole—*boppo*—up she comes, not?"

"You're darn tootin'!" said George. "An' that ain't all. Listen. I got an oil stock here that's only ten cents a share today. Lone Star Consolidated. I been tryin' for three weeks to sell it, an' nobody'll take it. There ain't anyone got the *sense* to take it! Tomorrow this here stock may be a dollar a share."

GEORGE banged his fist upon the table, knocking three plates and a tumbler to the floor. The waiter hurried over and swept up the débris, and the head waiter sauntered down in his wake. "Pretty early in the evening, boys," he said genially. "Not too much racket."

George looked at him dolefully, ignored him and turned back to Boppo. The corners of his mouth drooped, and it appeared that at any moment he might burst into tears. "But nobody believes me," he wailed, "nobody believes me."

"I say," said Boppo in some alarm. "I say—*don't* pull the plug, what? *I* believe you, Old Pumpkin, rehlly."

"No," said Charlie. "I don't believe it—*nobody* believes me."

"Oh, absolutely, yes—all that sort of thing."

"Do you mean it?"

"Rather. Wonderful country, America. Make millions overnight—all that. By George, *that's* an idea!"

"What is?"

"Well, I mean to say. Drifter m'self, y'know. Beachcomber, what? Family sends me over to musty old frowse to look out for me, all that. Stupid show. Might jog them up a bit if I made a million overnight, what? Jolly good idea. Besides, *my* money—all that sort of silly rot."

"Why, sure, it would," said George. "You got some money?"

"Rather," said Boppo. "Jolly old Aunt Ophelia konked out and left me the kitchen stove; no—wrong there—Aunt *Genevieve*."

"Listen," said George. "You wanna li'l snifter?" he winked and reached under the table. "You an' me," he said, "are goin' to be friends."

"Righto," said Boppo, "Jolly old inseparables, what?"

George raised his glass. "Here's a set of false teeth," he said and drank.

"Cheeroh," said Boppo.

"Now, listen," said George, lowering his voice confidentially, "I didn't tell this to Charlie because it ain't none of his business. Charlie's a good guy, but he think's he's pretty wise, an' he had his chance. But what I mean is just this"—his voice sank to a whisper—"I *know* this here Lone Star is going up *tomorrow!* We got confidential word yesterday that they expect to crash into oil any minute an'—"

"You mean," said Boppo, "this stock will be a dollar—"

"Well, maybe not *quite* a dollar," George explained carefully, "but pretty near it. It's the safest, soundest thing on the market. What do you think of that?" He brought his fist down on the table again, catching the tines of a fork and flipping it through the air.

The head waiter and a shouldery gentleman raced across the floor. The shouldery gentleman tapped George's shoulder. "Listen, fellow," he said. "One more of those, an' out you go, got it? This is twice, an' it ain't midnight yet."

"Oh, go away," said George petulantly. "Can't a couple buddies talk business?"

"Well, you heard me," said the bouncer. "Them's the boss' orders, an' what she says goes in this jernt."

"ALL right, all right," said George. "What I was saying"—his voice became hardly audible—"is that they've prob'ly brought in that new well now, an' here I am a millionaire, an' I won't know anything about it till tomorrow. That's tough, y'know, my friend—to be a millionaire and not know anything about it till tomorrow."

"I sh'd jolly well say," Boppo raised his glass. "Cheeroh—here's a concrete bicuspid, as it were, what?"

Flo laughed. "Say—what kind of a millionaire are you, anyway?"

"Listen," said George. "You're a good guy an' so is Charlie a good guy. I like you, an' I like Charlie, but Charlie thinks he's a pretty wise bird. Now, listen, you're a friend of mine, ain't you? Now listen. I got 5,000 shares of Lone Star left. That's all there is, there ain't no more, an' I gotta see Joe Lowenstein at nine o'clock tomorrow. He'll snap 'em up in a minute. He's a millionaire, an' he knows a good thing when he sees it. Now I like you an' *because* I like you I'll tell him I sold the last block to Charlie here, an', seein' as you're a pal of mine—you can have it yourself. Now, am I a white guy? Am I a square shooter, hey?"

"My word!" said Boppo. "You mean you'd jolly well disappoint this client of yours in order to—" He set his glass down.

"Why not?" said George belligerently. "Business is business, but friendship's something different. Am I right or am I right? Besides, Lowenstein's got *plenty* of money *already*."

Boppo thought deeply for a moment. Here was real friendship and brotherhood. Here was all that was worthwhile in human existence. Here was warmth and benevolence and the helping hand all falling like the gentle rain from heaven, or words to that effect.

"Righto," he said. "I shall just jolly well take you on, and thanks no end. This'll jolly well make the pater sit up, what?"

"Now, mebbe," said George, "you ain't got the money, but I'll just make out one of our option forms, and you can sign it." He took a sheet of paper from his pocket and filled it in. It promised to turn over 5,000 shares of Lone Star Consolidated common at current price to Boppo on the morrow. Two gentlemen named Loopschutzle at the next table, upon request, very kindly witnessed the transaction with their signatures. They seemed to be friends of George, for he called them by their first names and gave them drinks.

Business over, George rubbed his hands, filled the glasses again and, with Boppo, drank.

"Well, well," he said presently, "there's old wise guy Charlie chewing the fat with that Correlas dame. Le's call him back."

"But, I say, maybe he won't want to come," said Boppo.

"Well, le's *call* him," said George. "Le's call him, *anyway!*"

"Righto—how shall we call him?"

"Well," said George, "le's stand up on a table an' yell, 'We Want Charlie!'"

"Jolly," said Boppo. "I mean to say—novel, what? All that."

"You're darn tootin'!" said George. He stood up, mounted his chair and cupped his hands to his mouth. "Wee wan—"

A HAND descended upon the back of Boppo's neck, and the shouldery gentleman's face glared into his; meanwhile another shouldery gentleman lifted George from the chair and started him toward the cloakroom in the manner of walking that is called Dutch, amid the laughter and applause of everyone on that side of the room.

He found himself bundled into his coat and hat and presented with a bill for $20, which he paid. Almost immediately thereafter he and George, with their hands in their topcoat pockets, were staring disconsolately at the outside of the Alimony Club from the vantage point of the curbing across the street.

(*Continued on page 36*)

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The Red Cock Crows

Among strange warriors Sir Bruce of Famagosta fights for his lady

By HAROLD LAMB

Illustrated by AUSTIN EUGENE BRIGGS

PICULPH, the sergeant at arms, always made his rounds in the city of Tana at dusk. In that hour, after vesper bells and the muezzin's call, wine flowed in the taverns and blood in the alleys. A watchful fellow like Piculph could always pick up something good.

Tana was a slave port—the last post of Europeans in Asia—at the far end of the Charnomar, that is now called the Black Sea. Over this sea the galleys from Constantinople brought Christian slaves, boys and young women, Greeks and all sorts, to be sold to rich Moslems. And from the East, along the caravan road, came the turbaned folk bringing red leather and hemp and musk and opium and sword blades. And Tana had never been noisier at dusk than this evening of the year of grace 1402.

Piculph went warily, turning the corners wide, with his ear cocked to the bickering and brawling that went on, only half seen. It was the hour, he had said more than once, when the Horned One held open market. Piculph himself was a Lombard redbeard with a knack of stabbing and a nice touch for stealing. He served Messer Andrea, the master of the slave brokers, and he held himself to be better than the masterless rogues, the ribalds of the alleys—such rogues as he now paused to watch.

In the deep shadow under the stone arch of an open gate in the city wall some half dozen ragged figures were clustered, looking out at the road. Piculph, being mounted, could see over their heads. Beyond this gate, out on the plain, the glow of sunset lingered. And Piculph's curiosity grew as he watched.

Often he had watched stout Turks driving laden asses through that gate and sallow Armenians moving through the dust raised by their sheep and grim Tatars whirling lariats as they trotted beside the herds of their shaggy ponies. But he had never seen a man leading a horse.

And now a tall man was approaching with the long stride of one who had come far on foot. He wore boots of soft leather laced to his knees, a faded mantle gray with dust, and a tarnished steel cap set a little upon one side of his yellow head. Great of bone he was, and though alone he did not seem to fear the darkness under the gate. The sword slung upon his hip in its leather scabbard was too heavy and too long to be handy in a brawl. So thought Piculph.

And so thought the ribalds under the arch who had seen that the stranger led a lame horse, a gray Arab racer whose saddle cloth was gleaming cloth of gold. Since the stranger was alone and the horse one of price, the thieves made ready to slay the man—there in the darkness under the arch that smelled of charcoal and sheepskins.

Piculph grinned in his beard, for he saw what they were about, and he meant to ride in upon them after their work was done and seize the horse himself.

The stranger entered the arch, and the masterless men thronged about him. "Ya huk—ya hak!" they yelled in unison, the beggar's cry of Asia's streets. And at their call a pock-marked devil in a tattered cloak came running up with a lantern as if to light the way before the tall man. Instead he thrust the lantern close to the stranger's eyes—clear gray eyes that looked at them out of a lean, sun-darkened face.

"Give, in God's name!" whined a beggar, pushing through his mates until his groping hands closed upon the right arm of the stranger. The beggar was blind, his pupils white-filmed, his lids eaten by flies.

His comrades pressed in closer then, and Piculph saw that for which he had been looking. Behind the blind beggar appeared a stout Levantine boatman grasping a short ax, watching his chance to strike. The thieves clamored louder, and the boatman shifted his weight to his left foot, and the corners of his lips twitched in a snarl. Suddenly he struck, full at his victim's eyes.

But the tall man had caught the flicker of steel in the light of the lantern. His right arm shot forward, thrusting the blind beggar back, and he himself bent back from the hips. The boatman's ax swung harmlessly through the air.

He had not time to strike again. No one was between him and Subai Ghazi

At the same instant the stranger pulled clear his sword. The point of the long blade swept out and down, and the boatman shrieked. The sword's edge had caught his wrist and cut through it. The ax, still gripped in hairy fingers, dropped to the earth.

The boatman staggered against the stones of the arch and fell. At the flash of the long sword his companions vanished, as dogs flee the rush of a wolf—the blind beggar scrambling after them. The stranger picked up the lantern quietly and hooked it to his belt—a broad leather belt, Piculph noticed, set with silver plates and a miniature shield.

"Por Bacco!" exclaimed the big Lombard, drawing closer, "what a cut that was!"

He had spoken in Italian, and the stranger neither answered nor sheathed his sword. Piculph saw now that he was younger than he had thought, but with the narrowed eyes and the lines about the mouth that come from hardship and long service.

"Whence are you, Messer Swordsman?" he asked, in the lingua franca that

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was the common speech of the Levant.

"From the road," the stranger answered calmly, and Piculph was no wiser than before.

The Lombard glanced at the blood-stained ax and shrugged a plump shoulder. "Well, you had an ill welcome. Curs will use their teeth, and a good horse is worth a hundred ducats in Tana this night. Aye, many souls are fleeing the gates, and few are coming in. A time of trouble always cheapens women and raises the price of horses. Yesterday a Greek virgin, skilled at dancing and the guitar, sold for thirty-five pieces of gold. I saw it—I, captain of Messer Andrea's men, and I swear by—"

"Enough!" said the tall man. "Lead me to your master."

"AND may the foul fiend sit upon me, Your Grace, but I know not what he serves or seeks. He is no Frank or Lombard or man of Genoa like your illustrious lordship, and he keeps his tongue in his mouth. He wears the belt of a lord, but he came in alone from the Jerusalem road, and if he were a ghost and not a living wight, I would name him a mad crusader. 'Twas a sweet slice he dealt that clapper-claw—*Zut!*—and the dog's paw was off. But he says he was sent to Your Illustrious Grace."

Thus Piculph delivered himself to his master, Andrea the Genoese, sometimes called the Counter by reason of his great wealth in slaves and ships.

They were in the open gallery of the citadel, overlooking the flat roofs of the town and the bare masts of the galleys beyond. The last of the sunset glow had left the sky, and above the spluttering torch in its socket behind Messer Andrea the points of the Pleiades shimmered. Against the stars rose the dark bulk of donjon and corner towers, upon which moved slowly the vague figures of watchers.

Outside the glare of the torch Prince Theodore lay at ease upon a divan, a handsome young Greek, mindful of the dressing of his dark beard and the hang of the miniver cloak upon his shoulders, but at this moment sulky and out of patience.

Erect, clad in severe black velvet, Messer Andrea sat at a narrow ebony table inlaid with ivory, a roll of parchment between his bony fingers. His shallow face was dry and aged, his eyes expressionless, yet his voice was sharply imperious. Men in debt to the Counter feared that shrill voice more than the slither of drawn steel, and Prince Theodore—who tried to drown in his cups the memory that Tana had once been his and was now in the hands of the Counter—would say when he was very drunk that the Genoese knew the art of making silver out of copper and gold out of human souls.

Messer Andrea glanced up fleetingly at the tall stranger, who had not understood what Piculph said.

"A belted knight in Tana," he observed dryly. "Young sir, I do not know your name?"

"Bruce," responded the swordsman, looking about him calmly.

"Bruce—of Famagosta? Vassal of the Sieur de Rohan? Rohan is dead!"

Three times the man called Bruce of Famagosta nodded assent, and Messer Andrea reflected. He knew that John of Rohan, a Count of Flanders, had come to the East to wield his sword in the holy war against the Moslems. Adventurers served John of Rohan, among them this youth out of Scotland who was named Bruce and who had no property. Rohan and his men had been drawn into the cross currents of wars that swirled around Venice and Constantinople. Messer Andrea heard of them fighting at Smyrna, and in the long galleys of the Doge; they had besieged Famagosta and had in turn been besieged, and there John of Rohan had been slain not by a Moslem scimitar but by a Greek crossbow bolt—John of Rohan, who had been Messer Andrea's friend, who had borrowed from him a large sum of money and had died still owing it.

"Faith," remarked the Scot, "'Twas Rohan sent me hither."

"And why?" Messer Andrea wondered how this man had found his way to Tana, through the danger that now beset the road.

"For his daughter."

On the divan in the shadows the Greek prince stirred and would have spoken had not Messer Andrea signed to him to be silent.

"And where is she, Sir Bruce?"

"Here."

For a moment Messer Andrea was silent, his thin lips pinched. True, the daughter of Sieur de Rohan was in Tana, under his protection. Rohan had requested him to safeguard her.

"What token bring ye as warranty of your mission?" he asked. "A writing, Sir Bruce?"

The Scottish swordsman looked calmly at the merchant. "Ye wite well, Messer Andrea, that my lord of Rohan could not write a paternoster. I am saying that he spoke with me after he had been cut down, and he bade me go to you and take in my charge his daughter, to shield and guard her to her home."

Messer Andrea lowered his eyes and stroked his long chin. The daughter of the dead seigneur, Marie de Rohan, was still a child—but a child who was beginning to be beautiful. She was thin and white, and grieving had darkened the shadows under her eyes. Still, there was the hue of fire in her hair, with a glint of gold running through it. Such hair was the fashion in Venice, and Messer Andrea knew certain noblemen who would pay 200 ducats of full weight for Marie de Rohan.

HER father had never paid his debt to the Counter, and Marie had no kinsmen to protect her. Messer Andrea was not minded to yield her to a wandering swordsman.

"How will you find a way," he asked sharply, "back to Christian lands?"

"By the caravan route."

Prince Theodore propped himself up on an elbow and exclaimed shrilly: "By the hide and hair of the Evil One, this is madness! With forty lances I would not set foot upon that road."

"By times, my lord," responded Sir Bruce, "a maid is safer upon the road than behind walls."

The smooth brow of the Greek darkened, and his hand caught at the hilt of the long dagger in his girdle.

"Your Mightiness!" The Counter's dry voice was like the flicker of a whip. "Allow *me* to warn our guest of the peril outside the walls. Piculph—see thou to the watch. Send in cupbearers with Cyprian wine."

The Greek sank back upon the divan deeper into the shadow, stifling his anger with whispered oaths. At first he would not touch the silver goblet of cool white wine offered him by the two Circassian women who came unveiled, silent and graceful as animals upon the soft carpet. Then he clutched his cup, gulped it down and signed for more.

SIR BRUCE waited to see him drink first, and in the pause the keen ears of the Scot caught the movement of armed men all about him—the clank of the iron butts of crossbows against stone parapets, the crackle and flare of a cresset newly lighted that showed him the steel caps of a score of bowmen, the dark arms of mangonels and the bronze tubes of flame throwers on the outer wall. Even in the alleys below the night was full of sounds—a man's sudden oath, the clatter of hoofs and the ceaseless wail of beggars.

"You have noticed, young sir, that Tana is strongly held. I have been warned." Messer Andrea tapped the parchment in his fingers. "There is one near at hand who fears not the wrath of God nor the weapons of men.

"And here is the message he sends me." Messer Andrea unrolled the parchment and held it so the Scot could see the strange writing—tiny scrolls and curlicues—that covered it. Some of the marks were inscribed in red upon a gilt circle.

"'Tis Arabic, with a royal name emblazoned," commented Sir Bruce. "I ken—" he was silent a moment. "Read it, I cannot."

"That name," assented the Genoese, "is Tamerlane."

Sir Bruce looked up reflectively. In bazaar and caravansary he had heard men speak of Tamerlane, a lame Tatar king who had emerged with his horde from the unknown steppes of the east.

Messer Andrea read slowly:

"By command of TAMERLANE, King of all kings, the Victorious, Lord of fortunate happenings—to the master of Tana, these words are sent. With sharp sword edges and swift horses we are passing thy city. Send out to us therefore a suitable gift, and no harm will befall thee at our hand."

Messer Andrea was silent a moment, studying the parchment. He resumed:

"If the tribute is not sufficient, we will turn aside and make war upon ye. We will set the red cock crowing. We will build a pyramid of the heads of the slain. Do as thou wilt. It is all one to me. I send this writing—I, SUBAI GHAZI, *Lord of the lords of Tamerlane's host."*

He loosed the parchment from his fingers, and it coiled itself like a snake upon the table.

"I have heard it said," he mused, "that Tamerlane's Tatars make towers out of the skulls of their foes."

"Aye," asserted Sir Bruce, "when they are angered."

"But the meaning of the red cock—"

"Fire."

The merchant glanced fleetingly at the soldier. "You know something of these accursed Tatars?"

"I have seen them in battle."

"Then you (*Continued on page 54*)

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All for None, None for All

The Democratic rule of action is "Every man for himself and the devil take the foremost." Democrats are entirely too emotional an' pleasure-lovin' for politics

Uncle Henry

"My candidate is fixed up with blue spectacles and false whiskers"

"SAY," asked Mr. Stubbs, "who on earth is this Senator George that's runnin' for the Democratic nomination?"

"Sh-h-h!" cautioned Uncle Henry, putting a finger to his lips and casting uneasy glances at the open door. "Not so loud. Do you want to ruin the poor devil, killin' whatever prospects he may have? Nobody knows Senator George, an' that is his chief asset as a candidate. Nothin', my dear 'Lonzo, is more hurtful to a Democratic aspirant for office than to be known. There are cases where even slight prominence has killed at twenty paces.

"I must say that I'm surprised at the Georgia politicians, for they've been Democrats long enough to know better. The very idea of comin' right out with the announcement that Senator George was willin' to lead the party if given a runnin' start of one hundred yards! What they ought to have done, if they'd had any cunnin', was to take him out into the short-grass country, an' hide him in a prairie-dog hole until the mornin' of the convention.

"In strict confidence, I've got a Democratic Presidential candidate myself, but you don't see me shoutin' it from the house tops. Not much! I've changed his name, had a dentist draw all his front teeth, fixed him up with blue spectacles an' some false whiskers, an' am now busily engaged in pilin' old newspapers an' milk bottles on his front porch so that people will think he's fled the country.

"Where the party of Jefferson an' Jackson is concerned, anonymity is certainly the first law of nature. Between you an' me, the Unknown Soldier comes nearer fittin' Democratic Presidential specifications than any other. The man in the Iron Mask would also make a great race, an' jes' think of the enthusiasm if they nominated somebody like Well-Dressed Pedestrian or Innocent Bystander."

"I don't see what makes you talk that way," objected Mr. Stubbs. "Some mighty fine men—big men, too—are in the race this year."

"An' look what's happenin' to 'em," answered Uncle Henry with doleful emphasis. "Unless the foolhardy wretches go to Houston wearin' tin name tags, or else have birth marks, identifyin' the bodies is goin' to be a serious problem. Any candidate that's got a Chinaman's chance of bein' elected will be an awfully poor insurance risk if he doesn't put on a steel union suit an' hire himself an armored car.

"Al Smith is certainly runnin' strong so far, but from the parched reaches of the arid South comes an ominous rumble. They claim he's so wet that only Trudy Ederle would fit him as a runnin' mate, an' insist that they'll never stand for a man who has to make the race in a thick coatin' of axle grease.

"Senator Tom Walsh is a fine man an' a national figure, but he's a bigot. While there's no actual proof that he's a member of the hooded order, the mere fact that he isn't for Al Smith shows conclusively that he *must* be a Ku Kluxer. Tammany an' George Brennan are already intimatin' that Walsh isn't his name at all, an' that he's really the son of a Mississippi Methodist, his mother bein' a Hard Shell Baptist.

"Aside from these two, the rest of the bunch need not be taken seriously. Jim Reed belongs to the Anheuser-Busch League, an' while his St. Louis German Republicans are all right in a senatorial primary they can't take part in a Democratic convention. I hate to say it about any man, 'Lonzo, but it looks to me as if Reed had been goin' steadily from bad to Hearst.

"Donahey of Ohio is runnin' on the strength of havin' fifteen or twenty children, but unfortunately the convention isn't a county fair. Senator Joe Robinson is a candidate, but how can you blame him? If you lived in Arkansas, I'll bet you would be graspin' at even the slimmest chance of escape. Carter Glass will again go to the convention as Virginia's favorite son, jes' as in 1924, but that can be regarded as no more than a manifestation of the fatal fascination that impels a criminal to revisit the scene of his crime.

Their Scandals are No Good

"NO, I'm afraid it's goin' to be jes' as it's always been. Along about the eighteenth day of the convention, when the ambulance drivers an' emergency surgeons have quit from sheer exhaustion an' every delegate is faint from loss of blood, somebody will rush out into the street, drag in a protestin' passer-by an' he'll be nominated by acclamation as the one hope of gettin' back home the same year.

"I'm sorry, 'Lonzo, for the country needs a Democratic victory. An' when I say that I do not speak as a partisan, but as an American sincerely interested in the happiness of his fellows. The trouble with the Republicans is that they make no contribution to the emotional life of the nation. Their scandals were all right at first, but they've gotten to be so much a matter of routine that there's no excitement in 'em.

"On the other hand, look how every face brightens the minute a Democrat is elected to the Fight House. People an' press begin to take their old joyous interest in abuse, an' as men an' women run around in frantic circles, only pausin' now an' then to heave a pavin' stone or hurl a half brick, existence is rich, colorful an' inspirin', an' every citizen is glad that he's an American.

"But I'm afraid it's a slim chance. As I've told you a thousand times before, Democrats are entirely too emotional an' pleasure lovin' for a grim, cold-blooded business proposition like politics. When there's a family row on, they make it a social function, sendin' out engraved invitations, puttin' an awnin' an' a strip of red carpet in front of the house, an' then engagin' a hundred Red Cross nurses to stand in the receivin' line.

A Tooth for a Tooth

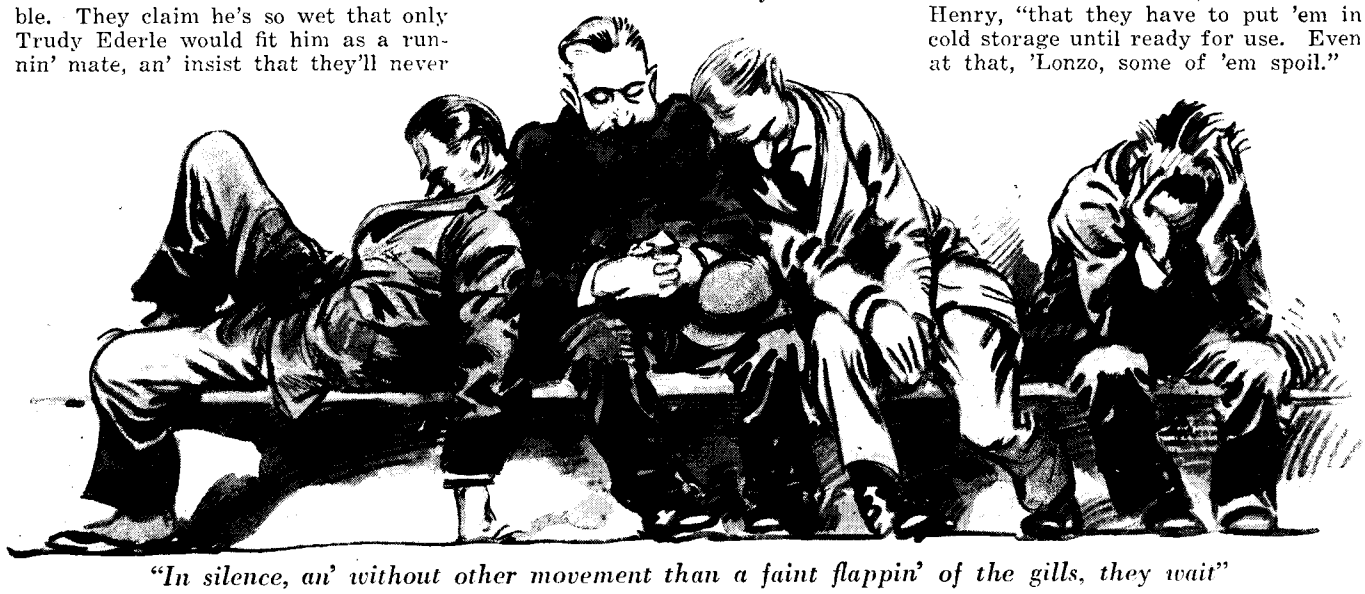
"HOW different with the Grand Old Party. When they start any of this eye-for-an'-eye, tooth-for-a-tooth business, the procedin's are unostentatious to the point of secrecy. Passin' by the locked doors of Republican headquarters, you may hear agonized screams an' the thud of blows, but when they come out in the open, where the public can see 'em, it's always arm in arm.

"An' look at the Democratic convention! You'd think they were nominatin' a Queen of the Mayhem. They're so busy thinkin' who they're against that it's only at the last minute that it occurs to 'em to think who they're for.

"Republicans, on the other hand, leave nothin' to individual whim or the mood of the moment. Instead of lookin' like Passion's Playground, a G. O. P. convention gives faithful imitation of a cataleptic ward in some hospital. In silence, an' without other movement than a faint flappin' of the gills, the delegates wait until told who they're for."

"That's why they win," grumbled Mr. Stubbs. "They pick their candidates in advance."

"So far in advance," said Uncle Henry, "that they have to put 'em in cold storage until ready for use. Even at that, 'Lonzo, some of 'em spoil."



"In silence, an' without other movement than a faint flappin' of the gills, they wait"

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The Blue Lamp

"Uncle Amos, there's a man been found dead out at the Harmon house—"

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN

By WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

Murder complicates the mystery at the old Harmon house

The Story Thus Far:

MARY HARMON, a wealthy heiress, disappeared from Boston during a strange lethargic illness. Count Briskow, her fiancé, believed she had been abducted by a Dr. Hawkins with whom they had dined the night before the disappearance, but no trace of her could be found. Lights were seen in the closed Harmon house at Echo Fork, between Paris and Wickford, Vt., but investigations revealed only a caretaker, Wrightson, making alterations previously ordered by Miss Harmon. Only one important clue, a letter from the missing girl alluding to mysterious spells, was found.

Twenty years later, rumors of a ghost of an old woman in this house sent Jimmy Battles, a Boston reporter, back to his home town of Wickford and to the house. As he searched the dusty blackness he heard a sound of wheels, then thuds and the body of a man fell down stairs. At the head of the flight where there had formerly been another staircase Jimmy saw an aperture and inside a beautiful girl asleep. He awoke her. When he described the man she was alarmed and told Jimmy to see to him. He found the man gone. Hurrying back, he was amazed to discover the aperture had given place to the familiar stairs. He started for his uncle, Amos Crumpett, the sheriff.

HE LEFT the residence by the side veranda door that opened from the sitting-room.

He got through the tunnel of trees. He mounted the grade. The road swung southward at the top of the hill—a three-mile arc till the Morrow place was reached. No car came along to offer him a ride. And the Morrow house was darkened: no chance of getting a machine or a rig. From the Morrow turn a couple of miles of level country wound westward through a valley. The mountains rolled around like blackened tents of gigantic size, pitched against jeweled heavens.

Such a lengthy journey under studded stars, with the night gale blowing the flavor of the Harmon place from his garments, the boy might have welcomed at any other time. But now he realized the importance of time. Much might happen in that haunted pile before he got back with his uncle. Other persons besides the phantom elderly lady were now mixed up in the plot. The girl he had aroused might even suffer physical injury if somehow she had come there against her will. He walked as swiftly as he could contrive, on the down-grade stretches accelerating to a dogtrot.

Once—just once—as he lagged, legweary, in Merritt's Hollow, the fancy struck him that he was being followed. He even waited a few moments, losing valuable time, to see if someone came along while he paused. But no one passed, and the lack of moonlight prohibited a view of much distance behind.

Striking a match by District Three schoolhouse, he was astounded to note the hour—only ten minutes after eight o'clock. It seemed as though he had been in the Harmon house for hours and hours. Once a machine came from a distance in his rear, but it curved off on another road before overtaking him. It was five minutes to nine o'clock when he saw the lights of Paris across "the Flats," and twenty minutes after when he had emerged from the covered bridge above Green River, crossed the railroad tracks and started down East Main Street.

Boland's cigar store, he perceived, was closed. He remembered his uncle—who owned a half interest in the shop and kept it open evenings—usually locked the place on the dot of nine except on Saturdays. That meant another half-mile walk to the house where his uncle boarded across the town, up Prospect Street hill.

He turned into the gate of this place at twenty minutes to ten. With a sinking in his vitals, he saw that the house was darkened also. Had his uncle gone to bed? Was he absent elsewhere on legal business?

Again and again Jimmy pulled at the bell.

"Who's there?" came a voice.

"Uncle Amos—is that you? Come down and let me in. It's Jimmy."

"F'r Gawd's sake!"

AT LENGTH the Vermonter descended the stairs. He was stuffing his nightshirt into his trousers. His huge feet were bare; his doughty head tousled. He shot back the bolt on the weather-beaten door.

"Jimmy, m' son!" he cried in gruff delight. He gripped the lad's arm and did everything but kiss him.

"Uncle Amos, you've got to come with me — at once — tonight — out to Echo Fork!"

"Eh? What's th' trouble?"

"I've come up here on a newspaper assignment, Uncle Amos. You know—the Harmon Mystery. I've almost solved it."

"You've what?"

"I think I've seen Mary Harmon. I found her in some sort of trance in a secret room in the campanile!"

"Th' hell you say!"

"And not only that, but I ran into another man out there—a queer, lanky, pink-faced man who pitched down the stairs and then disappeared."

"Come into th' sittin'-room."

He led the way into a room at the back. Lighting the table lamp, he pulled down the shades.

"I'm all alone here t'night," he explained. "Will's folks have gone t' Rutland. Now, what's the story 'bout seein' Mary Harmon?"

Jimmy told his story while the uncle filled his corncob. When he came to a recital of the stranger's plunge down the flight, the uncle stopped smoking. He stared wide-eyed.

"So you heard somethin' that sounded like rusted wheels turnin' just before his exclamation? Must have had somethin' t' do with them stairs. I allus did think the insides o' that house ain't been measured as they should be. More'n that, f'r twenty years I ain't

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been satisfied 'bout that little crippled Wrightson—an' what he was ever doin' t' th' place after Mary Harmon vanished. Well, go on!"

The boy told of the mysterious blue light, the aperture and what he saw therein. He recounted his converse with the girl verbatim.

"Durned funny!" growled the sheriff as the narrative concluded. "Lots o' things need explainin'! Mebbe we'll find out if we get in that compartment. What'd the girl look like? Would you recognize her fr'm a picture, providin' you saw one?"

"*I'm positive of it.*"

"I got an old newspaper upstairs with a picture o' Mary Harmon in it! Dunno why I saved it. Must be somethin' told me th' day'd come when I might need it."

HE LEFT the boy and was gone upstairs.

"*That* her?" he demanded, returning.

"Great Heavens, yes!"

"Sure of it?" the sheriff asked awesomely.

"I'd swear to it on a stack of Bibles."

"Good glory, boy—can't be possible Mary Harmon's been a sort o' Sleepin' Beauty in that tower-room through twenty years!"

"I don't care. That's her picture!" Then Jimmy had a thought, a stupendous thought: "Uncle Amos—you don't suppose—?"

"Well, well, suppose what?"

"You don't suppose Mary Harmon's been off somewhere all these years, in amnesia or something, and taken this method to come back to her home?"

Uncle and nephew stared at one another.

"Well, there's somethin' in *that* too," the old man admitted.

Then the pullbell jangled.

Both of them started.

"Who wants me at this time o' night?" the sheriff cried aloud.

Still barefoot, he answered the door.

" 'Evenin', sir," said a voice from the porch. "Sorry to trouble you, but I'm after information. Is this the house that a young feller turned into a few minutes back?"

"Mebbe. What of it?"

"Was he out to Echo Fork tonight—in the house that stands out there—what they call the Harmon place?"

Jimmy heard this plainly and appeared behind his uncle.

"Who wants to know?" he answered for the sheriff.

"Oh, there you are!" said the voice in the dark. "Say, could I talk with you a minute?"

"Come inside."

The speaker moved up in the line of the light.

Jimmy saw the man who had vanished from the landing!

He was a person of painful leanness in a nondescript suit, scarlet necktie, and yellow shoes. Though Jimmy's glance was glued on his features, the boy did not miss that tie or those shoes. And he wore a gray derby hat.

As a face the caller's countenance was peculiar—there was small doubt about it. The man's whole head, in fact, was peculiar. It was round like a cheese, an Edam cheese, and about the same color. His flesh seemed afflicted with that queer skin malady that turned his epidermis pink. The hair, prematurely white, was parted on the top of this pinkness and pasted to his scalp with a barber's lotion. His ears—flat, roundish—resembled pink buttons sewed close against his skull.

For this late-evening call the stranger evinced a furtive air, an elusive, hunted aspect, which he covered over with bravado.

"I know you'll think it's funny," he began, "me buttin' in here. But—you'll learn I've got my reasons."

"Sit down in *there*," directed the reporter. And he jerked his head toward the small rear sitting-room.

The stranger cast a beady glance toward this apartment.

"Can't we talk right here?" he asked confidentially. He did not seem to be any the worse for his plunge down the stairs.

"What ails you, anyhow? What are you scared of?"

"All right—if that's the way you feel about it."

He preceded them into the sitting-room, not without caution. There he took the first convenient chair, uninvited, and throughout the call sat stiffly on its edge. He played with the derby—continually fingered it.

"Who's the old gent?" he asked Jimmy, another attempt at intimacy, as the sheriff loitered a minute by the hat rack.

"My uncle. It's his home. Who are you, anyhow?"

"Well, now, I'm not of much importance. But Watts is my name—if it does you any good to know. I'm in the legal line, in a small way. I daresay your mother'll tell you who I am, though I wasn't aware you had an uncle livin' right up here on the ground."

JIMMY repressed an impulse to exclaim, "What on earth are you talking about?" Instead, he demanded: "You mean you're a lawyer?"

"In a small way, you might say. Yes, in a small way." He hitched the chair closer, though he still remained seated on its edge. "*Can't* we go somewheres and talk privately? Think what'll happen if your uncle finds it out!"

It flashed on the boy in that instant that this queer pink-faced individual mistook him for somebody else. Glancing toward the door, he perceived his uncle listening purposely behind the hall portière.

"You needn't be afraid. My uncle's in on it."

Lawyer Watts drew back. "He *is!*"

"Sure. What made you think he wasn't?"

"That's right—you'd hardly come direct to his house otherwise, would you?"

And yet Jimmy knew the rumpled attorney was not at all convinced.

"Go on," he prompted. "Speak what's on your mind. Everything's confidential that's spoken in this house."

Never were the stranger's beady eyes more cautious. And yet he appeared decided to play a low card. Play it with innuendo and see what happened. He did it by leaning forward, tapping Jimmy twice on the kneecap and then sitting back.

"I'm wise to everything!" he declared largely. And he turned the derby around in his hands.

"Oh, you're wise to everything."

"I certainly am. And I tell you it won't go. Not unless you take care o' me first."

"Take care of you!" Jimmy echoed.

"Let me in on it too. You see, your mother comin' to see me like she did, I'm halfway in on it, anyhow. And you need a good lawyer. Well, let me go the whole way. You'll—you'll find—I can be useful."

Inasmuch as Jimmy's mother had been dead ever since the influenza epidemic which followed in the wake of the war, this was illuminating. But not quite enough.

"Oh," he said lamely. "So my mother came to see you!"

"Ha-ha! You weren't plannin' on that, were you? Well, she hadn't asked me a dozen questions 'fore I see what was afoot. I'm a smart man, I am, even if I say it myself."

"And just what is it you think I'm up to?"

"I see. You want to find out how much I really know. Well, you got papers, ain't you? Even the death certificate. Forged! And if you want me to go a step farther, I can tell you who forged 'em."

"Well," said Jimmy dully, trying to catch his cue, "who was it?"

"Speakin' no names, but just so's you'll know I ain't to be ignored in the divvy, was you ever to 993 Williamsburg Bridge?"

PLAINLY the stranger expected to see Jimmy quail before such revelation. But the lad grasped that this must be the address of some forger and was too busy trying to make head and tail to the enigma to show facial reaction.

"How did you know I was here?" he demanded.

"Ha-ha! I followed you in from the Harmon place tonight. Though I must say this was hardly the spot I expected to see you go."

"Where'd you think I'd go?"

"The hotel naturally. That's where he's been stayin', ain't it?"

"Where who's been staying?"

"Oh, come, come. I guess that ain't necessary."

"What were you doing out at the Harmon house?" Jimmy next asked.

"Just checkin' up," the man said airily. "Just makin' sure I was on the right track. And when he opened them stairs like he did, I knowed all of you was delivered right into my hands."

"So you think *he* opened the stairs, do you?" the reporter said with deliberate whimsiness.

For the first time Lawyer Watts looked blank.

(*Continued on page 33*)

Once—just once—the fancy struck him that he was being followed

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Not The Type

Corbett's culture used to pain the fans. Now we have a heavyweight champion lecturing on Shakespeare! What's the world coming to?

By GRANTLAND RICE

I SAT for nearly an entire afternoon not long ago discussing fights and fighters with the man who won the heavyweight championship of the world thirty-eight years ago by terminating the career of John L. Sullivan.

The talk veered around to Gene Tunney, and it suddenly occurred to me how different in many ways, and yet how singularly alike, he and the great John L.'s conqueror were, especially in regard to their ring careers.

The similarity begins with their names: James J. Corbett and James J. Tunney—"Gentleman Jim" and "Scholar Gene." Each of them beat a famous slugger to win the title and each thereby incurred the enmity that invariably follows the dethronement of a dramatic and popular ruler in the kingdom of sock and duck.

Corbett started out as a bank clerk in San Francisco—Tunney as a clerk in Greenwich Village, New York. They may not be listed as the most interesting fighters in the ring, but they must at least stand as the two most unusual types in ring lore. They both came to the top through the development of boxing skill and competitive intelligence rather than by the crushing power of the smashing fist.

Corbett, stylishly dressed, well-groomed, keenly intelligent, at home in any society, startled the world nearly forty years ago by stepping up to a throne where formerly only mighty-fisted, burly battlers had sat. And so they called him "Gentleman Jim" and hated him for a long time because he had yanked the scepter of slug from old John L., "the noblest Roman of them all."

Only a few weeks ago Scholar Gene handed the world at large an even greater surprise by addressing Professor William Lyon Phelps' class in English at Yale University—amazing the pop-eyed students by discussing Shakespeare, Carlyle and Herbert Spencer with all the confidence and aplomb of a college president.

Skill, Science and Speed Win

IT WAS a strange turn thirty-eight years ago to see the man who had beaten the mighty Sullivan display wit, good manners, and rare social charm. It was even more strange to hear the man who had twice beaten Jack Dempsey, the old Manassa Mauler, discussing the philosophy of moral beauty and its effect upon the arts.

Yet in many ways Corbett and Tunney are totally unlike. Corbett has the keener wit, the quicker, sharper mind, the more restless energy, the more vivid personality. Tunney has the greater repose, the more dogged determination to reach a certain goal, the capacity for greater patience.

Corbett likes crowds and entertainment while Tunney doesn't, except when he is with old friends. Corbett always has been a far better mixer and a far better showman than Tunney, who makes no pretense along those lines.

It was Corbett who brought in the new type of boxing and who first proved the winning value of skill, science and speed.

The crowd, in those far-off days, regarded the slugging Sullivan as the correct type for a heavyweight king. And the crowd, from 1919 on, regarded the rushing, slugging Jack Dempsey as fit lord of the mauling manor.

It isn't strange at all that a large section of the crowd resented the arrival of Corbett and Tunney, both of whom were "out of character."

Jim Corbett today is one of the most popular figures in sport. Tall, erect, athletic-looking though past sixty, you could never guess within ten years of his actual age.

Is He on the Level?

HOW would Corbett and Tunney, each at his best, compare in the ring? Corbett undoubtedly was the better boxer in his prime. He had greater natural speed of hand and foot, quicker reflexes, a more baffling way of stepping in and out. Tunney is the slightly better puncher because he hits from a better balance and Tunney is the harder to hurt, more rugged, more durable and somewhat more grimly determined to stick and win.

Corbett could have been a far better puncher than he was if he had not sacrificed punching balance for speed, for the art of getting in and out as he jabbed and rapped. Tunney isn't a smashing slugger, but there is much more behind those short jolts of his, backed up by a heavy shoulder, than the onlooker would imagine.

There is less waste effort in Tunney's boxing. Lacking Corbett's dazzling speed and his uncanny agility, Tunney through his eight- or nine-year pursuit of the fundamentals has mastered most of the mechanics that go with high-grade boxing. He has always been hard to hit in any vital spot.

Corbett created his sensation nearly forty years ago. The belief was then current that a new type had come into boxing. But this belief soon faded as freckled old Fitz, the massive Jeffries, Jack Johnson, Willard the giant and the Manassa Mauler filed by in the long parade.

Gene Tunney, as he followed Jeffries, Johnson, Willard and Dempsey, proved to be an even more startling change than Corbett was for another generation. "Gentleman Jim," with his quick wit, his smooth tongue and polished manners, was one thing. A heavyweight champion who could go before the English class at Yale and talk intelligently upon Shakespeare, Carlyle, Herbert Spencer, Ulysses, Ajax, Achilles and the philosophy of "moral beauty" was something else—something quite undreamed of by the multitudes who have followed the various paladins of punch.

It has been asked more than once if Tunney was on the level with this swing at literature. He confesses that he read "The Winter's Tale" ten times in order to absorb a better understanding of its complete message. No one is going to read "The Winter's Tale" ten times for the purpose of making a synthetic gesture. No one is going to read the books that Tunney has actually read with care in order to establish a high-brow pose.

It may be that those who pay out $30 or $40 for ringside (as they are called) seats prefer the sock to Shakespeare, the smash to Shelley, the knock-out to Keats, the punch to Plato, the crack to Carlyle and the wallop to Wordsworth. But that does not minimize the fact that a fellow good enough to be heavyweight champion of the world is also deeply interested in the best literature the ages have set before the eyes of mankind.

James J. Corbett had the populace of another day guessing but James J. Tunney has them gasping. He'll be rated as a great guy, after he is beaten, as Corbett was and is. But at present the crowd at large can't figure him out—and what the crowd can't figure out is permitted to "run for Sweeney," so far as the welkin ringing goes.

"Scholar Gene" with William Lyon Phelps after addressing Professor Phelps' class in English at Yale. (Left) "Gentleman Jim" in character

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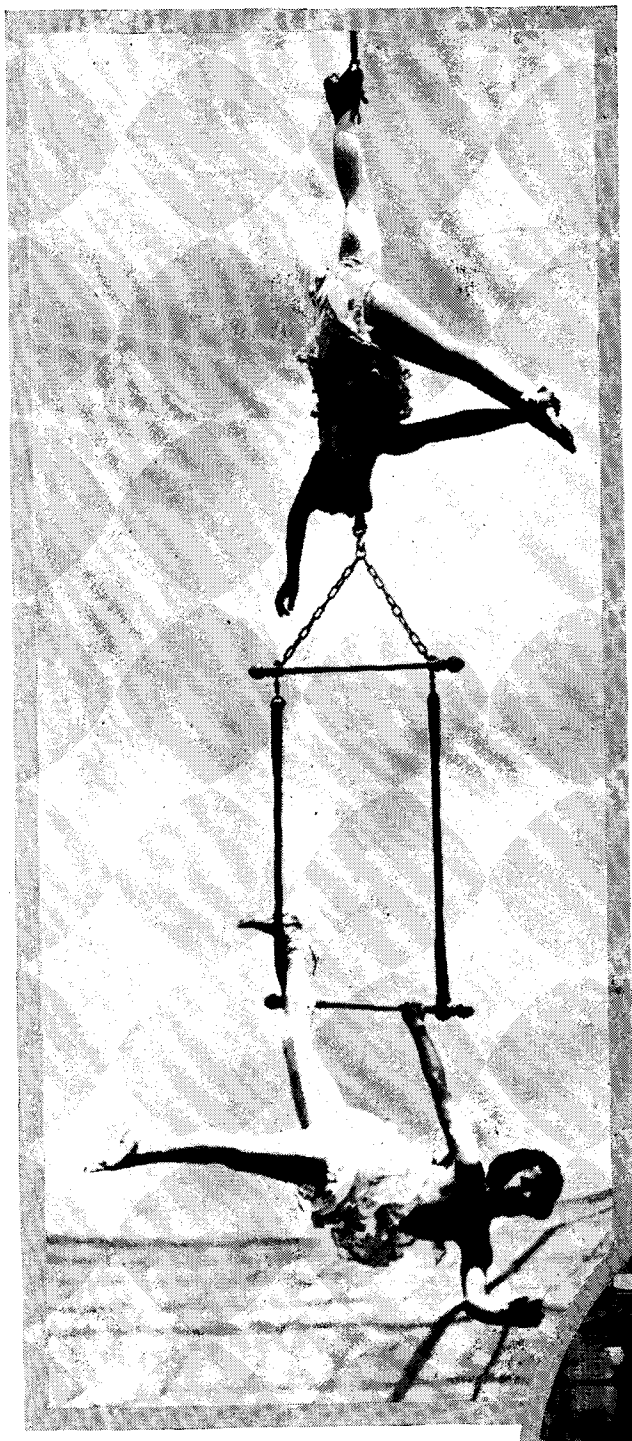
Dig Your Own



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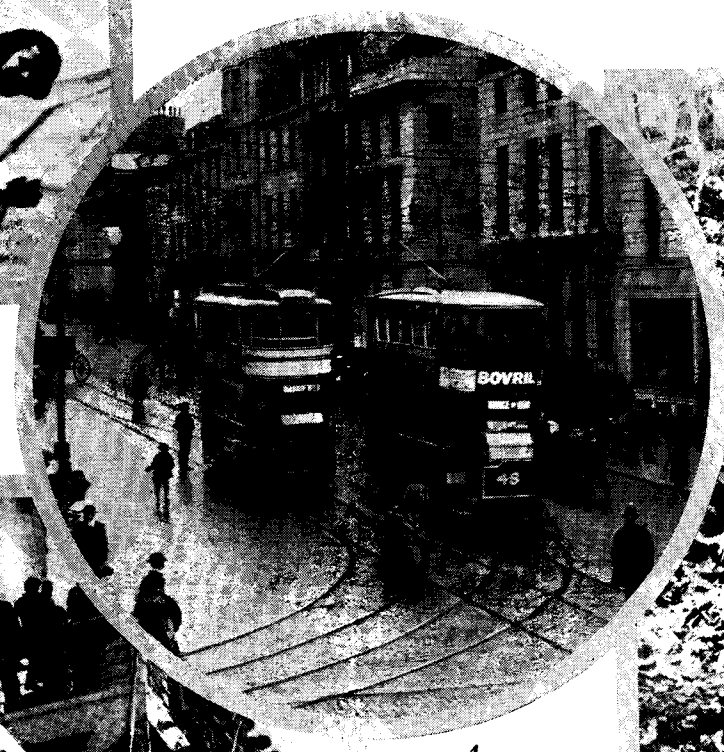
The initial letters of one of the subjects on this page will give the clue to the names of the other objects. They form the first two letters of each name. If you're in a hurry you'll find the answers on *page 47*



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Captions

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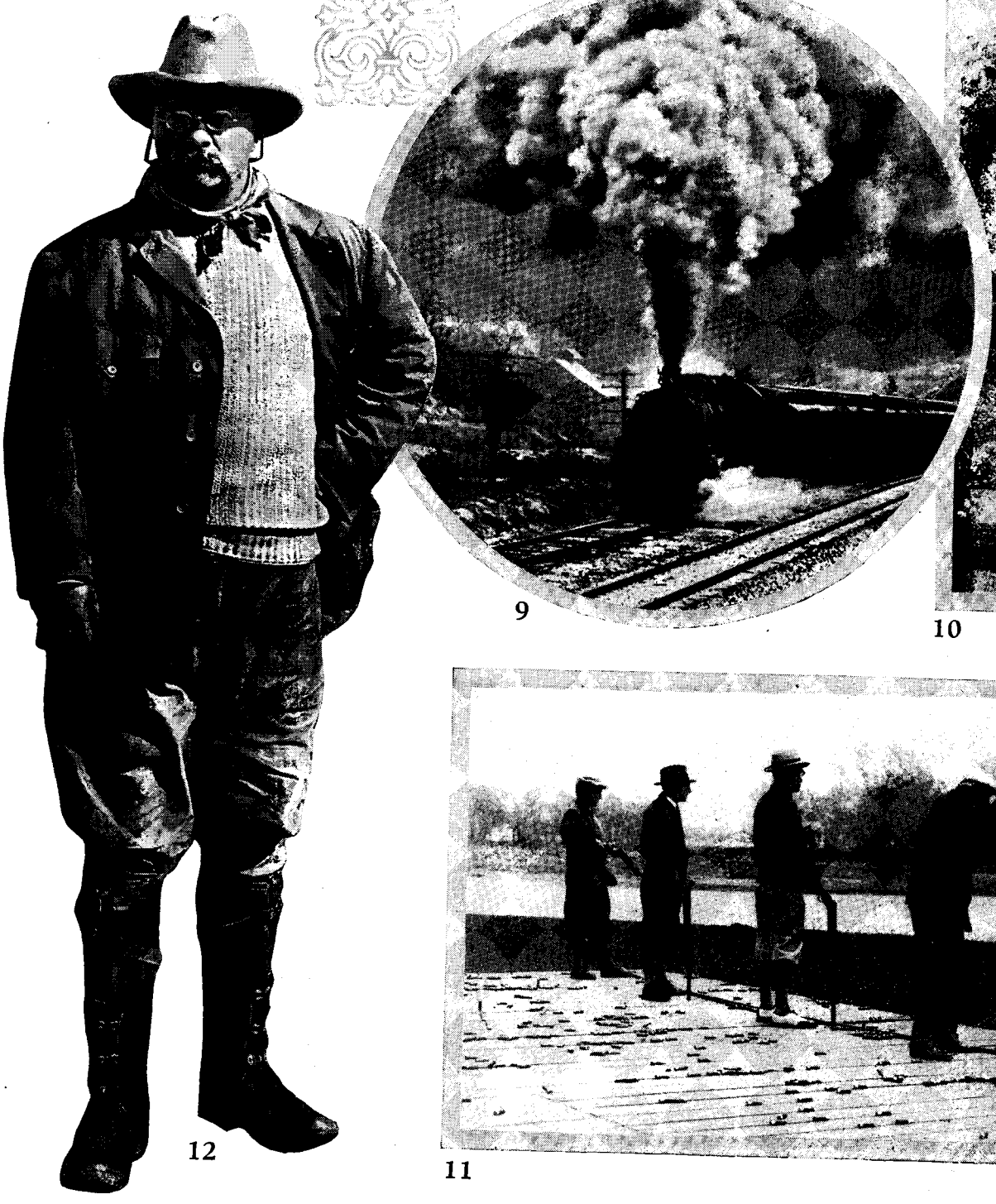

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The Thunder God

By PETER B. KYNE

The Story Thus Far:

JULIAN GRANNIS, electrical engineer, loves Gloria Justin, but, during the war, marries Mercedes Lindberg, Y. M. C. A. entertainer, cold and calculating. He is a scientist to whom money means nothing but opportunity, his ambition being to harness the lightning for the benefit of mankind.

Julian inherits from his uncle Jarlath more than $600,000, and he and Ben Whitton, his closest friend, form a partnership, telling Mercedes nothing about the inheritance because Julian wants to use it for experiments and realizes Mercy's extravagant ideas.

Ben and Julian are driving one Sunday when another car runs into them. Ben sees that Mercy and Jake Brander are in the other car and, pretending to be hurt, urges Julian on to fighting Brander, thereby giving Mercy a chance to get away.

Later Brander's wife tries to make trouble but Ben, impersonating Julian, calms her down and assures her that the friendship will not continue. Then Ben gives Mercy her orders.

Julian knows nothing of this friendship of Mercy's and is still in love with his wife though he half unconsciously realizes her shallowness.

Ben and Julian go to a party at Ben's apartment. The party is a great success. Julie spends the night. And Ben tells him a few facts straight from the shoulder about his wife and his life.

In the meantime Jacob Brander and his wife quarrel and decide on a divorce.

"Isn't it wonderful?" said Ben. "Why, this one job should mean a fee of not less than $25,000"

Illustrated by HAROLD BRETT

TEN *o'clock Monday morning* Julian Grannis got up in Ben Whitton's guest chamber, went out and strolled downtown to Ben Whitton's tailor, where he ordered such a wardrobe as he had never dreamed of possessing.

Next he went to a haberdasher's shop and with ruinous prodigality ordered a dozen fine shirts made to order—something he had never done before. He reveled in the purchase of new and expensive ties, socks and handkerchiefs; in a shoe store he purchased six pairs of shoes, and, in the knowledge that he could do all this without a thought for his bank account or his old age, he gleaned a thrill of juvenile delight.

His purchases completed, he went back to his hotel, arriving there about 12:30. Mercedes was still abed, reading a novel, and the remains of her breakfast occupied a portable table by her bedside. He looked at her with frank disapproval and thought that she reminded him of a well-fed and contented cat, basking in comfort. But there was about her too an atmosphere of carelessness, of indolence, and he resented this. Why did she have to let herself go this way?

She read the disapproval in his silence, in his all-encompassing glance about the room. "Your eye is worse, darling," she reminded him casually. "Have a good time at Ben's?"

"Wonderful. Met some delightful people there."

"Who were they?"

He enumerated them. At mention of Gloria Justin and her mother his wife's face clouded a little. "I wonder why Ben will be so commonplace as to have his secretary a guest at his parties," she mused.

"MY DEAR, Gloria Justin was never reared with the expectation that she would have to work for a living. She was a friend of Ben's years ago, and so was her mother. When she had to earn her own living and support her mother, Ben was kind enough to give her a job in his office. If he had not had the job to give and if she had not made good in it, she would not be in his office. But the fact that she is doesn't appear to Ben to offer grounds for depriving her of his respect and friendship or of depriving him of the privilege of being kind and hospitable."

"Well, I think it's awful funny, Julie."

"Your thoughts on the subject are in such a pitiful minority among those who know Gloria and Ben that I'm not even interested in discussing the matter. You know how I dislike to hear you criticize my friends."

"Oh, you and your friends! What friends have you? I haven't seen more than two or three since we married, and I must say they didn't impress me."

"I know that," he replied sadly. "And I greatly fear you did not impress them." He dragged the breakfast table across the room and sat down on the side of her bed. "Let's have a little plain, friendly discussion, Mercy," he began. "You're not very happy with me, are you?"

"Why, darling! How *can* you say such a thing? Of course I am. Why do you ask that terrible question?"

"Because it has seemed to me that you aren't happy with me, that I bore you, that we haven't an interest in common, except a mutual love for good music. When a little patience and bravery was expected of you, you quit. You wouldn't be bored living up in the mountains with me, although your place was with me—"

"Julie, dear, please do not preach. I can stand anything except being talked at—talked down to, as if I were a mischievous child."

"Don't evade the argument, Mercy. Please do not beg the question. You ask me why I ask you an extraordinary question and when I attempt to answer you truthfully and the answer hurts, you interrupt and beg me not to preach to you. Now, I asked you if you were quite happy with me—"

"But I answered your question, darling."

"Yes, you said you were quite happy with me, Mercy, but sometimes it seems to me that you are merely putting up with a bad bargain, tolerating me. Really I fear you find me a most uninteresting husband."

"You are provoking at times, Julie, but on the whole you are a most likable, lovable, loyal man and much too good for me."

"Oh, don't say that," he pleaded generously.

"Kiss me," she commanded.

HE KISSED her—with a sense of appalling futility in the caress. Then, knowing from past experience that he would get nowhere in an argument initiated by himself, he went to the desk in the next room and wrote her a check for $1,000.

"I'm shooting that little old savings bank account all to pieces," he warned her. "I've ordered at least $1,000 worth of clothing for myself—"

"But, Julie, won't that leave us terribly short?"

"Perhaps. I don't care any more. I'm tired of being a miser, tired of being cheaply clad, tired of repression and scheming in pitiful ways to save a dollar. That sort of thing robs a man of his self-respect, so I'm going to try appearing opulent."

"But why did you order your wardrobe without having me with you, darling! You know your taste is atrocious."

"No," he countered gently, "I do not know that. On the contrary your taste is not agreeable to me; that is, in the matter of my wardrobe."

"Are we going to live in this third-class hotel forever, Julie?"

How adroit she was at changing a topic of conversation once she realized she could not dominate it!

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Mercedes was enthralled at the prospect. "We can establish a home and be happy"

"I imagine we will live here until we can afford to lease a house or an apartment, employ a cook and a maid and buy some decent furniture."

"I loathe this hotel," she complained.

"Well, you can't cook and you loathe housework, and, at least, in this hotel, you are spared both annoyances, Mercy."

Their conversation was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone. Ben Whitton was on the line.

"COME down to the office," he commanded. "I have a proposition I want to discuss with you."

"A man who has been in a fight always looks a thousand per cent worse the morning after," Julie reminded him, "and my eye has not improved. Also I discover this morning a couple of bright yellow spots on my face, and I look like the devil, and I don't want to go downtown if it can be avoided. Suppose you run up here and explain your proposition."

"I'll be up directly after luncheon," Whitton replied.

Julie turned to his wife. "Snap out of it now, old lady," he half commanded. "This room looks like the wreck of the Hesperus, and I want you to be looking your best when Ben arrives. I have a particular reason for desiring you to be very nice to Ben, even if it hurts you. The old boy says he has a proposition to discuss with me. Some electrical engineering matter, doubtless, in connection with a civil engineering job that's drifted into the office."

Mercedes was instantly interested. "Possibly an opportunity to earn a fee as a consulting engineer," she suggested. His eyes glowed pleasurably. "It certainly would help a lot just now if a big fish should slip into my net."

"Indeed it would, Julie. I need a lot of new clothes so badly."

"Well, I've just given you $1,000 to pay for those you have already bought," he reminded her.

She was bathed, dressed rather prettily and sitting with her husband in the little drawing-room when Ben Whitton arrived, carrying a large map. He greeted Mercedes with extreme cordiality, spread his map out on a table and fastened the corners down with books and an ash tray.

"GOT a nice commission for you, Julie," he announced. "Something that will require about sixty days of your time, and it's in connection with a job that I landed this morning. This is a map of Oregon."

He drew a red crayon pencil from his pocket and placed it at a point on the eastern edge of the map. "This line is the O. R. N. from Salt Lake City to Portland"—and he traced a red line over the route. "These people have decided to build a branch about a hundred miles long northeast into this territory. You will note that I have already blocked out in blue ink the territory in question.

"There's a world of timber in there and, naturally, the railroad, seeking new fields to exploit, has for a long time had in mind the tapping of this entire territory, which is, at present, inaccessible to market. There's a national forest in there, and the Banning people, the Hale-Robinson Timber Company, and the Brander Timber Company have very large holdings in these two countries. It's stuff they picked up dirt cheap twenty or thirty years ago, but which, owing to its inaccessibility, hasn't appreciated much in value. Nor will it until a railroad builds in there.

"Now, the O. R. N. is the natural outlet for all this timber, when it is manufactured, and I imagine that the pressure of these huge timber interests has been brought to bear on the O. R. N., with the result that they have decided, if a practicable route can be surveyed—one that will not cost in excess of $40,000 a mile to build—to tackle the proposition. Four years ago I investigated it for the S. P. and reported unfavorably upon the general route they would have to travel, but I'm morally certain that the physical difficulties which confronted the S. P. will not confront the O. R. N."

JULIE nodded sagely. This was a matter he could understand. "Did you make a thorough investigation of the collateral freight and probable passenger business that might accrue to the road if it built in?" he queried.

"Not a very thorough one, Julie, but the proposed line would tap half a dozen hamlets and, as you know, once a large lumber-manufacturing enterprise gets under way some fair-sized towns usually grow up around it. I do know that there are billions of fir timber in there, and the Hale-Robinson Timber Company and old man Banning have agreed to put in mills to cut half a million feet daily, provided the O. R. N. will build in. So I'm to survey the route and make other required reports."

"Where do I come in, Ben?"

"When these two huge sawmills are erected they will, if possible, be electrically operated. Electricity will be required for the lighting of the towns that always grow up around such a big plant, and a fair profit might be made by extending the service to more distant communities. I have been requested to secure your service in the matter of locating dam sites and sites for hydroelectric power plants and preparing estimates of the cost of construction, etc."

"Well, you've come to the right shop for that information, Ben."

Whitton looked up at Mercedes. "Isn't it wonderful," he said, "to think that on the very first day Julie and I are in business together a big, profitable job like this should drift into the office?" He slapped Julie across the back with his huge open hand. "I've been after this man for years to throw in with me. Why, this one job should mean a fee of not less than $25,000, and the best salary you have ever received in one year was $6,000, Julie!"

Mercedes was enthralled at the prospect. She hugged her husband. "Why not give old Ben a hug too," Julie suggested. "I think he rates one as a partner who produces."

Dutifully Mercedes implanted a light kiss on Ben's cheek, and the latter blushed.

Julie was thoughtful. "Here," he said, "is a splendid example of the manner in which adroit and patient men amass millions. These fellows probably bought this stumpage for as little as 50 cents a thousand feet, board measure—hence (*Continued on page 51*)

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Just his little Hobby

A Short Short Story

By MARIE BEYNON RAY

Illustrated by LOWE BIEDENMEISTER

"I was just thinking of the best way of arranging it"

ONE was impressed first of all by her elegance—simplicity carried to the point of austerity. Black eyes in a sculptured face framed in a monastic, a Dantesque hood; a slim body sheathed in a nunlike costume which yet unmistakably emanated from a famous atelier; and, for all ornament, on her finger flashed the unholy green of an enormous emerald, like the eye of some evil god.

"Pardon," she said, a faint accent brushing her speech; "perhaps I am intruding?"

"Certainly not." The manager rose hastily. "Won't you be seated?" A deferential "madame," survival of his early clerking, almost escaped him.

"I have a request to make," she said. "Please refuse it if you think you should, won't you?"

"I'm sure I shan't want to refuse."

"That's the trouble. No one ever does." Her eyes were amused eyes which, whatever their errand, he reflected, were certainly wasting time in a manager's office. Then, suddenly businesslike, she said: "You see, Mr. Brightson—oh, by the way, I'm Madame Orloff" (as though he certainly would know the name—and he immediately looked as though he did). "I'm leaving for Paris tomorrow and, as usual, I had many last-minute purchases to make."

She drew from her supple black antelope purse a long slip. "They told me, to save time, all my purchases could be marked here and I could pay for everything at once. But I find I haven't enough money." She opened her purse and showed him her poverty—several fifty- and hundred-dollar bills. "Less than $800, I think—though I don't count your money very well."

"So you wish to pay by check, Madame Orloff?"

She shook her head.

"I've been very extravagant—in your nice shop. You see"—she leaned eagerly forward, pointing out her reprehensible extravagances on the long slip, "there are three evening gowns for $850: so silly of me to buy dresses on my way to Paris but I wanted something fresh for the boat. And there's one of your beautiful fitted cases—Vuitton would take three months to make me one like that. That's $350. Oh, but the worst of all is this chinchilla wrap, $15,000. Chinchilla is my great weakness."

"And how did you wish to pay for these, Madame Orloff?"

"Well, you see, my trunks must leave promptly at five o'clock, and it is now"—she consulted a miniature diamond wristwatch—"exactly 3:45." She sat up briskly. "I shall have to rush. What I thought I might do, if it isn't too silly, was to take these things along with me and have my husband pay for them by check at the hotel. I thought perhaps you could send someone—a detective or something—to the Ritz with me to get the check. And also it might be more regular if I went to the bank with your man while he cashed it."

"Hum," said Mr. Brightson.

She wilted as if, after all, her request were too silly.

"Oh, I'm afraid I'm not at all businesslike! I wouldn't want to coax you to do anything unbusinesslike. May I say good-by?" She rose.

"No—no. Please be seated. I didn't say it couldn't be done. I was just thinking of the best way of arranging it."

He pressed a button. A clerk appeared.

"Please ask Detective O'Donovan to step in," he said.

"Oh, how good of you!" she murmured.

FIFTEEN minutes later Madame Orloff, followed by Detective O'Donovan, stepped into a limousine overflowing with packages. He was impressed with the evidences of wealth, the size of the bill in his pocket and the indisputable emerald.

"Must be worth at least $50,000—a rock like that," he reflected. "Yes, what did you say, Mrs.—?" he asked in response to a murmur from the lady.

"I was wondering if it would be quite all right, Mr. O'Donovan, if I stopped a moment to say good-by to a sick friend?"

"Sure, it's all right. Why not?"

"It's a private hospital just a few streets from here—and I shan't be long. So nice of you, Mr. O'Donovan."

They drew up before an eminently respectable house in a street of eminently respectable houses. "Won't you come in and wait?" she asked.

"Sure, I can just keep an eye on the car from here—not that there's any need for that, lady"—with a clumsy attempt at gallantry.

So O'Donovan sat at the waiting-room window, keeping an eye on the car, with its immobile chauffeur. In ten minutes he heard Madame Orloff's voice as she descended the stairs.

"Be good to him, won't you?" she was saying. "I hate to leave him alone here while I'm away. Thank you so much for making all this unpleasantness so comparatively easy for me."

A man's voice replied: "Don't worry, Madame Orloff. No doubt by the time you return he'll be much improved. A mild case, as these papers indicate." Then O'Donovan heard a door closing.

"My Gawd, I believe she's forgetting me," he cried as he flung open the door to the hall. "Excuse me," he cried, almost knocking down a gentleman who stood in the passage, and made a bolt for the street door. It resisted.

"What's the matter with this d—— door?" he cried. Madame Orloff was getting into the car. She seemed to have completely forgotten him. The gentleman at his elbow smiled faintly.

"It's locked," he explained.

"Open the door!" yelled O'Donovan. "She's got $18,000 worth of our goods in that car!" (The car was now halfway down the block.) "Open it, I tell you, or I'll blow it open!" he yelled, and put his hand to his hip pocket.

But he was swiftly and firmly seized from behind by two attendants.

"Oh, so it's a frame-up, is it?" he growled. "Well, let me tell you guys that I'm a detective from A—'s and—"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Orloff," said the smiling gentleman. "But let me assure you this is not a 'frame-up,' as you express it. This is a hospital, Mr. Orloff."

"I'm not Mr. Orloff. I'm O'Donovan, a detective."

"Ah, yes, we know that is your—shall we say *hobby*, Mr. Orloff? But you won't help the situation by being violent or by insisting on being a detective. It is on just those grounds that your wife, Madame Orloff, has had you committed to this asylum."

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* * *

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FATIMAS

and don't spare the horses!

Day in and day out, from clubs and liners, hotels and homes, comes the call for this excellent cigarette. It isn't that "price doesn't matter"—but that *taste* matters so much more!

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OUTSTANDING FAVORITE AMONG HIGHER PRICED CIGARETTES

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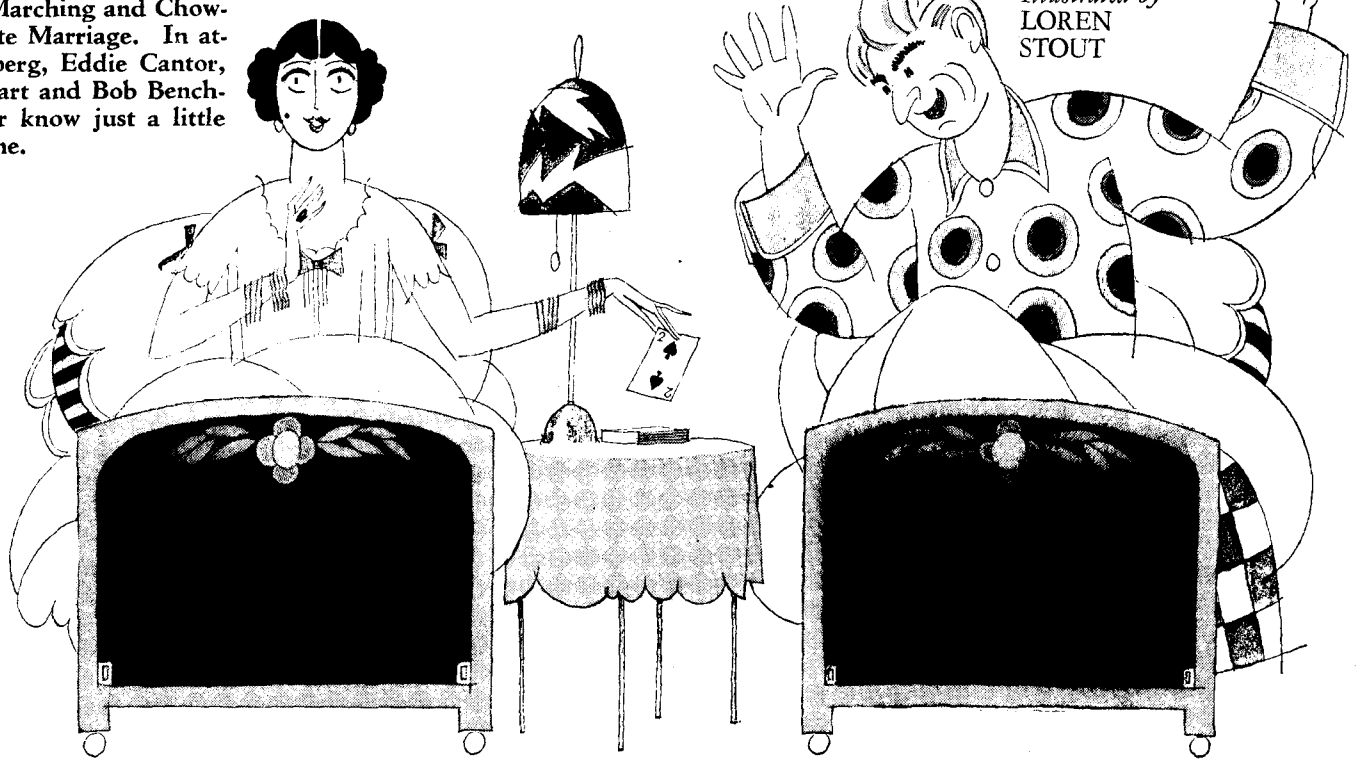
Close Harmony

They must draw cards every morning to see who gets up and closes the window

Illustrated by LOREN STOUT



THE Small Friday Gentlemen's Marching and Chowder Club discusses Companionate Marriage. In attendance this week are Rube Goldberg, Eddie Cantor, Don Marquis, Donald Ogden Stewart and Bob Benchley. And all of them put together know just a little bit less than any one of them alone.

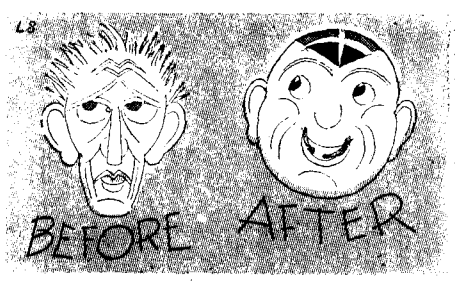
It is quiet in the forest. Quiet, save for five stout hikers all talking in unison and loutish growls. Brother Marcher Benchley takes the floor over protest and the sprites and gnomes scurry for the tree tops.

Robert C. Benchley says:

I would have jumped into this argument sooner, but the filling came out of my tooth last Wednesday and I did not find it until this morning when I was looking through some old dance programs. It was a gold filling and had been given me by my father when I graduated from high school, so naturally I was very glad to get it again.

I think that I can sum up my feelings about companionate marriage in a very few words. Before I tried companionate marriage I was frequently subject to sudden dizzy spells followed by headaches and a general feeling of lassitude. I only weighed a hundred and sixty-two pounds in my stocking feet, and I always seemed to be "tired." As a matter of fact, I had never been very well since I fell out of the eighth-story window of the Biltmore three summers ago. I have tried numerous doctors and have taken various "cures," but they never seemed to do me any permanent good, although I always paid them on time.

Last fall, however, a friend of mine said to me one day, "Why don't you try companionate marriage?" Naturally I scoffed at him at first, but I was finally persuaded, and I can assure you that since that time the color has come back into my cheeks, and I am able to eat anything.



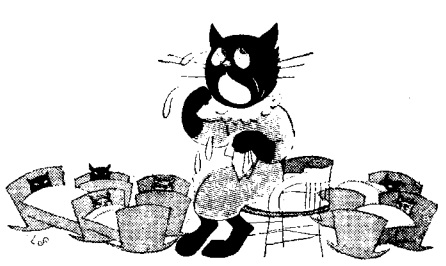
Mehitabel Tries Companionate Marriage as Reported by Archy

and Don Marquis

Having a Deft Hand in It

boss i have seen mehitabel the cat
again and she has just been through
another matrimonial experience
she said in part as follows
i am always the sap archy
always the good natured simp
always believing in the good intentions
of those deceitful tom cats
always getting married at leisure
and repenting in haste
its wrong for an artist to marry
a free spirit has gotta
live her own life
about three months ago along came a
maltese tom with a black heart and
silver bells on his neck and says
mehitabel be mine
are you abducting me percy i asks him
no said he i am offering marriage
honorable up to date
companionate marriage
listen i said if its marriage
theres a catch in it somewheres
ive been married again and again
and its been my experience
that any kind of marriage
means just one dam kitten after another
and domesticity always ruins my art
but this companionate marriage says he
is all assets and no liabilities
its something new mehitabel
be mine mehitabel and i promise
a life of open iceboxes
creamed fish and catnip
well i said wotthehell kid
if its something new i will take a
chance theres a dance or two
in the old dame yet
i will try any kind of marriage once
you look like a gentleman to me percy
well archy i was wrong as usual
i wont go into details for i aint
any tabloid newspaper
but the way it worked out was i rustled
grub for that low lived bum for two
months and when the kittens came
he left me flat and he says these
offsprings dissolves the wedding
i am always the lady archy
i didn't do anything vulgar
i removed his left eye with one claw
and i says to him if i wasn't an
aristocrat id rip you
from gehenna to duodenum
the next four flusher that
says marriage to me
i may really lose my temper
trial marriage or companionate
marriage or old fashioned american
plan three meals a day marriage
with no thursdays off
they are all the same thing
marriage is marriage
and you cant laugh that curse off

archy



Ah, there he is. Why, you're tardy again. He knows it. Just listen at him —it's

Rube Goldberg

Companionate marriage, as I understand it, is a business proposition like renting a stable or buying an upper berth. Here's the idea:

Every young man hires a lawyer to accompany him wherever he goes. The lawyer sits in on all jazzing councils, petting huddles and necking conferences. When the lawyer sees the young man and a girl friend looking up the address of a minister in the telephone book, he draws up a contract with the following provisions:

1. If the wife's parents come for a visit and overstay their welcome, the husband has the right to hit them over the head with the piano, the kitchen stove or a horse and buggy.

2. If the wife uses more than her husband earns and he robs a bank to make up the difference, she must bring a cup of good coffee to the jail every morning.

3. They must draw cards every morning to see who gets up and closes the window.

4. If the husband comes home drunk, the wife, instead of giving him a lecture, must immediately proceed to get drunk too.

5. Husband and wife are allowed to play bridge, but in different towns.

6. They must bathe on alternate days, in order to avoid traffic jams in the bathroom.

7. If the husband brings home a golf cup, the wife has a right to use it in the kitchen as a slop jar.

8. If she gives him instructions from the back seat of the car, he has the right to drive over the edge of any convenient cliff.

9. They should exchange ordinary courtesies. If he gurgles his soup, she should be permitted to bathe her bread in her coffee.

This contract will no doubt be broken before its term expires, but both parties will be too tired to break up housekeeping. So they will simply keep on living together, greatly relieved now that they can be as uncompanionate as real old-fashioned married folks.

Thus companionate marriage disappears altogether and we find we have merely been talking through our hats!

Having been thrice ejected for trying to work in the one about the boy playing with matches in the store —a young man gains the rostrum in a final rush— no other than

Eddie Cantor

There's nothing new about companionate marriage because with most couples marriage has been one long trial.

Personally I believe the idea was stolen from the department stores. They have been sending goods on approval for years.

Of course if they pass a law making companionate marriage legal, at least give the old-timers a break. Let's change all around.

After all, love is not essential to a companionate marriage. All you need is curiosity and a partner. Still, if everybody in this country takes it up, it will ruin two great American institutions—Reno and Alimony, the Gold Dust Twins.

Still, it must be lots of fun, and I might be willing to try it if my wife would let me. But first I would like Judge Lindsey to enlighten me on some of the finer points:

If the year is up and you were a satisfactory companionate, but you want to leave, can you get a reference? And what do you do with it?

On the other (*Continued on page 56*)

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Bending Twigs

It is much easier to do things for a child than to teach him to do them, but you are wasting priceless educational opportunities

NO LESS a problem than the diet and the physical well-being of a child is the welfare of his mind. In this last of a series of three articles, which comprise a thorough outline of childhood, Dr. Wadsworth offers practical advice on the proper training of the child's mind.

By RUTH F. WADSWORTH M. D.

Illustrated by REGINALD BIRCH

IT IS an interesting fact that in institutions, even in those where the best of physical care is given, children do not do well. The institution cannot give each child close individual attention in matters other than those concerning physical health. All those details which concern the development of the child's brain, his individuality, his emotions, his tastes and his talents, are perforce neglected.

And, strangely enough, this neglect has a deleterious effect on the child's health. His appetite is often poor and malnutrition results, in its turn lowering resistance and making the child susceptible to disease.

Some homes, unfortunately, imitate institutions in this respect. The children are not given individual attention because they are given over to the care of servants, or because the problems of the child actually bore the parents—or they are too busy.

At School from His Birth

THERE is a current belief that great men and women are recruited from the ranks of the poor, and another that the cleverest children are born of parents well along in years. These beliefs are based on frequently observed facts, and the facts are accounted for by the conditions existing in families where there is not enough money to give the children over to servants, and in families where the coming of children late in life is such a marvelous occurrence that, no matter how much money there may be, the children will not be handed over to servants.

Every parent wants children who are mentally normal, not only because children who are not normal are considered a reflection on their parents, but because normal children are so much more satisfactory as companions. And the mentally normal child is not only one who is not feeble-minded: in addition to being able to keep up with children of his age in school there are other requirements which he must meet.

He must be able to get along with other children in work and play; he must have a reasonably even disposition; he must be much like other children and yet have a personality of his own; he must enjoy life and be interested in life, and he must be ambitious—anxious to learn and develop and become something in life.

In other words, once the child's material welfare is attended to, there still remain to be watched and guided:

His MIND—the development of his power to observe, to associate, to reason, to think.

His EMOTIONS—his ability to get pleasure from people, things and occupations, and the exercise of his senses.

His PERSONALITY—that admixture of tastes and tendencies and talents which makes one person different from another.

His SOCIAL ASPECT—or his ability to adapt himself to the social structure by enjoying human life and making people enjoy him.

It is appalling when we stop to think how much of what an individual is in adult life is the result of the treatment which he received in early youth; when we realize that an infant has a brain which depends for its development on what that infant is taught and observes in his cradle; that emotion is expressed as early as at six months of age and often earlier; that personality is evident to most mothers in the day-old infant, and that social life dates from the first visitor to the crib side.

A famous children's specialist of New York is credited with remarking to one of his patients who boasted that she had begun training her child at three weeks:

"Madam, you began three weeks too late."

The development of brain power, or intelligence, begins in any animal with the functioning of the senses. A baby opens his eyes at birth; he is also equipped with hearing, touch, and to some extent with the power to taste and smell. Therefore he must be considered, potentially at least, as a reasonable being on the day he is born.

But it has been our habit from time immemorial to consider a baby a negligible personality, as we have well shown in the contempt we attach to the terms babyish and childish. The men of science have even gone so far as to ascribe an infant's smile to gas in his stomach—a slur which most intelligent mothers resent hotly. In my experience gas does not make a baby smile—it makes him wail. And why should we consider that the whole human language of expression changes with development?

Play, yes—but don't forget his brain

I believe that taking the attitude that infants are thinking beings changes a mother's conduct toward her children. If she believes that a baby understands what she does, and very soon what she says to him, she will abandon baby talk and other practices based on the assumption that she is dealing with a lower form of life, and will unconsciously give the baby a chance to develop more quickly.

Never Use Silly Baby Talk

WHEN we consider that a child learns to speak the complicated language of his parents in two years or less, and speaks that language with a very fair understanding of the meaning of its words, we must believe that babies understand a great deal of what is said to them earlier than we have hitherto thought they could.

The practice of talking down to children is a pernicious one. It's all very well to censor our conversation to children for words we are ashamed to have them hear us use. But we need not substitute for true descriptive words words of a supposedly simple meaning. The sooner a child gets a wide vocabulary to use the sooner will he understand a wide range of facts and meanings.

To put our duties to the child's brain very simply:

The first step in the process of thinking is observation or perception by one of the senses. Therefore we must supply the child with objects to perceive, and, if he is not naturally observant, must help him cultivate that faculty.

Second, things once perceived are remembered, so that a second experience is recognized. Children have naturally good memories, but if we expect them to remember, and recall things to them, their memory is made more acute.

Third, the child, working with perception and memory, associates his experiences, and in this field of connecting related facts and experiences the parent can be of enormous help in developing brain power if he will take the trouble and will expect intelligence on the part of his child.

The child, then, should be treated as we would treat an honored stranger in our land or (*Continued on page 50*)

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MERLE THORPE, *Editor*

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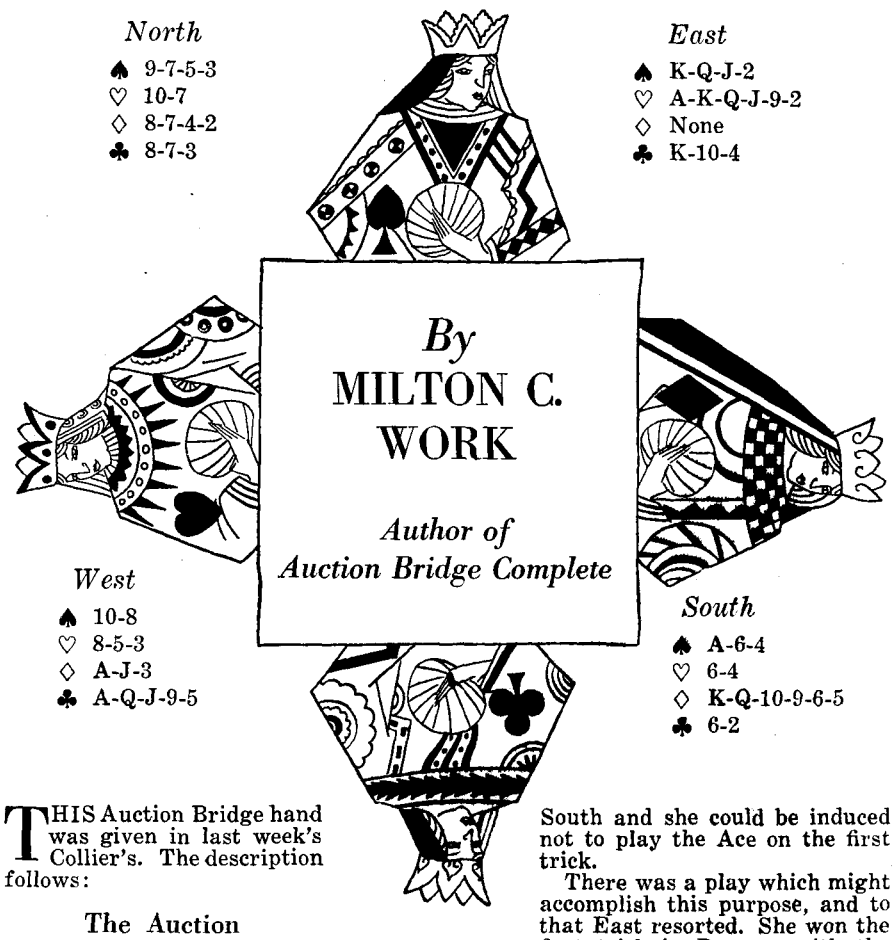
HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?



THIS Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's. The description follows:

The Auction

SOUTH bid one Diamond which was thoroughly justified; indeed it would have been warranted even if the hand had not contained the Six and Five of Diamonds, because a four-card King-Queen-Ten suit should be bid initially with one side Ace.

West made an unquestionably sound bid of two Clubs. With two stoppers of the adverse Diamonds, a No Trump was tempting, and would have been justified if either Spades or Hearts had been stopped; but with two suits short and weak, a No Trump would have been too venturesome. It was much better to name the Clubs first, with the intention of bidding No Trump if East bid Spades, but of permitting East's declaration to stand should she name Hearts.

North, with a perfect bust, had nothing to say but "Pass," regardless of what declarations the other players might make.

East bid two Hearts.

After East's two Hearts, South, with little to gain and possibly quite a bit to lose by bidding three Diamonds, passed.

West passed East's Heart bid. She had normal support for Hearts and had every reason to be satisfied.

The Play

PLAYING against a two-Heart contract, South led the King of Diamonds; and Dummy's hand relieved East from the expected necessity of ruffing the first trick. Planning her campaign, she could see that she must make at least a Small Slam. She was sure of one Spade, five Club and six Heart tricks. She could place her hand face up on the table and claim twelve tricks, conceding the Ace of Spades to the adversaries; but it is foolish to concede a trick if there be any possibility of winning it. The difference between making twelve tricks and thirteen, with Hearts the trump, is 58 points. To make the Grand Slam, East had to shut out the adverse Ace of Spades; and, as the three discards were all that Closed Hand could obtain upon winning cards in the Dummy (one on a Diamond and two on Clubs), she must lose one Spade unless the Ace of Spades be held up on the first round. The bidding marked South with that Ace; without it she would not have had the strength for an initial bid. Therefore the entire problem that presented itself to East was whether a Spade could be led through South and she could be induced not to play the Ace on the first trick.

There was a play which might accomplish this purpose, and to that East resorted. She won the first trick in Dummy with the Ace of Diamonds, and on it discarded the Four of Clubs; trying thereby to convey to South the idea that she did not intend to use Dummy's Clubs other than the Ace; but that, after exhausting trumps, she proposed to establish Spades.

Tricks 2 and 3, Declarer led two rounds of trumps, playing on trick 2 the King and on trick 3 the Ace; thus hiding from the adversaries the positive information that she had the Queen, although, as they knew, there was every probability that she did.

Trick 4, she tried her coup—leading the Deuce of Spades from East toward West's Ten. If South should hold up her Ace of Spades, this play must produce a Grand Slam; and in real life it accomplished its purpose because South hoped that North might be able to beat the Ten of Spades (there was even a possibility that the Declarer intended to finesse Dummy's Eight), and that holding up the Ace might save the Small Slam. Of course, when the Ten of Spades won, a Grand Slam was easy for the Declarer. She ran her five good Clubs, discarding on the last three of them the King, Queen and Jack of Spades from the Closed Hand. It is obvious that South could have saved the Grand Slam by playing the Ace of Spades on the lead of the Deuce, and it is natural for the critic who has seen all the cards to suggest that she should have done so, and to find arguments to support that contention; but at the table the play made by South was not only natural but tempting and the one that usually would be made. Regardless, however, of what actually happened, East did not take the least risk in playing the hand the way he did.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	South
♠ 6-5-4-2	♠ Q-3
♡ 5-4	♡ K-9-3-2
◇ Q-J-8-6	◇ A-K-3
♣ Q-10-8	♣ A-K-5-4
East	**West**
♠ K-8-7	♠ A-J-10-9
♡ Q-J-10-7	♡ A-8-6
◇ 10-9-4	◇ 7-5-2
♣ J-7-2	♣ 9-6-3

Other Men's Gifts

Continued from page 7

presents for Counselor Mithmick's Regina.

"Something very special for her," Counselor Krumnitzer suggested. "She likes fine clothes. Maybe some nice silver for her table would go well. And don't overlook the old man. A bottle of booze and some fine cigars for him."

"You can count on us for one grand send-off," Little Rudie assured the lawyer. Counselor Krumnitzer, pleased and satisfied, walked away.

The twenty-first, which was the day appointed for the wedding, fell on a Thursday. On Tuesday Counselor Krumnitzer, strolling through the corridor in Criminal Courts Building, met Detective Sergeant Dan Brody of the Safe and Loft Squad. Brody looked sad.

"Feeling low?" Counselor Krumnitzer inquired solicitously.

"You heard, didn't you, what happened?" Brody boomed.

Counselor Krumnitzer said he hadn't.

"Well, somebody tipped over my flat last night," Brody explained. "They cleaned the sideboard. That's all but . . . ain't it enough? I hope it was none of your crowd, Krummy."

"My crowd knows their onions," Counselor Krumnitzer assured the detective. "They know I wouldn't stand for anything like that."

When Brody opened his desk at headquarters on Wednesday morning he found awaiting him an engraved invitation to the wedding of Miss Regina Mithmick at her father's home. Across the bottom of the card was scrawled:

"Dan—Drop in on us Thursday evening. Bring the wife along to see the presents."

Brody slipped the card into his pocket. At home that night he tossed it on the dining table. Mrs. Brody picked it up.

"I'm not wild about taking in this shindig," said Brody.

"Well, now," said Mrs. Brody, "it would be a kind of a treat to see how them people act at one of them affairs."

"We'll go, then," said Brody.

So on Thursday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Dan Brody walked in upon Regina Mithmick's wedding party. Her dad met them at the door. At first he was surprised to see them, but his greeting waxed effusive. Many of his clients were constantly doing business with the Safe and Loft Squad, and to have the chief of it and his wife in his home would do him no harm with his clients.

Counselor Mithmick bowed the couple into the dining-room. The place was crowded with guests and relatives, yet Brody sensed that in some regions the atmosphere was frigid.

ALONG one side of the room, standing aloof, with gloom darkening their pudgy countenances, were Mr. Tobias, the fur dealer; Mr. Smulovits, the jeweler; Mr. Simpson, the lace man, and three or four merchants. Dan recognized them all as old clients of Counselor Mithmick. And, oh, they were so cold and silent!

In a far corner Counselor Mithmick was helping Regina into a wonderful sealskin coat. Mamma Mithmick had lifted a silver soup tureen, and, poising it above the center of the table, was calling upon the guests to look and see. Mr. Tobias had pinioned his gaze on Counselor Mithmick, who was now stroking the sealskin that adorned his daughter. Mr. Smulovits was biting his underlip and watching Mamma Mithmick with the soup tureen.

"Papa, Papa," Regina called out as she whirled about in her new finery. "You have such lovely friends, Papa."

Mr. Tobias walked leisurely over to the detective, and beckoned him into the hall. Dan hurried to join the fur dealer.

"Mein Gott!" Tobias exploded into the detective's ears. "Dot sealskin coat vat the girl wears is von of my finest pieces of merchandise."

"The old man must've hit a heavy bank roll," Brody suggested.

"Dun't be foolish," said Tobias; "dot's a hot coat . . . it came out from my store a veek ago ven dose thiefs smashed my vindow in de night."

Brody, instead of standing aghast, laughed, much to Mr. Tobias' discomfiture, when Mr. Smulovits, attracted by the laugh, sauntered into the hall and joined them. He shot a puzzled glance at Mr. Tobias, then addressed Brody.

"You remember," said Mr. Smulovits, "von veek ago dose boiglers took me for a pile of silver?"

"Sure," Brody replied.

"Have a look on the soup dish old lady Mithmick is holding op," Smulovits hurried on, directing the detective's eyes to the figure of Mrs. Mithmick, still juggling the soup tureen. "Dat's a piece of de goods they took me for," he continued, "und de platter . . . und de knifes und forks. . . . Mein Gott, de whole table is filled mit my stolen stuff. Everything is hot—even de fur coat vat comes from Tobias' store."

"Well," said Brody, "do you want me to smash up the party?"

"No, no, no," cried Tobias and Smulovits in chorus, "nutting like dat."

DAN BRODY had no intention of breaking up the party. He knew the two gentlemen in the hallway with him. Both were Mr. Mithmick's old clients. Counselor Mithmick carried their sins and secrets in his now joyous heart, and there was plenty he could tell about the kind of goods they handled: stuff from which identifying marks had been removed—hot furs and silver. They would be the last persons in the world to complain in open court against their lawyer. Inwardly Brody rejoiced at their dilemma.

Presently Counselor Mithmick dashed up to Brody. He thrust an open box of perfectos at the detective.

"A-number-one smokes," said Counselor Mithmick. "And over on the buffet is a very fine bottle of pre-war stuff. Help yourselves, gentlemen." He bowed himself out of the hall.

Brody picked out a cigar. But he did not light it. There, on the wrapper, in raised gilt letters, were his own initials, D. B. His cigars, stolen from his sideboard! Then his eye roved to the label on the bottle of rye.

"I'll be damned," he mumbled, "and that's my bottle of rye too!"

And at this very moment Counselor Mithmick returned.

"Go ahead, Serge," he said. "Don't be afraid of it. It's pre-war stuff."

Brody stared at Counselor Mithmick in silence, then blurted out: "And well I know it is," he said slowly, dryly. "And them's good cigars too. Let's have the box.

"And now, Counselor," he went on, "excuse yourself from this party and run along with me on a little jaunt."

Counselor Mithmick protested, vehemently, but in vain. Within a few minutes they were on their way to headquarters.

"This time," Brody said to Counselor Mithmick, "I'll put in a squeal that'll stick . . . even if you are a lawyer."

They opened the door and started down the steps to the street. The figure of a dapper little man was ascending the stairs toward them. He was carrying bundles under both arms. Brody's eyes caught his gaze. The man started to turn on his heel, but the detective's hand grabbed his coat tail and held him. It was Little Rudie, wedding-bent, with more gifts for Regina. Counselor Mithmick started to jabber, but Brody, with a hand gripping the arm of each captive, marched them on.

It was Friday morning, the day after the wedding, that Counselor Krumnitzer, grinning from ear to ear, met Dan Brody again in the Criminal Courts Building.

"You had a nice time at the wedding party . . . yes?" Counselor Krumnitzer inquired. Without waiting for a reply he went on:

"I thought you would. . . . That's why I sent you the invitation!"

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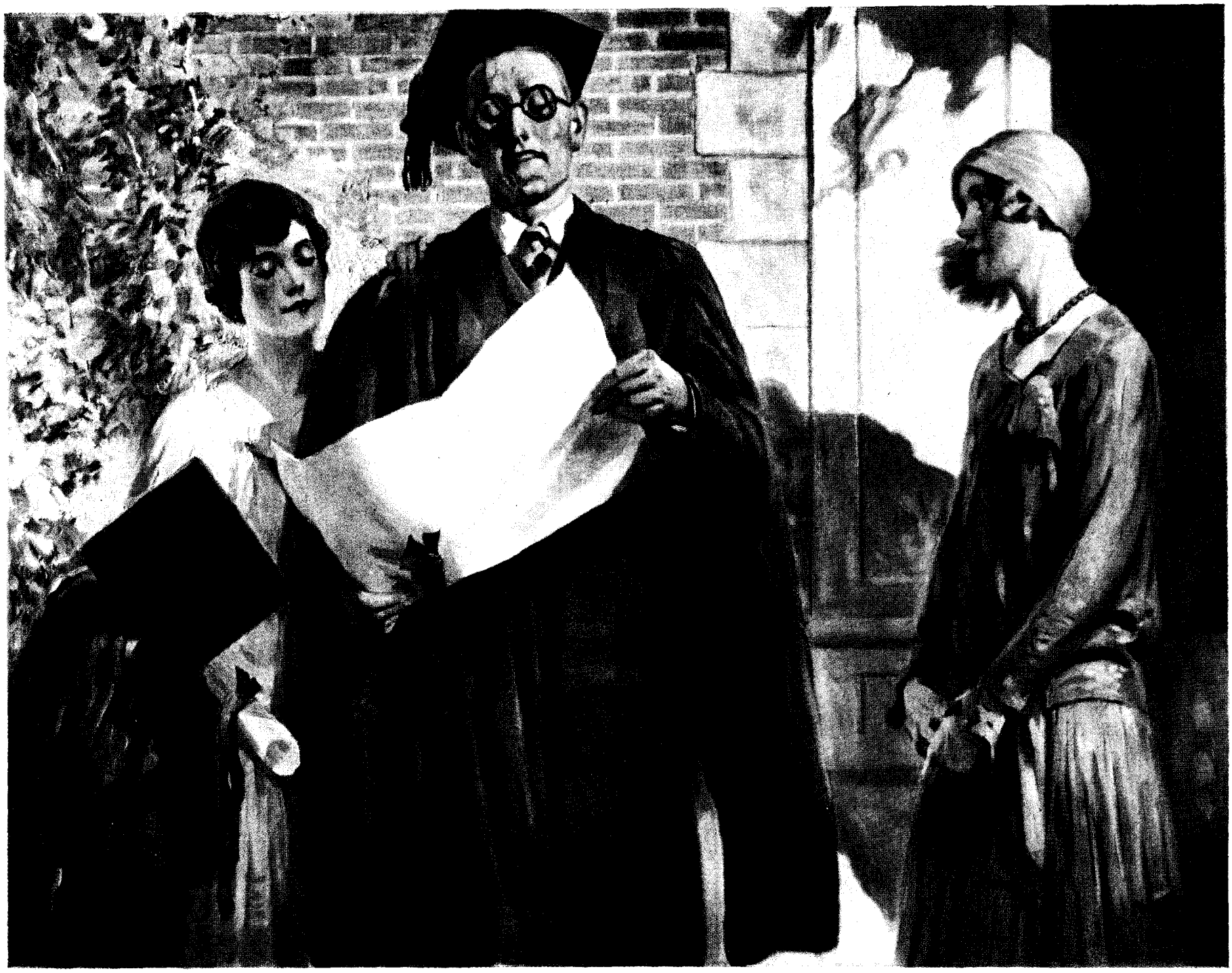
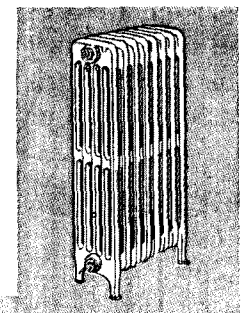


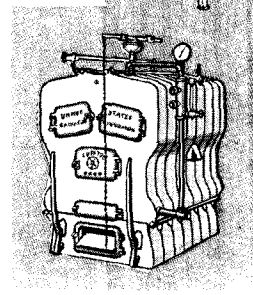
On the meaning of a diploma

A LITTLE proud and a little flushed, another young hopeful is being given his passport to a place in the world.

There has been music which he has not heard, speech-making to which he has not listened. Now is his moment of greatness. With signatures and seal, a formal document is presented to him reciting his successful completion of the prescribed course of study. Henceforth, the world's his oyster.

Many years may pass before his Castle in Spain assumes the more inhabitable outlines of a white Colonial house in California or in Maine. But on that great day, when he is deciding on what heating system for his home, the memory of his own sheepskin may well suggest to him the boiler with a diploma—the Capitol.





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The Blue Lamp

Continued from page 16

"I—I—supposed it was him. *Or was it you?*"

Battles kept his composure with an effort. So there was still another party connected with this plot—someone Watts had seen but Jimmy hadn't.

"Where were *you hiding?*" the boy asked contemptuously.

"I got in there ahead o' you," he finally disclosed. "I'd hid in the closet in the northwest room. You passed so close to me once you could nearly reach in and touch me."

This too was illuminating, for Jimmy's peregrinations above stairs had not encompassed proximity to any closet door in the northwest chamber. In examining the place, after this man had vanished from the landing, the boy had merely gone to the door and cast in his light beam.

"Did you see my flashlight?"

"Flashlight? N-n-o, this was 'way before dark."

"Did you *see* me?"

"No, but I knowed you was there."

"All right, then what? Where were you hiding when the party we'll call 'he' opened up the stairs?"

"I'd got out of the closet and started across for the stairs—the flight to the lower floor, I mean. I was goin' down to watch you when you left. Then, of course, I could follow you and see where you was stayin'. But you shoved up the stairs and nearly caught me."

"So it was in running away so you wouldn't be seen that you missed your footing and tumbled down the flight?"

"Ha-ha. Yes, that's about right."

"Got a pretty bad bump, didn't you!"

"Nothin' to speak of. I came out of it soon enough. Though my head sort of aches. I struck it on the banisters."

"Where'd you go when you finally aroused?"

"Down in the library. I hid behind a chair."

"Did you see me go out? What door did I use?"

"You went out the side sittin'-room door onto the veranda."

"All that ain't important," declared the sheriff, scuffing in. Obviously he had decided that his nephew was messing things—not getting vital information, at least. He crossed to his chair and adjusted the light. He did not greet the caller, and the latter was annoyed. "What we're interested in findin' out is what you're hornin' in for, *an' how much you want.*"

THE older man had grasped what the boy had felt vaguely. This fellow was merely an ambulance-chasing attorney.

"Oh, I don't know," the caller parried. "How much d' you think it's worth to keep my mouth shut and let all o' you get away with it? Pretty high stakes you seem to be playin' for, all of you."

"*How much do you want?*"

"Seems to me it ought to be worth at least a fifth of what you pry loose—if you do. Yes, a million'd be about right. I could use a million. Never do another tap of law work or have to look for another case. Ha-ha!"

Jimmy and his uncle exchanged stupefied glances. This fellow spoke as though a fifth of the stakes to which he referred amounted to a million dollars. That meant the conspirators were after five millions. What five millions? Ostensibly Mary Harmon's five millions. What else? And he spoke of forged documents—a death certificate. But who in the name of Satan was he mistaking Jimmy for? And why the girl in the tower?

"When did this boy's mother come t' consult you?" the sheriff had the wit to demand.

Again the derby came in for much handling.

"Come, come!" snapped old Crumpett.

The caller became defiant. "It's private business between me and her. Professional ethics between a lawyer and his client. I ain't called to explain it to no one till I know all about 'em—and whether they'll trade."

"What sort of deal do you want?"

"Oh, I'd take ten thousand on account—a sort o' retainer—right now, ha-ha! You pay me in cash, and I'll know you mean business."

"What's your full name?"

"I told you. Watts. Ephraim Watts."

"Well, Ephraim Watts, where is it you do business? What bar do you practice at?"

"Dunno's I'm prepared to tell you that either—till I get a down payment. Y' see, folks that ain't businesslike might decide from snap judgment that bein' took in with you because I'd learned so much was a form of blackmail. And I don't want that charge put against my professional reputation."

"But we ain't gonna pay no ten thousand dollars t' no stranger who merely walks in here off th' street. Do you take us f'r fools?"

The man was abashed.

"Well," he conceded, "my home's in the West."

"Oh, your home's in th' West! What part o' the West?"

"That'd be answerin' your first question. Seems t' me I've sort o' got the upper hand, Mr. Wilson, and you better take me at my face value. Either that or the ethics o' my perfession'll force me to go to the authorities and tell 'em what's afoot."

"Mister, you're actin' almighty funny. What's more, I'm convinced you know a devilish lot th' authorities right now is hankerin' t' learn." The sheriff's face became reddened with anger. "They's a lot t' this Harmon business I'm none too pleased with. From what you say, they's crime in it somewheres."

"Crime!"

"Yes, I said *crime!* You've come here an' made yourself liable f'r blackmail—"

"Me! How about yourselves?"

"Never mind us. Lawyer Ephraim Watts, if you don't want t' find yourself in dam' hot water, I advise you—"

But Crumpett stopped in the middle of his outburst. The bell on the hall telephone was jangling.

"Answer the phone, Jimmy," he ordered.

"JIMMY!" cried their caller, turning on the boy. "Ain't your name Walter?"

"Answer that, Jimmy," the uncle ordered sternly. "An' you, Lawyer Watts, sit right where you are."

THE visitor was trapped. But the phone bell continued to jangle. Jimmy went to the hall.

"Hello?" his uncle heard him call. "What? . . . yes, he's here. . . . What? *Murder?*"

Watts and the sheriff both sprang to their feet.

"Stay right where you are!" Amos Crumpett roared. "Consider yourself under arrest—"

"Arrest! What for? Who are you, anyhow?"

"I'm th' sheriff o' this 'ere county, by heck. An' you've stuck your foot right int' a trap."

The caller turned bilious.

"The sh-sh-sheriff?" he stammered.

"Uncle Amos, there's a man been found dead out at the Harmon house—"

Jimmy was halted. The stranger's jaundice had shifted to ivory. Thousands of tiny red veins like the silk threads in banknotes stood out lividly against that whiteness. He gave one wild glance at the door to the kitchen. He whirled and saw the door to the hall.

Then he leaped.

He leaped against Crumpett, knocking him forward. The sheriff clawed out and upset against a chair. Jimmy dropped the receiver and clutched at their quarry. The impact was calamitous. The boy lost balance and spun against the hatrack. Three more jumps took Watts to the door. Through it he caromed, and it whammed against the clapboards. By the time the uncle had picked himself from the broken chair the pink-faced blackmailer was sprinting down the hill.

"Take after him, Jimmy! Don't let him escape!"

BUT Jimmy was groggy from his bump against the hatrack. He tried to get his direction and walked into the stairs. He staggered, still dazed, upon the veranda. He was barely in time to see the visitor dart between two houses a half block down the grade.

Nevertheless the boy followed after. Not until he had arrived hatless at the spot where the man had vanished did he realize the futility of tracing him successfully. The yards behind the houses were filled with great areas of inky-black shadows. Strange fences intersected. Hiding places were everywhere. Nursing his bruise, he went back to his uncle's.

He discovered Sheriff Crumpett just hooking the receiver.

"Where'd he go?" the old man cried angrily.

Jimmy told him.

"Th' scalawag! Legged it, by heck! Found he'd stuck his funny-lookin' head plumb in th' jaws o' th' law."

"By the way he scooted, he's crooked as the devil."

"How could he be anything else, with a head shaped like his'n? I'll send out word an' have him picked up. Seein' there ain't no trains out o' here till mornin', he prob'ly can't go very far. He'll be easy t' grab—with a skin so pink."

"What about the phone—the man found killed?"

"Yeah, that was Paul Lyman called. He's kid reporter on th' local evenin' paper. Claims him an' th' Fowler boys was out t' th' Harmon house t'night t' investigate th' lights an' stumbled acrost a chap with his head crushed—blood spattered all over th' place—body still warm—"

"Where did they find him?"

"Upper hall, Paul says. Near th' stairs t' th' cupola."

"Lord, then it's happened since I left! There was nobody there when I quit the house."

"Well, we gotta get out there—"

"Who is he, Uncle Amos?"

"Paul couldn't say. Nobody he knows, at any rate, though he claims th' feller resembles someone who's been stoppin' lately at th' Whitney House—"

"It must be the person that Watts called 'he'!"

"Well, go t' th' barn an' back out Will's car. I gotta get on th' rest o' my clothes. Key t' th' barn is hangin' by th' sink. But first, while I'm dressin', ring up Squire Butterworth. Tell him t' have his clothes on t' go out there with us. We'll pick him up on our way out East Main Street."

The boy found the phone book to get the squire's number. His uncle climbed the stairs. Halfway up he glanced over the banisters.

"Queer thing about it, Jimmy," he remarked. "Accordin' t' Lyman, near th' knees o' th' dead man *they found a blue lamp!*"

(*To be continued next week*)

SHOP TALK

THE SAGE OF EMPORIA

THE popular national institution known as William Allen White has two component parts:

One is the editor of The Emporia Gazette, a country newspaper with a circulation much larger than you would expect, and an influence far exceeding that of many big city dailies.

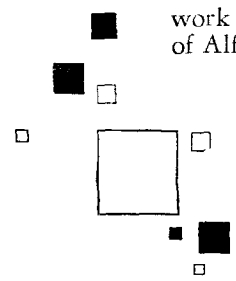
The other is a man of affairs whose sensitive and tolerant mind ranges over the activities of this complex age, frequently followed by the cherubic person of its proprietor.

Both parts combine to produce the most sparkling personality in American journalism today. As an editor in his beloved Kansas he has chided and praised, preached at and jested with his people for thirty-three years. For almost the same length of time he has been a vibrant force in the progress of national thought and a stalwart fighter for the things he believed to be right and true.

But these things have not been always the same. As a young editor he was firmly convinced that this is the best possible world. He was in the late twenties when he wrote "What's the Matter with Kansas?" It was the perfect expression of conservatism. Mark Hanna said that it materially helped to elect President McKinley.

An older Bill White chuckles today when he thinks of it For the stanch conservative has changed. The disillusions of the years, instead of souring him, have given him "a faith in a better world and a compelling call to strive for it." In a quarter century, as he himself describes the process, the Walrus has shed his tusks and mustache and painfully turned into the March Hare.

This is the William Allen White whom Collier's presents with high glee as often as possible. His "The Education of Herbert Hoover," on page 8 of this issue, is as brilliant a piece of work as his articles on Calvin Coolidge and his estimate of Alfred E. Smith, which appeared first in Collier's.



He is an observer of the show, eager for the next act, richly competent to criticize the actors. A journalist whose only rule is that he shall be "honest according to his lights, brave without being cruel, and as wise as a man may be who peeps at the world through a crack in the door." THE EDITOR.

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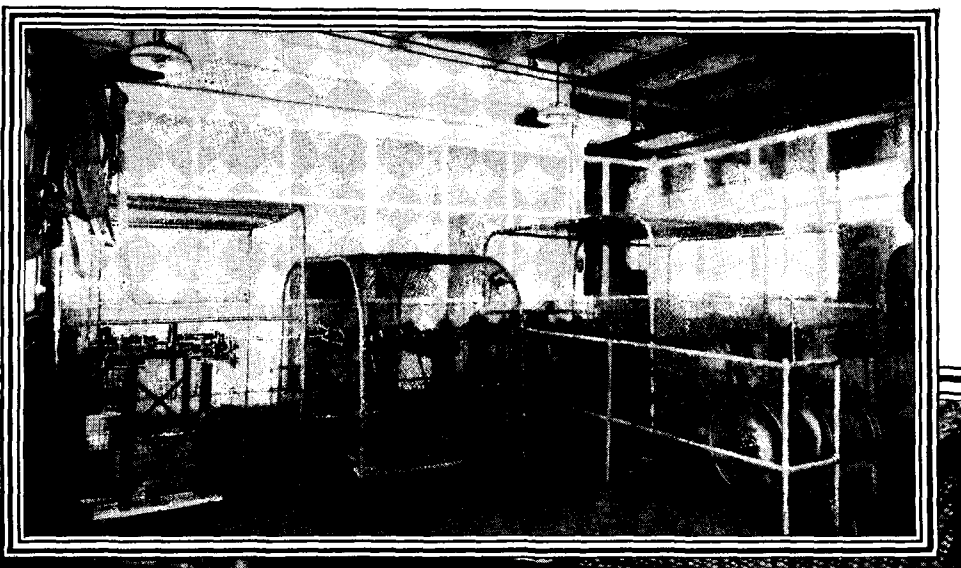
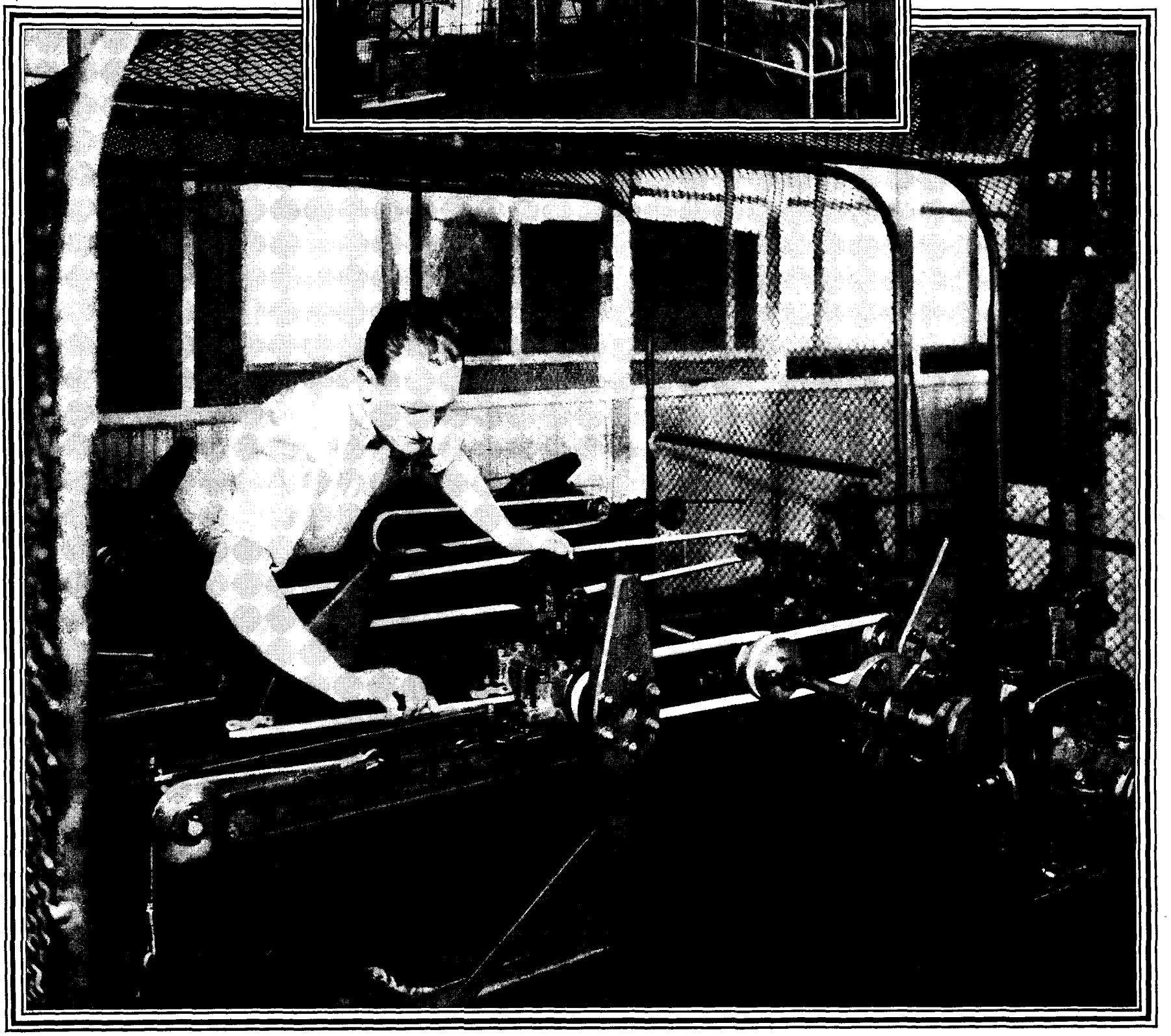
Many of the tests performed at the Laboratories and the Proving Ground are entirely new so that machinery had to be designed by General Motors engineers for conducting them. This applies to the testing of fan belts. The large photograph shows an engineer adjusting a fan belt on the machine that will run it night and day until it breaks. The smaller photograph gives some idea of the size of the apparatus necessary for testing even this very little part of an automobile.





GENERAL

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FAN BELTS *and* THE OPEN MIND

THE best fan belt on the market a few years ago would render good service through an average year's driving, or perhaps two or three years. It seemed a satisfactory product, but it did not satisfy General Motors.

The laboratory engineers constructed a machine to run a fan belt under high tension at terrific speed, hour after hour, day after day. Under this stress and strain, the best fan belt lasted only seven hours.

General Motors engineers strengthened the belt, and the relentless machine tore it to pieces in eight hours.

They strengthened it again and raised its life to nine hours—to ten.

Then the engineers adopted a quite different principle of construction, producing a belt that resisted the test for more than fifty hours.

Again the specifications were changed and the score was 120 hours. At this point, when most men would have been content, the General Motors engineers felt they were just beginning. With the cooperation of belt manufacturers they proceeded to construct a belt that withstood all that the machine could do to it for 800 hours.

This is the belt that is now being used on General Motors cars.

An improvement of 11,000 per cent in a minor part which was considered quite satisfactory even before the testing began! Thus it is that General Motors automobiles grow continuously better, as every part is studied with an open mind.

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

"A car for every purse and purpose"

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Delco-Remy Electrical Equipment · Harrison Radiators · Delco-Remy Lovejoy Shock Absorbers Jacox Steering Gears · A C Spark Plugs · A C Speedometers · A C Oil Filters · New Departure Ball Bearings · Jaxon Rims, Wheels and Tire Carriers · Brown-Lipe-Chapin Differentials · Hyatt Roller Bearings · Inland Steering Wheels · Klaxon Horns

• • •

General Motors passenger cars, Frigidaire, the automatic refrigerator and Delco-Light electric plants may be purchased on the standard low-cost GMAC Time Payment plan

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MOTORS

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By
THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

THE CONSTANT VOICE

NOT even if Mr. Frank W. Stearns were an orator, and were called upon to appear before the Kansas City convention to give the key to the next campaign, would the Republicans have chosen a more definitely Coolidge keynoter than they will have in the person of Senator Simeon Fess of Ohio.

Mr. Fess has slept in the White House not once but often. He shares with Attorney-General Sargent and Mr. Stearns the distinction of being Mr. Coolidge's favorite political guest. He is one intimate friend that the President has made since he came to Washington. He is the one real Coolidge senator in the Upper House. Most members of that august body secretly or openly dislike the President. But it would be as hard for Mr. Fess to dislike a Republican President as it would be for him to dislike his God.

And Mr. Fess is a born keynoter. He does little else but sound keynotes. For years he has been delivering the most perfect eulogies of Mr. Coolidge and his administration that have ever been uttered. Practice has made him perfect in it. Over and over again he has told the enraptured school teachers of Ohio of the wisdom of the Coolidge policies.

When he tootles his note to assembled Republican delegates it will be the true Coolidge note.

The keynoter resembles a tuning fork. He is small, slim, and metallic, and of course bifurcate. He emits a hard, ringing sound, sure and true, monotonous and inevitable; high as befits the noble cause to which it is devoted, confident as one attuned to Mr. Coolidge should be, sharp to wound the ears of the Democrats.

A Bit Monotonous

HE HAS only one note, tiresome to one who likes modulation. But it is the true Coolidge note; welcome to a party that wants Coolidge and, not being able to get him, will take on a Coolidge first lieutenant as its candidate, with a platform of Coolidge policies—after, of course, the tootle of the authentic Coolidge keynoter.

There is a ring of triumph in the Coolidge keynoter's voice, the triumph of partisanship over intellect. For the good Dr. Fess must have been tempted in his day to stray into the ways of intellectualism. He was once a college professor, and, indeed, a college president. His victory over learning has been as great as the triumph of that other college professor, Hiram Bingham of Connecticut.

There is a touch of the Pharisee in the note that Dr. Fess tootles. He thanks God that he is not as other men are, loose in their relations to their party, modernists in their political morals, given to companionate marriages with strange and temporary doctrines. His faith is pure and he holds it with all his heart. He is saved. He will go to heaven, where all good Republicans go.

And by way of anticipation of heaven's rewards he will, if Mr. Hoover is elected President, stretch his worthy limbs upon a White House mattress.

"If You Have Tears—"

WHERE else, unless Mr. Coolidge himself were to make the speech, could anyone be found to emit so perfect a Coolidge note as Dr. Fess? Who else has a mind so eager to receive and give forth the true Word? The less independence of opinion in Mr. Fess, the greater his glory. He has no sense of humor; but the enforced picking of a successor to Mr. Coolidge is a solemn occasion, the most solemn in the history of American politics, for where else will his like be found again?

Dr. Fess wept when he heard that Mr. Coolidge did not choose to run again.

He was the original Coolidge drafter—not one of those who would use the President's name to cover some political design of their own, but one who felt that Mr. Coolidge's leaving the White House was like the falling of the skies.

More than one keynoter had entertained the secret hope that, when the delegates heard him laud his choice, they would be so carried away that they would have no one else as their candidate. But no such selfish thought is hidden in Mr. Fess' consciousness. Buried away there is no doubt the idea that when the delegates hear the voice that filled the whole nation with a sense of how unendurable would be the White House without Mr. Coolidge in it, the drafting of Mr. Coolidge will begin. Maybe National Chairman Butler, who will be a mere cotton-mill owner if the President goes back into private life, had that notion, too, when he selected Dr. Fess.

There are few persons like Dr. Fess left. Even of Mr. Coolidge it is whispered that in his political youth he flirted with Labor. It is impossible to believe that in the keynoter's past is any similar indiscretion. His mind is firmly rooted in authority. The world is changeless to him. I have not *examined* his record, but I think it would be found that he had never once voted against the Administration on any measure in the Senate.

He has the most perfect record of regularity of anyone in Washington. He is so constituted that he cannot be otherwise than regular. He is the ideal keynoter.

We Want Charlie!

Continued from page 11

George burst into tears. "We've b-been thrown out," he sobbed.

"That's it!" said Boppo. "So we jolly well have. I knew there must be somethin' behind all that, what?"

"Oh dear, oh dear!" wailed George.

"But, I say—let's go to somewhere else."

"B-but *Charlie's* inside!"

"By Jove, you're right, Old Onion. So he is. I say, let's do sit down and have a jolly old shot of deep cogitation."

"We gotta have Charlie."

"Yes," said Boppo—"undoubtedly."

Slowly and insidiously his mind gravitated backward to the first thought he had had that evening since leaving Melville Brotherington's. He reached into his pocket and pulled out the menu card on which he had redesigned the plumpish lady's mole. In the light of a street lamp he considered it. His eye roved toward the Broadway end of the block and the light of a winking sign. "Drugs, Cosmetics, Hairnets." He took George's arm and started off. "Anyway, Old Parsnip, we're jolly old millionaires tomorrow, what?"

"But we gotta have Charlie!" . . .

TWO gentlemen were seated at George's erstwhile table shortly after Boppo and George had been surreptitiously persuaded to leave. They were undoubtedly out of their element. To begin with, three waiters, respectively a Czech, an Italian and a Croat, had tried in vain to take their orders. They sat stolidly and uncomprehendingly in dignified silence.

"I guess they must be Latvians," said the head waiter. "Bring them some No. 7 and a couple four-dollar bottles of ginger ale." He stared pensively at them. They sat quietly, with their hands folded placidly upon the table edge and their black beards sunk upon their shirt fronts, diagonally across the bosom of which they wore respectively a red and a pale-blue ribbon, insignia of some order or other.

Now, it so happened that at this juncture Charlie, who had danced twice with Flo Correlas, drunk long and eagerly of her eyes and her friend's container and told the one about the two sailors who were trying to find Pango Pango, felt subtly that he had overstayed his welcome and decided to go back to his own table.

The waiter caught him halfway. "Beg pardon, sir—your friends have left. This table is taken by these gents."

"Oh, that's all right," said Charlie. "Go lay an egg and cackle."

"Woogle oogle boogle," said one of the bearded and beribboned gentlemen.

"He says," said Charlie, "'Tell the head waiter to lay a square egg and cackle twice.'"

The waiter left and went into consultation with the head waiter. While that gentleman scratched his head in some thought he saw Charlie rise and escort one of the visiting foreigners across the floor to the Correlas table, where he introduced him to Flo. Then he came back to his own table and sat down, apparently deep in conversation with the other one.

"The way I figure," Charlie leaned confidentially across the table, "is that you know a lot more about this here Lone Star than I do."

The bearded gentleman nodded gravely.

"And," continued Charlie, "a guy ain't got no right to be messing about with something he don't know nothing about, has he? Now, even if it means a loss—a personal loss to me—I like to see a guy win at his own game."

"Oogle opski."

"Sure," said Charlie. "Now, I can put you straight for a clean-up, only you gotta keep it quiet, see? Listen." His voice became a whisper. "I got 5,000 more shares I can let you have—whaddya think of that? Am I a square shooter, hey?"

"Oogle— But, I say—I mean to say—chap's got to return tit for jolly old tat, Old Onion. Must tell you—silly old shares'll be a dollar tomorrow, what?"

"That's true," said Charlie, "but I wouldn't know the difference. It's your game. You're an expert, and you ought to get the jack out of it, not me—see?"

"Well—I say—jolly decent of you, I'm sure."

"Not atall—not atall. It's only fair to you." Charlie tore two blank pages from his notebook and uncapped his fountain pen. "Now, I can give you a transfer on my shares now, and you can sign a note, and we can fix it up at my office tomorrow."

"But you're quite sure *you* don't want them, I mean to say."

"Listen," said Charlie. "I'm a amachure, an' I ain't got the brains for this game." He made out a promise of transfer, signed it and beckoned to the Messrs. Loopschutzle, who seemed to be friends of his. They came over and witnessed the signatures. "This here guy," said Charlie, "is an oil expert."

"Iss dot so?" said Mr. Moe Loopschutzle.

"Rather," said the bearded one.

"No!" said Mr. Mannie Loopschutzle. "Vell, looka dis here L. S. C. frinstance—you got some dope on dat? You been buying it pretty heavy. Moe and I got a thousand shares between us und ve ain't sure vat to do with it."

"I tell you what I'd do," said Charlie. "I'd sell it to this gentleman here. 'Course you don't have to take *my* advice." He filled the glasses again.

"But you don't know nothing about that stuff, and this guy's an expert."

"Jolly old absolute expert."

"Vould you really vant it?" asked Moe. "Ve could let you have it for vat ve paid for it."

"But, see here, this is jolly nice of you, but hadn't you better keep it? I mean to say—fair play—all that. Stuff's going up tomorrow, what?"

Moe and Mannie looked at each other and nodded. "No," said Moe, "if you vant it, you should have it."

"Well, that's awfully decent—but—"

"Do you vant it?"

"Rather—jolly old shares'll be a dollar tomorrow."

Moe borrowed a piece of paper from Charlie and wrote out a transfer for 10,000 shares. The bearded gentleman signed another note, and the four men shook hands solemnly.

At this juncture a stentorian roar echoed across the floor. At the Correlas table the second bearded gentleman was standing on his chair with his hands cupped to his mouth.

"Wee Waant Chaarleee!"

The head waiter, the two shouldery gentlemen and four bus boys instantly bore down from seven angles that converged on the bearded gentleman. Seeing the impending attack, that worthy grinned delightedly, and bolted out into the center of the dance floor.

Now, this maneuver necessitated a wheel on the part of the assaulting party, and the leader, throwing himself into a vertical bank, fouled his undercarriage in that of the more shouldery shouldery gentleman, whereupon, Ack over Toc, as it were, they went down figuratively in flames and crashed on the parquet, bringing the two nearest bus boys on top of them. The ringside tables rose to a man in roaring appreciation and broke into violent applause.

Subtly the head waiter felt that tact was his only card if a riot was to be avoided. When he came opposite the table that the two bearded gentlemen had occupied, he found it empty! . . .

THE head waiter scratched his head in perplexity and stared about the room, then he crossed to the next table.

"Good evening, Mr. Loopschutzle. Could you tell me where those gentlemen went who was sitting there?"

"How should I know? You should be ashamed. Chasing chentlemens out

(*Continued on page 39*)

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BERRY'S BRUSHING LACQUER

It's dry when you're through

Usher new life and beauty into your home with these gay colors

Deep the joy of her who restores an attic treasure to new charm and beauty with a gay coat of Berry Brothers' Brushing Lacquer. How gratifying it is to know that a few minutes spent with a brush and these lacquer colors will restore old things to fresh usefulness.

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Furniture, woodwork, floors, linoleum and many, many other things instantly respond to these fresh colors. The delightful transformation is immediate and lasting. For, like all other Berry products, this lacquer *wears.*

Your dealer has Berry Brothers' Brushing Lacquer in a variety of charming hues*—or can obtain it for you if you wish. It is worth while to *insist.*

*Colors available include: Chinese red, jade green, turquoise blue, French gray, coral pink, ivory, etc.

"Save the surface and you save all"—Mark's Manual

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Enclosed is 25 cents in stamps for ¼-pint can Berry Brothers' Brushing Lacquer, retail price 50 cents. (One can to a family.) Also send color chart containing instructions for obtaining superior results.

Dealer's Name _____

My Name _____

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Color Preferred _____

(C-5)

Berry Brothers' Brushing Lacquer is produced by the manufacturer of Liquid Granite Floor Varnish, Lionoil Floor Enamel, Luxeberry Enamel, Luxeberry Wood Finish, Berryloid and other wear-resisting finishes.

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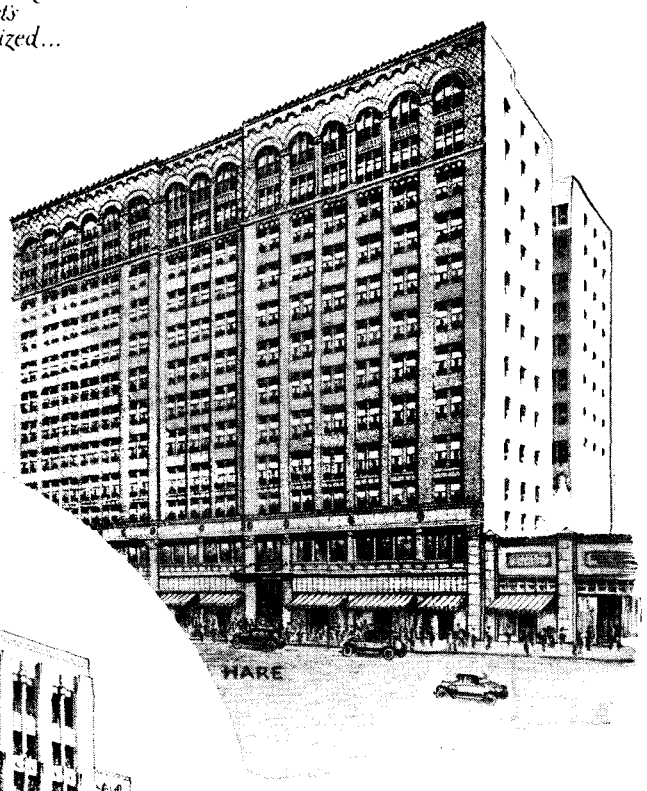
RUSSWIN *in* LOS ANGELES

...Every Great Building *is an Architects Vision Realized...*



International Mart Building
Los Angeles, Calif.

Architects and Builders—
Meyer & Holler, Los Angeles

Russwin Dealers—
Bennett-Montgomery Hdwe. Company, Los Angeles

Western Pacific Building
Los Angeles, Calif.

Owners — L. A. Investment Bldg. Co., Los Angeles

Architects—Walker and Eisen, Los Angeles

Contractors—Los Angeles Investment Co., Los Angeles

Russwin Dealers— Bennett-Montgomery Hdwe. Company, Los Angeles

Title Insurance Building
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Architects—John Parkinson & Donald B. Parkinson, Los Angeles
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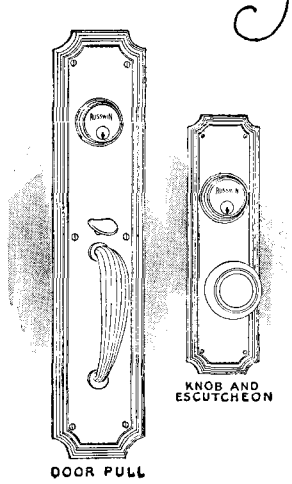
Russwin Dealers—Bennett-Montgomery Hdwe. Co., Los Angeles

For the Bungalow .. the Pretentious Home .. the Monumental Structure



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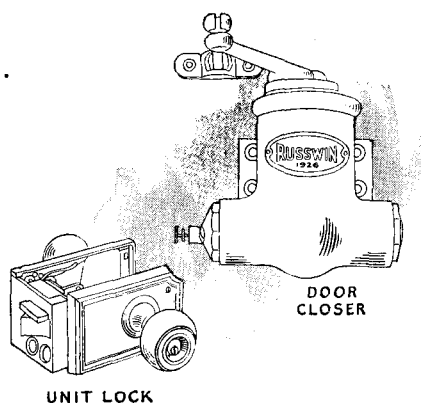

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We Want Charlie!

Continued from page 36

who iss having a liddle harmless fun! I shouldn't come here any more."

"Aw, don't say that, Mr. Loopschutzle. We was just protecting the other patrons." He looked for approval at Mr. Mannie Loopschutzle and the other gentleman at the table, a gentleman with a little black mustache and a pair of horn-rimmed glasses.

"Jolly rotten," said the other gentleman. "Jolly *well* rotten, I sh'd say."

"WELL, it won't happen again if they keep quiet."

"Heating and botherish," said the man with the glasses. "Jolly well *shouldn't* happen again, I mean to say, what?"

"I seem to of seen you before, sir," said the head waiter, "but I can't place your name. You ain't a Mr. Foogleberg from Troy are you, sir, in gents'

Inside the S-4

What happened inside the S-4 after the Paulding struck is thrillingly described by the man whom the Naval Court of Inquiry called "The foremost expert in the United States and probably in the world on deep-sea rescue work. . . ."

Lieutenant Commander EDWARD ELLSBERG

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

haberdashery, what was here last week with Mr. Oompheim?"

"No." The man pulled his lapel back and showed the edge of a nickel badge. "No, I'm a detective—merely a jolly old detective, what?"

"My Gawd!" said the head waiter. "Say," he whispered, "you just stay here a minute while I see the boss," and he slid quietly away.

"Not rehlly a detective," Boppo said. "Merely pretending to be one, what?"

The Messrs. Loopschutzle laughed.

"Steady!" Boppo admonished them. "Deuced serious—*deuced* serious. Watch. Just then disguised as a bearded mole, what? At present I'm a detective." He threw back his lapel and exhibited the badge fully. It said "Hose Inspector No. 1."

The Messrs. Loopschutzle roared.

The detective folded his hand and twisted his thumbs once.

"Where's Charlie?" he said.

Mr. Mannie Loopschutzle raised a corner of the tablecloth. "Hey, Charlie," he said, "he's gone—come oop for air." Charlie crawled out, sat down, and looked carefully about the room.

"How about a liddle gembling?" asked Mannie.

"Why not? Millionaire m'self," said Boppo.

"Sure, you are. Atta boy." Mannie slapped him on the back. He and his brother got up, and with Charlie and George between them started for a far corner under the gallery. Once safely inside, Boppo and Moe went back for the coats. In a corner by the stairway the head waiter touched Boppo's arm and handed him an envelope. Boppo stared at it.

"Shh," said the head waiter. He took the table check and tore it into tiny pieces. "It's all right. The boss said so. Our regular man is Gilhooley. He generally drops in on Wednesday nights. You don't hafta say nothing about this to him. We fix him up too."

"Oh?" said Boppo. "Quite so. Thanks," and he took his hat and coat and walked slowly back to Charlie, George and Mannie, who were waiting in the passage. They started up the stairs, with Boppo in the rear. He pulled out the envelope, opened it and scratched his head. There were five crisp ten-dollar bills inside.

"Jolly," thought Boppo. "Wonderful jolly old country—America."

Moe was knocking on a door at the top of the stairs, and when the light slot opened he said, "It's O. K., Herbie. Me an' m' brother an' a coupla frien's." They went in and up a few more steps to another cloakroom. Beyond it there was a long, low room full of people leaning over green-covered tables. They went in at once and walked about the tables for a few minutes, then Moe crowded in at one and bought a stack of chips. He put some down, the wheel spun and clicked and the croupier gathered it in. Moe pouted and looked crestfallen.

"Hello, Mr. Loopschutzle!" Flo Correlas slipped up behind him. "What about the new show—does Baby get a nice li'l part or does she don't?"

"You should bodder me about shows ven I'm losing? Here's my friend, a millionaire detective" (he winked at Boppo). "Bodder him."

SHE turned around. "Hello, Nice Boy—playing? I'll be your mascot till Loopey gets over his mad. Buy some chips."

Boppo looked startled. "'Ullo," he said. "Jolly good idea that—believe I shall, what?"

"Whoops!" said Flo. "Listen to the boy talk. Put fifty on the red and mind you don't break your monocle."

"No monocle," said Boppo. He fingered the five crisp ten-dollar bills, laid them on the table, and put his chips on the red. The wheel whirred, and he had a hundred dollars.

"Great!" said Flo. "Shove it all on the red again." Boppo did and gathered in two hundred dollars. Flo stuck her tongue out at Moe.

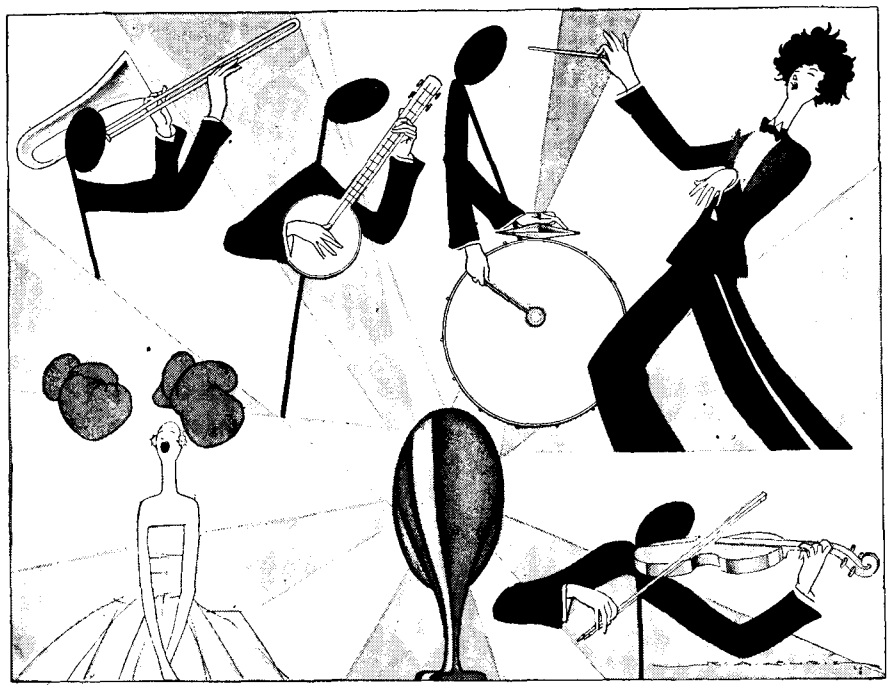
"Me and my boy friend are playing now." She covered her eyes with her hand and struck a pose. "Coming—coming—got it! Twenty on twenty." Boppo placed the bet and raked in another pile of chips.

"Say," said Moe. "I'll give you a part if you'll play for me."

Flo laughed. "I'll have my own show in a minute and buy you out, Loopey. Me and m' millionaire boy friend are hot!" Boppo scratched his head and stared at his pile of chips. "I say," he said, "What next?"

"Sink it all on black and below," said Flo. He shoveled the chips forward. The wheel spun and the croupier frowned as the ball slotted. "Come on," he said. "Do it again." Flo looked at him. "Once more—you speak luck. Black and below again, Nice Boy"—and again Boppo won.

(*Continued on page 40*)



By JACK BINNS

CULTURAL MONOPOLIES

THE National Broadcasting Company is now the biggest individual purchaser of entertainment in the world. Two years ago the company did not exist!

Over in England the British Broadcasting Company, a government monopoly, has acquired and subsidized Sir Henry Wood's orchestra, one of the oldest and most famous in the world, just as it was about to disband for lack of funds and interest. The British company has been in existence but little more than two years. Both companies are operating under basic policies diametrically opposed to each other, yet both are producing the same result.

What do these facts portend? I believe they foreshadow the day when radio will control the amusement field entirely.

It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that within the next few years one of the radio chains will be promoting and presenting nationally important events ranging from world's heavyweight championship bouts to the world première of a new opera and everything between.

A tremendous power is devolving upon the broadcasting companies and an equally important responsibility. Those who see evil in concentrated administration will "view the situation with alarm," but sane consideration will reveal naught but real good from the development. Through the medium of radio the activities of these companies will bring the best there is in the world into the remotest homes.

An audience a thousandfold greater than that which can be packed into Queens Hall now listens when Sir Henry Wood raises his baton. One even greater hears the New York Philharmonic under the direction of Arturo Toscanini. If this is monopoly let's have more of it for the cultural benefit of mankind.

A Brief for Brevity

THE definition of the word "Continuity" must be extremely broad in the minds of some writers who create the string of words that are supposed to link one musical piece with another in radio programs. Much of this blah comes clearly within the scope of that blanket phrase with which lawyers smother their objections to an adversary's pleadings—totally irrelevant and wholly immaterial.

Unless continuity is distinctly informative as well as smooth flowing it is just gibberish. As Poor Richard might have said: "A plain announcement may be stretched to cover a multitude of programs." And another as Poor Dick would add: "Brevity is still the soul of wit."

Revivify These Hours

WHEN the first big nation-wide commercial program was staged one of the featured artists let loose some banter that was in questionable taste. It was quite apparent that a wave of virtue inundated the National Broadcasting offices immediately thereafter because all the well-known announcing orchestra leaders were promptly drowned out. From that time on none but regular N. B. C. announcers have been allowed to utter remarks between dance numbers.

After listening for several weeks to announcers' attempts at humor, airy persiflage and just talk as the means of conveying listeners from one syncopated tune to another I am convinced the time has come to resuscitate the orchestra leaders to an articulate state again. Not a single voice from the N. B. C. has been successful in replacing the atmosphere which Ben Bernie, Vincent Lopez and B. A. Rolfe impart to their respective hours on the air.

Maybe It's Bird Food

"I DO wish you would voice the objections of the increasing many who weary of the New York style male quartettes now heard so frequently warbling to the chain atmosphere."

Probably this little plea might qualify as one of those constructive criticisms for which our broadcasters used to plead but which apparently are no longer welcomed. It came to me from a reader in Jeffersonville, Ind., who further unbosoms his tortured mind and weary ear with the following:

"Whether two or three quartettes are doing it all, or possibly just one, nobody out this way seems to be able to determine. It all sounds just alike. The same can be said for the various tenors. On what do they feed these (or is it this?) tenors to call out those strangely unmasculine tones?"

Honestly, Otto, I don't know, but probably it's the experimental dishes that form the basis for the radio recipes that occupy the morning hours of broadcasting.

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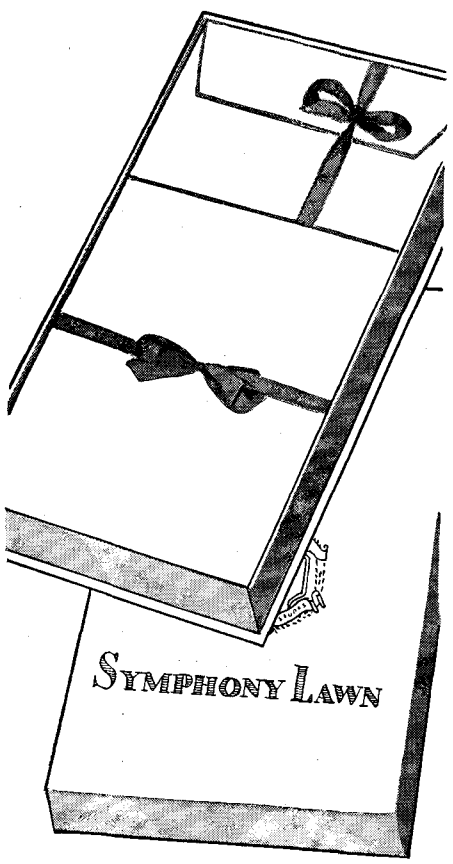
The Etiquette of Stationery



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We Want Charlie!

Continued from page 39

Flo laughed. "Come on, Nice Boy. We almost got a show. Let's change our game and play for a theatre now."

"What kind of a show shall we buy?"

"Nice musical show. Let's go shoot crap." They walked toward the end of the room. "Say," said Flo. "Have you known Loopey long?"

"No," said Boppo.

"He's a good fellow," said Flo. "He and his brother, but Georgie stung them on some oil stock about a month ago and they haven't got over it yet. Georgie stung everybody on it but me. I was too wise for him. You wanta be careful he doesn't try to unload it on you."

Boppo stopped in his tracks and stared at her. "Oil stock? Jolly old stuff's going up, what?" he gulped.

Flo laughed. "Say—what kind of a millionaire are you, anyway?"

"That kind—fact is—not a millionaire until tomorrow."

"Say!" said Flo. "You haven't *bought* it?"

Boppo wiped his damp brow and nodded emphatically.

"My Gawd!"

Boppo sank into a chair.

"They got a hell of a nerve," said Flo. "A nice guy like you. Where's Charlie?"

"I bought his too," said Boppo weakly. "And Moe's and Mannie's."

Flo stamped her foot angrily. Boppo reached into his hip pocket and took a long draft to steady himself.

"Listen," Flo hissed. "I like you, see? And I hate to see those simple bozos play you for a sucker. Let's get 'em and skin 'em alive in a crap game. Where's Charlie?"

Boppo stood up and looked dazedly around the room. Carefully he stepped into the seat of his chair and cupped his hands to his mouth.

"Wee Waant Chaarleeee!" he bellowed. In just a fraction of a second he was lifted bodily backward and propelled swiftly toward the door.

"I been waiting for you," hissed the bouncer. "You can't pull that on me. Get t'ell out and stay out!"

A minute later Boppo was in the alleyway outside. The door opened again, and Flo Correlas came out.

"Say," she said, "they got a hell of a nerve, and I told 'em so. I told 'em if they threw you out I'd go too. Here's your money—I cashed in your chips for you—come on. I know a good place up on Forty-eighth. We'll go up and dance." She took Boppo's arm and led him out of the alleyway. At the mouth there were three policemen idly swinging their nightsticks. Across the street were four more. Flo stopped.

"Move along, lady," grinned one of the cops. "You're just in time. It's all right if you're coming out." Four patrol wagons were parked halfway down the block. Flo grabbed Boppo's arm tightly. "Come on—let's beat it out of this!" A whistle shrieked. They ran across the street and hailed a taxi. Breathlessly they climbed in.

THE four patrol wagons were backed up at the curbing in front now, and a single file of customers was pouring out between the police lines and filling them one after the other.

A fifth patrol wagon rattled around the corner, its gong clanging loudly. The four full ones started off in single file with policemen on the rear steps of each. As they passed the cab Flo knocked on the glass. "Follow them," she said to the driver.

"Jolly!" said Boppo.

When they arrived at the courthouse, Flo stopped the cab and beckoned to one of the policemen outside. "Say," she said, "what are they going to do with them?"

"Between you an' me, lady, it's two-fifty apiece or stay the night, an' I guess it's stay the night, 'cause most of 'em had their money on the tables upstairs."

"Thanks," said Flo. The last patrol wagon rattled up and deposited its load. A police escort took them inside.

"I wonder if Charlie and George have got any money? Say," she said suddenly. "If they haven't—" She leaned out and called the policeman again. "Here's five, Brother." She slipped the bill into his hand. "Now do us a big favor. Trot along inside and tell Mr. Loopschutzle—Mr. Moe Loopschutzle—that his lawyer is outside ready to bail him out and his brother and his two friends if he hasn't got the money himself, and come back and tell us what he says."

Ten minutes later the policeman came back. "He says he ain't got a cent and for the Lord's sake if you've got one grand for the four of them, he'll be your friend for life."

"Whoops!" screamed Flo. "Have we got it? We have! Here's where we make a friend out of Loopey—on paper. Oh, boy, what a chance."

IT WAS somewhere in the neighborhood of noonish the next day that George Stanley St. Anselme Stokes-Mowbray opened a speculative eye to the light of day. The telephone had been ringing intermittently for the better part of fifteen minutes. He took down the receiver.

"What?" he said briefly.

"Mr. Stokes-Mowbray? There's a coupla Mister Loopschutzles down here to see you, sir. Can I send them up?" It was the desk clerk.

"Why not?" asked Boppo, and hung up the receiver.

The telephone commenced to ring again. He picked up the receiver.

"There's another man down here to see you, sir. Says to say it's Charlie. Shall I send him up?"

"Righto."

"Just a minute, sir." Boppo waited in blank boredom. The clerk came to the phone again. "Another man just came in. Said to say it was George. Shall I send him up too?"

"Goodo." Boppo hung up and lit a cigarette. There was a knock on the door, and the Messrs. Loopschutzle walked in.

"Hello," they said breezily and held out their hands.

"'Ullo," said Boppo.

"It's about the I O U's," said Mannie. "Ve vanted to get here early like ve said because you're a good guy. Let's see—two hundred fifty apiece for the fines and cancel the option on the shares ve made out to you last night, hey?" He sat down and drew out a check book.

"Somethin' or other. Jolly well forgotten." Boppo scratched his head and reached into the pocket of his coat which was hanging on the chair. He drew out the copy of the order blank George had given him the night before and the two pages from Charlie's notebook. On the backs of each was written, "I O U $250 on account of money advanced for fines, plus $500 for 5,000 shares of L. S. C. common at current price," in Flo Correlas' handwriting. Underneath appeared each man's signature.

Mannie got up and handed Boppo a check for $250. "Here's the note for $1,000 you made to me and my brother last night for our 10,000 shares. Id cancels out, hey—and ve are good friends?" Moe sat down and drew out his own check book.

There was a knock on the door, and Charlie slid into the room.

"Hello! How's the old expert? Here's your money." He pulled out $250 in cash. "And here's your note for $500. We're square?"

Boppo looked at him. "Don't know much about this sort of thing, Old Pickle. I mean to say—jolly near the middle of the night, what? Confusing—all that."

"It's simple," said Moe. "Ve got the shares back. You got the money, and ve're all good friends."

"Rather," said Boppo. "Jolly old inseparables, but rather early in the stupid old morning for receiving. I mean to say—not shaven m'self. Absolutely incapable of a jolly old spot of thought, what?"

"Oh, that's all right," said Charlie. "You just take back your notes and give us the options we gave you last night—"

There was a third knock on the door, and George walked slowly in, in great dignity. He cleared his throat magnificently. "Am I clever? I am. Am I a straight shooter? I am. Gentlemen, Lone Star Consolidated is up ten points."

"Ten points?" said Mannie. "I thought it was only five!"

"Ten points," said George. "And going higher. We got the second gusher at three yesterday afternoon and the third this morning—two hours ago. Are you a bunch of wise guys? You are. We'll probably have two more before night."

"I say," said Boppo, "then we are jolly old millionaires, what? My word! Wonderful country—America. I mean—"

"Quick!" gasped Mannie. "The I O U says current price." He sat down and scribbled off another check for $500. "Give me dot option."

"I say," Boppo gulped and took the check. "I mean to say—I suppose this is all right? Know nothin' about it m'self." He took the check and handed over the option and the I O U. Moe sat down and wrote out his check for $500 additional and handed that over. Charlie wiped his brow. "You're sure it's going still higher?"

GEORGE nodded solemnly. Charlie sat down and filled in his check.

"Thanks," said Boppo. "Thanks no end. Know nothin' about it m'self. Chap jolly well ought to get along at his own game, what?" He took Charlie's money and gave over the third option.

"A hell of a guy you are," said Charlie to George and out he went. Moe and Mannie followed him. Boppo stuffed the checks into his pocketbook—$2,250—and rang for his breakfast.

"Look," said George, "here's two-fifty I owe you for the fine, and if you wanta take up the option on those 5,000 shares now, it'll be a thousand flat instead of five hundred unless it's gone up some more. I'll tell you what—I'll be a square shooter. We'll find out what the price is at the moment." He went to the telephone and called his office.

"Hello, Joe. This is George—listen—I got a good customer here and I wanta get the right price for him. What's the latest? What!" George sank into a chair and dropped the receiver. Boppo picked it up. A voice was still cracking on the diaphragm. He held it close to his ear. " . . . Last night was just a pocket. She's dribbled clean. We got the wire just now—and this morning's well they ain't even getting gas out of no more. The stuff's back to five cents, only I guess you could unload for ten before the news gets out. "Good-by." The connection snapped.

"My word," said Boppo, "that's too bad, what? Cheer up, Old Trout." He put a hand on George's shoulder. "Jolly old inseparables, you and me. Still have faith in you—all that stupid rot." He picked up George's check for $250. "This covers the 5,000 shares at the present price. Business is business but friendship's something different, what?" He tore up the check and dropped the pieces into the wastebasket. Then he stuffed the bundle of shares into his desk drawer.

The telephone started to ring as he turned around. It was Flo Correlas.

"Hello," she drawled. "I got the part. Saw McSweeney just now and gave him the note Loopey gave me in jail last night. Start rehearsing Monday. We've got four days to step out. What about the Alibi Club tonight?"

"Rather," said Boppo. "A jolly old spot of the Alibi Club, what? And in what manner!"

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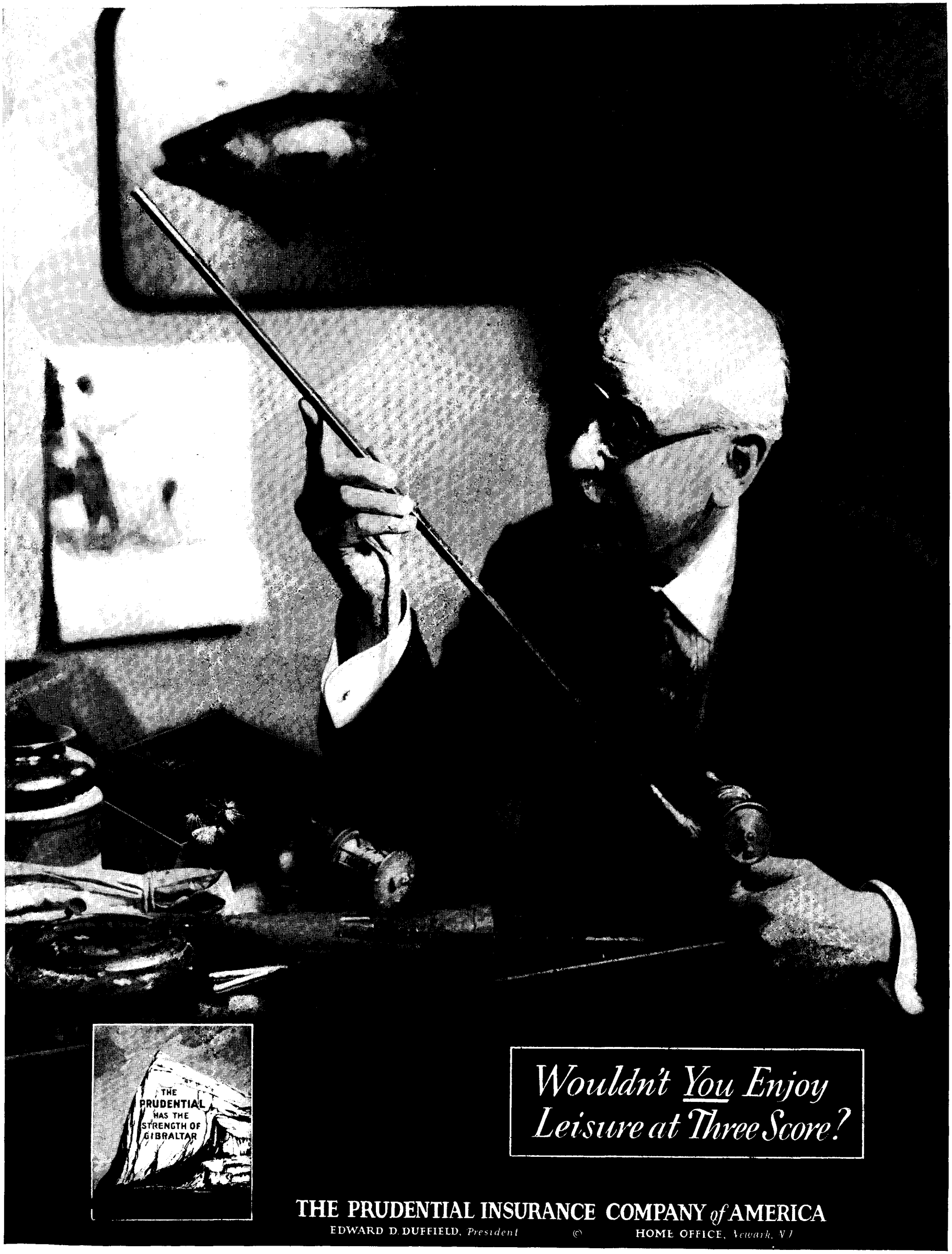
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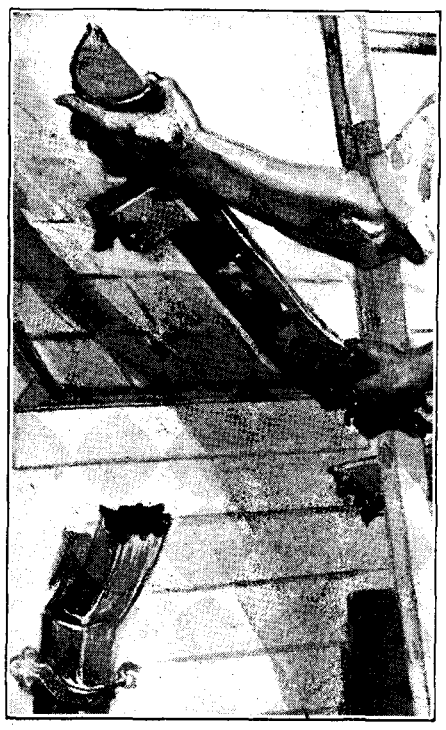

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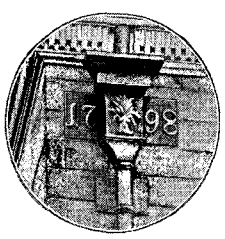

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The Education of Herbert Hoover

Continued from page 9

been working with these imponderables more or less for thirty years. Hoover's service has dealt rarely with anything but substances which may be weighed and measured, corded and stored, assessed and accurately comprehended. In his career, he has followed always the bent of a tireless creative mind. His hands are always playing with God's blocks, building things, setting up edifices, rearing structures. In leisure moments he delves into mathematics. He once wrote a treatise on Chinese mathematics, and likes to play with the fourth dimension.

Two hours at night, he reads in his bed, all sorts of books—technical books, histories, memoirs. He sees life about him in detail, has a fly's eye for odd angles and aspects of his environment. But his brain has never been fully harnessed, not even with his offices stringing around the globe before the war. It is not just to assume that a man with this lust for work would make a good President at all times. There are times when the less a President does the better, when a President who keeps his hands to himself might be heaven-sent. Coolidge was such a man.

When Hoover took over the relief of Belgium, he had just turned 40, and looked younger. He stood, a tall man, though not spare, with a slight forward thrust of his head or upper shoulders, long legs, a rangy torso, and a short neck. He was smooth-shaven, unwrinkled, with a skin that connoted temperate living, probably almost total abstinence from alcohol; also temperate eating.

Though he had been in business for twenty years, in big business, had made a few millions of dollars, his face was not the predatory face. It was chiseled by his Quaker ancestry. He was obviously then, and is now, an altruist rather than an egoist. There is no swagger in his bearing. His presence is self-deprecatory. He plays himself down unconsciously. It is as though some giggling familiar devil was forever pointing a finger at him through his subconscious, and saying, "Ho, ho, Herbert! Don't try to get away with that!" when he would swell as other men, or pose, or blowviate, or orate in the grand manner.

So he pipes down, represses, speaks softly, looks at his vest buttons, grins, an amiable friendly grin when he can, or, being annoyed, swallows himself like a turtle and disappears behind the mask of a poker face. It was this dessicated personality which men saw in Belgium.

Sacrifices Personal Gain

FOR three days before Hoover went formally into the work of Belgium relief he and the representatives of Belgium and America considered the job of organization. What was to be Hoover's place? What should Hoover do with his private business from all over the world, centering in New York and San Francisco? The mines in which he was interested as part owner and manager were yielding vast quantities of raw material, lead and zinc and copper-stuff for shells and guns and airplanes. He might have turned his back on the Belgians, and made not merely tens of millions, but hundreds of millions of dollars, or he might have run his business with one profiteering hand, and fed the Belgians with the other, and lived ever after under the suspicion that he was philanthropic with a dubious motive.

For three days he wrestled with his devil, and at the end, came down to breakfast the morning of the fourth day, walked up to Will Irwin, who was his house guest, and said:

"Well, let the fortune go to hell!"

He wound up his affairs, resigned from his executive jobs, turned over his good will to his associates, saying in effect, "I give you the business," and went into the work of feeding the hungry, ministering to the needy. He went without purse or script, paying his own way and trusting like Elijah of old to the ravens for not only his own sustenance, but for food for ten millions. In that renunciation is found the key to Hoover's heart. And in that hour his heart dominated his head. He certainly has a quick creative brain; but every crisis in his life has brought out the man who has an abiding working faith in the nobility of man and the high purpose of God.

It is because Hoover could say, "Let the fortune go to hell!" that he is regarded as a menace in certain Republican circles. All his Quaker caution, his engineering mind, his administrative training, do not offset the terrible implications of his understanding heart.

In three years the Commission for Belgian Relief spent $928,000,000, and in closing the account the auditors found that Hoover himself had never drawn a cent from these funds for traveling expenses, or for any purpose whatever.

When he was forced out of Belgium by America's entrance into the war, Herbert Hoover turned his attention to the problem of American food. President Wilson named him as head of what was known as the Food Administration.

At the end of the summer of 1917 Congress passed a law which appropriated $150,000,000 for the work of Food Administration, and $50,000,000 of this sum went to finance the major subsidiary of the Food Administration, known as the Grain Corporation. The Food Administration and the Grain Corporation were administered without penalties; that is to say, in good will, an administrative method which always had been Hoover's chief reliance.

He has bet his life that, upon the whole, under honest administration, and in a crisis, this talking biped is more unselfish than selfish, more decent than acquisitive, more man than beast. He decentralized the executive work of the commission, appointed state food controllers with large power, using the Federal agents chiefly as advisers to carry out the Hoover ideal which was not at all decentralized, but which by force of suggestion and persuasion was universally accepted in every corner of the United States.

Merits Farmers' Gratitude

FOURTEEN years in public service, in Belgium, in the Food Administration, in the Cabinets of two Presidents have not made a politician of Herbert Hoover! A politician is not made by public service.

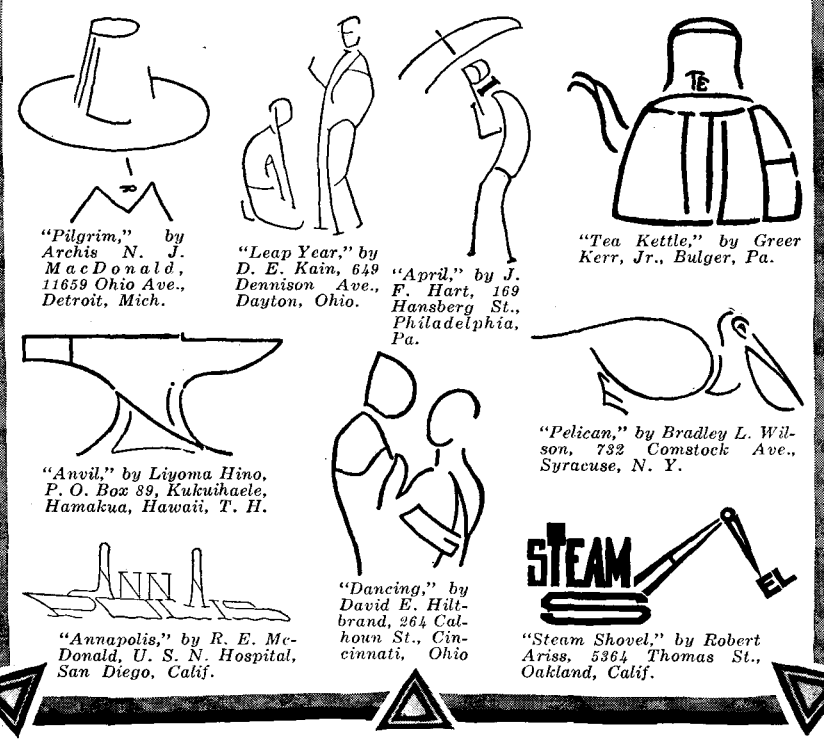
A politician is made by experience in handling public sentiment, sometimes public clamor, occasionally a drift or current that is definitely public opinion. A man facing an electorate, biennium after biennium, for a long period, gets a sense of the public mind. He learns to take criticism, to "stand the gaff" as politicians say.

Dealing with this curious, shifting, even mysterious substance called the public mind, a politician develops intuition, short cuts through his subcon-

(*Continued on page 44*)

nameographs

There are Nameographs you can make with three strokes of your undoubtedly gifted pencil—and there are Nameographs which require a lot more effort than that. But whichever class you decide to work on you'll be assured of a lot of fun. And, which is probably just as well, you don't have to be an artist.



"Pilgrim," by Archis N. J. MacDonald, 11659 Ohio Ave., Detroit, Mich.

"Leap Year," by D. E. Kain, 649 Dennison Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

"April," by J. F. Hart, 169 Hansberg St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"Tea Kettle," by Greer Kerr, Jr., Bulger, Pa.

"Anvil," by Liyoma Hino, P. O. Box 89, Kukuihaele, Hamakua, Hawaii, T. H.

"Pelican," by Bradley L. Wilson, 732 Comstock Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

"Annapolis," by R. E. McDonald, U. S. N. Hospital, San Diego, Calif.

"Dancing," by David E. Hiltbrand, 264 Calhoun St., Cincinnati, Ohio

"Steam Shovel," by Robert Ariss, 5364 Thomas St., Oakland, Calif.

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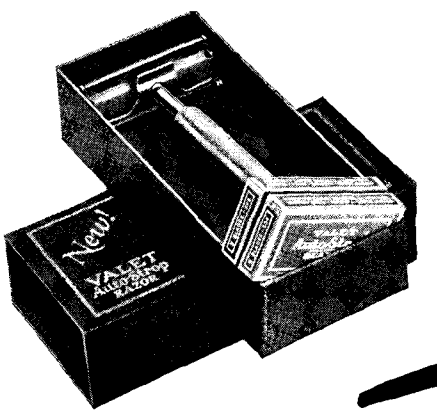

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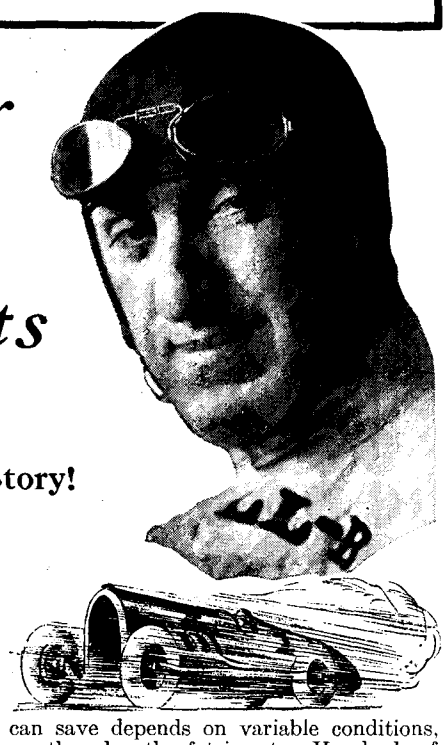

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EVERY car owner who wants to save gasoline bills will be interested in a recent test made by Cannon Ball Baker on the Stransky Vaporizer—the amazing little manifold device now installed by over three million car owners.

"Tested by Cannon Ball Baker" is a by-word of integrity. When automotive manufacturers wish to substantiate the qualities of their cars, they turn to the Baker Testing Grounds outside Indianapolis. Here is what Baker reports on the Stransky Vaporizer:

"A test was first made without installing vaporizer. I drove at a speed of 25 miles per hour, covering fourteen miles. I accelerated the car over three-fourths of a mile to 65 miles per hour. My gas consumption for the total distance was exactly three quarts.

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"I congratulate you on a product worthy of the investigation of every motorist. A single trial such as this will prove the worth of your vaporizer. I heartily recommend it to all motorists, no matter what car they may drive."

Gas-Saving Guaranteed!

No matter what make of car you drive, the Stransky Vaporizer is unconditionally guaranteed to save you gasoline—or it doesn't cost you a penny! The amount you can save depends on variable conditions, weather, length of trip, etc. Hundreds of motorists report even greater savings than Baker on longer trips—in many cases as high as 50% to 100% more miles per gallon!

Limited space here prevents full description. A special model for every car can be installed in five minutes. No radical changes necessary—simply attach it to your intake manifold. Does not interfere with starting or stopping in any way.

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Don't send a penny now. Simply mail coupon for full details of our offer that allows you to test a Stransky thoroughly without obligation to keep it. Also learn new easy way to make extra money, letting your friends test it on their cars. SOLD ONLY ON PROVED RESULTS! YOU CAN'T LOSE. Mail coupon now. J. A. Stransky Mfg. Co., G-1490 Stransky Building, Pukwana, S. D.

Battling Nelson
the Durable Dane

as he looked the day after he knocked out Joe Gans for the lightweight championship. Bat made 40 miles on a gallon with a roadster and 33½ miles a gallon with a touring car.

Bat writes: "Most of the public know me well enough to know that I never bunked them in my life. And when I say your vaporizer is all you say it is, I mean it."

Virgil Barnes
N. Y. Giants Pitcher

says: "Words connot express my delight with the Stransky Vaporizer. I left New York City after the close of the baseball season with a vaporizer on my Chrysler 60. When I arrived in Holton, Kansas, I found I had averaged within a fraction of 47 miles per gallon of gas."

MEN WANTED

I need men to take care of my business in this locality. Millions of car owners, failing to find a salesman, have ordered direct from factory. You can make a nice profit on this business, working either spare hours or full time. J. W. Cronk made $57.00 in one hour! Herrick $157.00 a day—G. F. Fuller earned $114.00 in five days. No experience required—I show you an easy money-making plan. Rush coupon now.

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Yes, send me full details of the Stransky Vaporizer. Also tell about your free sample offer to car owners and your money-making plan for representatives. This request does not obligate me in any way.

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Address.....

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The Education of Herbert Hoover

Continued from page 42

sciousness into conclusions which are called hunches, reckoned without a compass.

This sense, in all his fourteen years of public service, Herbert Hoover has developed but slightly. He is sensitive to personal criticism, and works only passably with the harmless necessary skunks which live in the lower levels of politics.

Probably the greatest service he did for his country was not in Belgium but in the Food Administration, and his most important debtor should be the American farmer. Hoover did during the war, for the American farmer, a service so magnificent that if it had been done by a Roosevelt or a McKinley, the American farmer would have been Hoover's everlasting friend. As it is, and because he did this service greedy only for results and not with a sense of votes, today his enemies feel that his relation to the American farmer during the war is the weak spot in Hoover's shield—a gorgeously ironic situation.

Here's what he did: When he went into the Food Administration, he found our European allies organizing a buying pool. The American farmer was confronted with one buyer who assumed to make the market.

The European buyer was beating down the price of wheat toward $1.50 from the $3.50 where it had risen before the Allies consolidated the purchasing power.

Hoover, as head of the Food Administration, asked President Wilson to appoint a commission of 40 farmers representing 40 different agricultural organizations—every organization in America. These farmers, through their accredited representatives, without Hoover's suggestion, and in Hoover's absence, set the price of wheat as high as they felt it could be maintained in competition with the South American products.

The farmers unanimously agreed on $2.20 at Chicago as a fair price for 1917; in 1918 they fixed the price at $2.00 a bushel. They kept in mind three things: the fact that America was at war, the need of encouraging produce, and the necessity of preventing speculation and profiteering by middlemen. Mr. Hoover was not in the room when this price was agreed upon.

President Wilson, in a letter of August 30, 1917, declared "Mr. Hoover, at his special wish, had taken no part in the deliberation of the committee on whose recommendation he declared a fair price, nor had Mr. Hoover in any way intimated an opinion regarding that price." It was Hoover's job to maintain that price, an easy job during the war, when he dealt directly with the buyers of the Allies, and had the bargaining power of America's many favors to give.

Displays Genius as Organizer

BUT after the war the price was threatened. It was then that Hoover's genius as an organizer was revealed. The sudden termination of the war had piled up tremendous American food surpluses, indeed 240,000 tons of foodstuffs, including 70,000,000 pounds of pork, in the United States.

Hoover presumed, of course, that this American surplus would be sold to starving Germany. He went to Europe with two objects, first to sell that surplus to the allies, and the Germans, and second to maintain the war price for American farmers, whom Hoover had urged to increase production in the spring before the war closed. In December, 1918, after the hostilities had ceased, the Allies, over Hoover's bitter protest, maintained the German blockade.

Hoover protested first as a humanitarian, and second as the representative of the American farmers with surplus food to sell. Germans were starving behind the blockade, and Hoover in Europe, faced with this blockade and realizing that the American surplus would demolish the price and leave the farmers the losers of the war, proceeded to buy that surplus himself with money from the Grain Corporation, with funds from the Allies, from every possible source, and sell it where he could.

It was in that period that he wrote to Wilson: "There is no right in the law of God or man that we should longer continue to starve neutrals now that we have a surplus of food." For the blockade also ran against Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland and Switzerland. The Supreme War Council repulsed Hoover, but after three months the German blockade was taken off, and into this vacuum Hoover poured the stores he had bought, American farm produce, meat and grain.

The Quakers, Hoover's friends, distributed millions of dollars' worth of food to the poor and needy of Germany, and he sold $250,000,000 worth of American food to the Germans. He raised $3,000,000 to buy food for the children of Austria, and as director general of relief $12,000,000 worth of food was allocated for the Austrian food relief out of the treasuries of the Allies; all to hold the market for the American farmers' products, a market which would have smashed and sent hogs down from $15 to $4 if Hoover had not stood in the breach and held the market.

Not a Politician

HE WAS moved entirely by a sense of justice, first to suffering humanity, and second to the American farmer.

But he didn't get it across to the American farmers' mind. He was not a politician. He was a commercial despot, with philanthropic instincts and absolute power, who could not, or would not, certainly did not, play the statesman's game, and relate service to public sentiment, and thereby corral votes.

For two years after the war Hoover stood by the American farmer and his market, using every device known to a giant operator in the markets to maintain the farmers' price. In 1921, he sent American produce into the Russian famine, and between the autumn of 1921 and the late summer of 1922, 624,000 tons of American farm products were unloaded in German ports by the American relief administration, and they were unloaded because Hoover was moved, first, as a man by starving humanity and, second, as a friend of the American farmers to coördinate the demand of the needy and justice to the farmers in holding up the farmers' market to an equitable level of prices. Yet through it all he functioned as an engineer with a kindly heart, not as a statesman crusading in a cause which would bring political returns.

While he was doing these things, serving for 14 years, as a sort of providential engineer, in politics but never realizing it, he was certainly a Republican partisan only by the coincidence of a constructive mind working upon problems having a political significance.

The men who are now opposing him for the Republican nomination—Curtis, Dawes, Lowden and Watson—did their work in those 14 years in their own medium as politicians yearning into statesmen. They were sincere, effective, and as courageous as the times required. Them the people understood.

When they moved instinctively they explained their movements in terms of party advantage, of votes garnered in the ballot box. Their sense of public service in terms of political quid pro quo Hoover just does not have, and the problem of his relation to the Republican nomination and the election of its candidate is a serious problem. The question before the house to be settled at Kansas City is rather simply this:

Can a democracy afford to pass under the leadership of a man deeply democratic at heart, but essentially without the instinct for democratic leadership?

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Double Dealing

Continued from page 6

said, "I'm going to tell you something. This hush business is so damn' silly. Of course I can see how things look, and a girl can't dash about marrying fellows who can't join up. But the fact is I'm doing a job in the Intelligence. Surely you understand that a man can be just as useful doing his bit outside the navy or the army or any other service? You can believe that, Alice, can't you? I'm in this thing up to the hilt, and it'll take me away in a few days to take my chances with the rest of them."

She was gazing straight into his eyes as he spoke and he saw the light of belief in her gaze.

"I've told you far too much now," he said. "That's the silly part of it. A man has to act like a chap in the melodramas. But it's the truth, Alice! It's the truth!"

The big chair somehow dissolved into thin air as far as being an obstruction was concerned. Corvan simply didn't notice it at all.

"Ranny!" she cried in accents slightly muffled by the light-brown tweed, "what does it matter, anyway? Oh, Ranny, I'm so glad you came! I was afraid—"

"We'll do the deed tomorrow!" he responded with great emphasis. "Get a license and use Jack as best man. No frills!"

She agreed with him, but she did not voice her agreement because she was interrupted by the sound of a key turning in a latch. Mr. Elliot Bletchly was entering his West End flat.

Greetings were formal—although the word formal conveys perhaps too great a degree of warmth and cordiality really to describe Mr. Bletchly's welcome to his guest.

"I'll be frank with you, Corvan," he said. "You're not welcome here at all. My home is no place for slackers."

Alice leaped into the breach.

"But he's not, Dad!" she cried. "Ranny isn't in uniform because he's doing Intelligence work. You see, a man can be just as useful doing his bit outside the army or the navy or any other service. He's in the Intelligence, Daddy!"

But Mr. Bletchly, who had until now been cold, became at the sound of her words hot with a passion which suffused his face and caused his eyes to bulge unnaturally.

"Intelligence!" he cried in a species of muffled roar. "Animal cunning! That's more like it!" He took advantage of the dramatic possibilities in this announcement to stand and glare for a moment as the loathly Corvan; then he continued in a voice which was quite as dramatically restrained.

"I told you on another occasion, Mr. Corvan," he said, "that I have some influence at the Admiralty." He smiled bleakly as he observed the start of unmistakable alarm with which Corvan greeted this announcement.

"They informed me that you were unfortunately not in a position to accept a commission in the reserve, and on my pressing the question they explained that you hold a ticket in the merchant marine under which you can plead a necessary noncombatant occupation."

WHILE her father spoke Alice had been studying Corvan with queer solemnity. There was no mistaking the uneasiness with which Corvan heard the words of Mr. Bletchly, and there was no denying the anxiety with which he protested.

"But I say," he cried. "After all, a man's private affairs, you know—"

"Exactly!" interrupted Mr. Bletchly. "Private affairs! A study of your friend's private affairs, Alice, yielded me the information that the barkentine Sophronia is to sail from Falmouth this week with a cargo for Spain—Captain Randolph Corvan in command!" And Mr. Bletchly's sense of the dramatic led him to overdo the sneer somewhat.

"Ranny!" The cry which came from Alice was not theatrical. "It's not true!" Corvan winced.

"I pressed that too!" boomed her father's voice. "And if you could have heard the curtness with which I was

(*Continued on page 46*)

PASS THE PENCILS

IT WAS a brisk sundown in the locker-room of the Putt-Putt Country Club. Above the popping of the corks in the liniment bottles and the clink of ice, you could hear Walter Hagen over in one corner cussing a busted shoelace. In another, Bobby Jones and Babe Ruth were post-morteming the afternoon's play. Suddenly old Ernest Rogers of Atlanta, Georgia, dashed steaming from the showers yelling for pencils. He seized the first one offered and hastily scrawled on the top of one of the wooden benches:

I'd be a star of brightest sheen
And create quite a flutter,
If, when I got upon the green,
My putter wouldn't stutter.

"Huzza! Huzza!" we cried loudly, as we read it over his shoulder. One of our laddos would be sporting a gold luck-piece soon.

Not that he's the only one. Looka:

Papa's splendid at the game,
Calls each club and ball by name
But some words he says are not
In the catalog he's got.
—R. B. McDANIEL,
WILKINSBURG, PA.

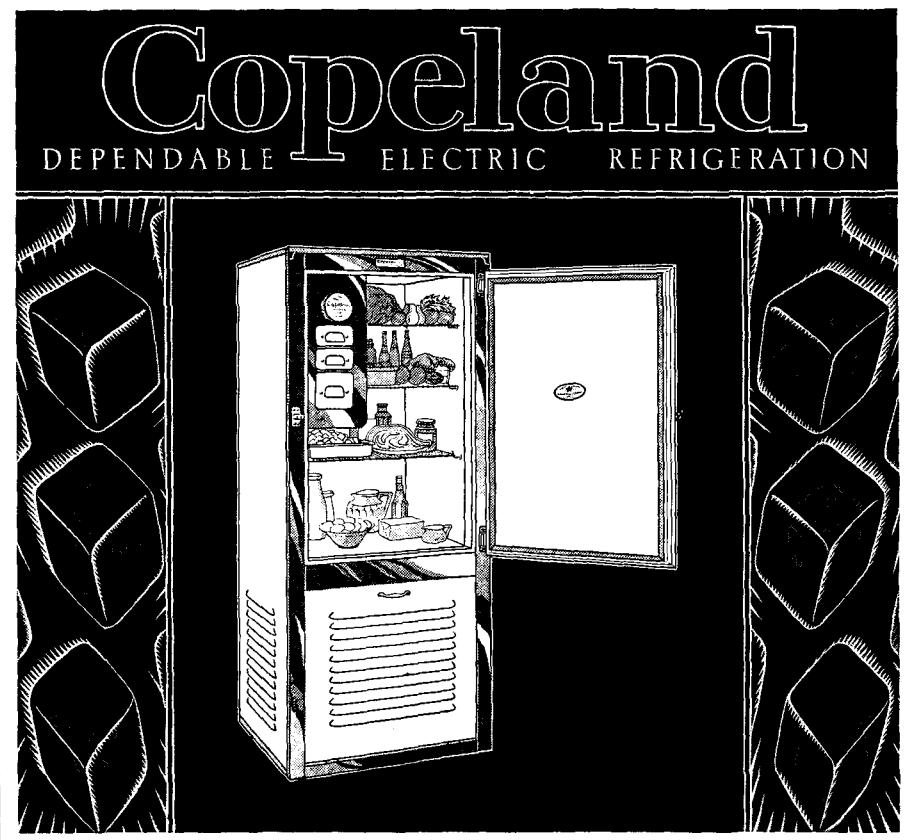
There are styles that lift the foot and fail to pivot;
There's the lad who keeps his eyes upon the ball;
But the guy who scorns the pill and drives the divot
Is the lad who makes the highest score of all.
—R. M. HODGE,
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Of all the tribe of golfing men,
Save me, I implore,
From him who makes a modest ten
And scores himself a four.
—M. F. McCULLOCH,
PARAGOULD, ARK.

He can handle the knife and the scalpel,
Not falter a breath on his cuts,
The prominent surgeon who fumbles
When it comes to the six-inch putts.
—MRS. C. A. GAYLORD,
OAKLAND, CAL.

Get in the Big Parade of Jingleers-in-the-Rough. If you've half the ability we think you have, your jingle may win you a handsome gold luck-piece with your initials actually engraved on it with care and skill. Address Jingles-in-the-Rough, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

FOR THOSE WHO WANT THE FINEST



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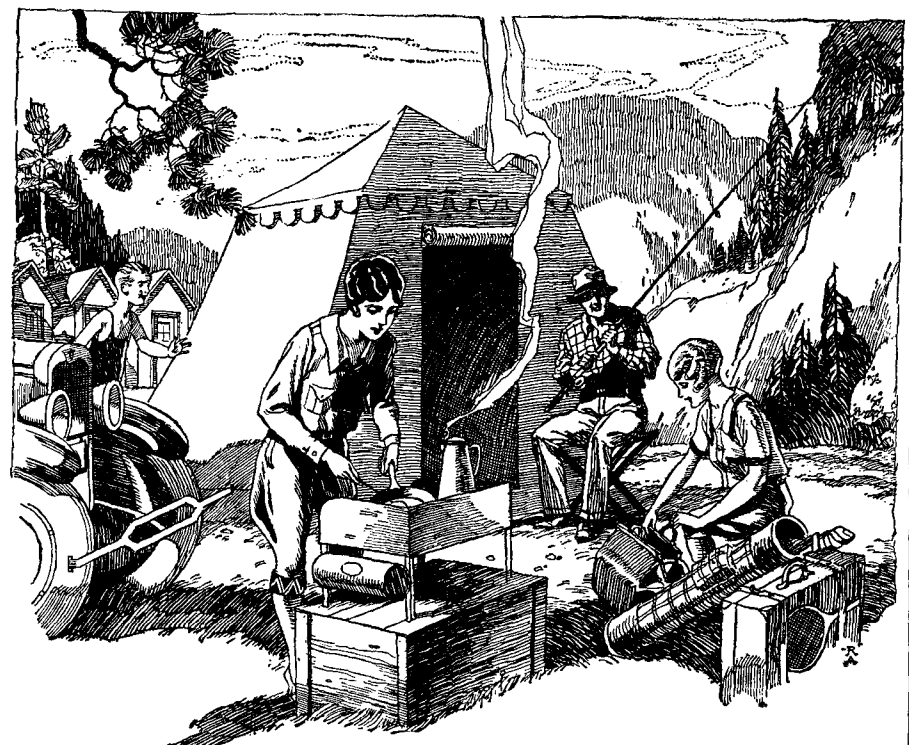

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400,000 square miles of playground

ONTARIO CANADA

Double Dealing

Continued from page 45

answered, Mr. Corvan, you'd have no illusions about what they think of you at the Admiralty. I was told with considerable asperity that your reasons for undertaking such a voyage could be ascribed to the exorbitant prices any ship owner can demand for any sort of cargo whatever. In short, Corvan, you're not merely a slacker but you're a damned profiteer, and if I had it in my power, sir, I'd have you jailed for it!"

"But, Ranny!" The girl's voice came quietly to Corvan's ears, and yet it was more poignant than a shriek. "You haven't said it isn't true! You haven't told me!"

"What I told you," he said, "was true. And everything your father has said is true. And . . . and that's all I can say about it."

"But you said the Intelligence!" she protested.

Corvan blushed and felt the perspiration which sparkled upon his forehead. "That. Oh, yes. That—well, that wasn't quite according to the facts, perhaps. I mean—" Realizing the disbelief which filled her eyes, he swung upon her father.

"You—" But the old accustomed relationship between them stifled him. "You're a blundering fool, sir!" he burst out. And then, to Alice, "You're not going to let this make a difference?"

She had become remarkably cool once more; superbly trained in the experiences of the past few months she had learned to control such things as a year before would have brought her to hysteria. "Yes," she said quietly. "It makes a great difference. I think we had better wait, Ranny."

He told Jack Bletchly about it later, the point of his story dealing somewhat monotonously with what a fool he'd been.

"It's rotten to see her go off like that," he ended.

"Rotten isn't the word," agreed young Jack. "But look here, why can't I find time to go there and—"

"Drop it," said Corvan. "All I want from you is your best attention to those twelve-pounders. We sail on Friday, and it's absolutely up to you. They've got to bear in rough weather, and the bulkhead's got to seem as solid as old Gibraltar. You've got three days to place 'em."

Jack slowly sipped beer from the mug which he held in his hand and stared at the table top while he did so. Finally and with his eyes still on the table top, he responded to Corvan's rebuke.

"Good egg," he said. Whereupon both men solemnly drained their mugs.

WHILE Lieutenant Randolph Corvan, Royal Naval Reserve, labored on concealed gun placements, fittings, stowings and riggings; while he devised ingenious schemes for housing twenty-five men in quarters provided for seven, and stowing a queer cargo of explosives where drags and tanks and tackle had been stored; while he drilled his gunnery ratings and deck hands in an art which was new to them all, Alice Bletchly tried to put him out of her mind.

This, she found, was not easy because, if she gained any lesson from the scene which had violated the tranquillity of her father's West End flat, it was contained in the disquieting knowledge of how much, after all, she loved him.

But then the air raids came, and while Corvan was sailing the Sophronia in courses strangely wide of the traffic lanes of vessels with cargoes for Spain, Alice added to the duties of dressing wounds during the day the further service of pacifying shell-shock cases while bombs shattered hospital windows during the night. All these activities combined with her preparations for departure overseas to aid her in forgetfulness. She didn't succeed in actually putting Corvan out of her mind, to be sure, but she did manage to relegate him to the position of a wistful, haunting visitor, who flitted into her conscious thoughts now and then and would not be denied.

The sea voyage didn't help particularly either. Alice would stand by the rail of the S. S. Mercury, as she proceeded on her voyage to Palestine and gaze out over the sparkling water without wounded men or exploding bombs or utter weariness to claim her, and the thought of Corvan, the memory and the vision of him, would besiege her with a persistence approaching rudeness. The wretched fellow wouldn't stay away.

IT WAS a sunny April afternoon, and the Mercury steamed through tranquil waters across from the gaping mouth of the Bay of Biscay. Off to the southward a sailing vessel appeared. She seemed like something alive, moving with tranquil grace upon the sparkling blue surface of the water. Like the Sophronia! . . .

She smiled as she noticed the drab, discolored sides of the vessel which seemed to stand without moving as they approached. The sails were tattered and patched in odd, ill-fitting patches. There was a general air of dinginess about the vessel, and it served to turn her thoughts more vividly than ever toward the memory of the trim daintiness of the Sophronia. . . .

With a distant crash and a spectral shriek which tore through the air above her, Randolph Corvan, his beloved craft, his love and her vision of him were abruptly dashed from her mind. Then the siren was filling the air with noise, and bells were ringing through the uttermost parts of the ship. Automatically she yielded herself to long training, and moved with the rest toward her boat station.

From beyond the port side of the liner the invisible gun spoke again. The engines ceased their throbbing, and every companionway vomited men who proceeded without panic but hastily to their stations. Alice Bletchly stood with her back to a deckhouse and awaited her turn for boarding a lifeboat with the most complete amazement. The sea was calm and blue, sparkling under the sun. It stretched its vast, tranquil surface to the remote horizon, and on it, seeming scarcely to move, the dingy form of the sailing vessel stood hardly a thousand yards away, a picture of serenity and peace.

The submarine lay off the port side of the liner which was screened from Alice's view by the deckhouse. The guns, having achieved their purpose of bringing the steamer up short, were silenced, the undersea boat lay quietly on the surface, the officers watching the steamer's lifeboats lowered. Altogether the scene was fantastically peaceful. Finally, sitting in her place in the lifeboat while it bobbed cheerily in the gentle swell, Alice could not convince herself that she was experiencing war's alarms. It was a holiday, rather. A sort of excursion. . . .

Her gaze fell upon the sailing vessel, which, with the peculiar magic of sailing craft, had drawn closer without seeming to move. . . .

"Poor little boat," she thought. "They will sink you next." And the steamer received the torpedo almost at the water line with a crash that split the peaceful air and sent high a tower of water murked with splinters. Whereupon the holiday ceased, and Alice Bletchly realized the war, as she saw the liner heave like a stricken animal, to plunge, sorely wounded, and bury her nose in the sea.

She shuddered, feeling as if she had witnessed the ill treatment of a gallant horse or dog, and her eyes sought the sailing vessel again with a new sense of pity. The vessel was quite near now, and she saw many details which had before been indistinguishable. She could see the little windows of the after deckhouse and—abruptly there came a constriction in her throat so that she almost choked. She made to rise from her seat, and found herself staring

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wide-eyed at the seaman who faced her. She was in that moment incapable of thought or of speech, for she had seen in the windows of the little deckhouse, in the poop of the dingy craft, the bright flowered curtains which she herself had embroidered for the cabin windows of the barkentine Sophronia.

FEVERISHLY, she possessed herself of the binoculars carried by the officer who stood behind her, and focused them upon the craft. The crew were leaving her. She saw them scramble into two boats, one of which had tumbled by one fall and been righted by a tall fellow who cut the other line away. Two boats. That's all there were, and Ranny was in neither of them.

She looked backward and saw the submarine for the first time, rounding the bow of the sinking steamer, moving in a wide arc, and Alice realized that the crew of the sailing vessel were pulling away to escape contact with the fate which was to befall their craft. But

These are the answers to the pictures on pages 18 and 19:

1. *Trapeze.*
2. *Trotting.*
3. *Transit.*
4. *Trolley.*
5. *Transport.*
6. *Trapper.*
7. *Trepidation.*
8. *Trucks.*
9. *Train.*
10. *Trellis.*
11. *Trapshooting.*
12. *Well, you must have guessed this one, first, anyway.*

where was Ranny? What had happened to the commander of the Sophronia?

Well, Ranny was lying on his stomach on the deck of his barkentine, peering at the movements of the enemy through a slit in the steel bulkhead which protected him. Every now and then he would signal with his hands to men who groveled about the decks or peeped forth at him from screens of canvas, wood and steel. But his eyes flashed back immediately to that slip of dull gray metal which slid through the sea as though furtively, and his hand hovered close to a small brass lever which controlled, for Lieutenant Corvan, a lethal weapon.

The submarine moved slowly until she was around the bow of the Sophronia also. From this point the barkentine must have appeared to the men who stood on the long, low deck of the U-boat as a fragile silhouette against the wallowing hulk of the liner, which had not gone down, but listed unhandily to port. Evidently it was the intention of the submarine commander to destroy the sailing vessel before giving the coup de grace to the wounded steamer, and it appeared as though he considered the prospect enjoyable, for his men streamed from the conning tower and lined the deck as if to see the fun.

The sailing vessel bobbed serenely in the swell, the little fleet of lifeboats were crowded with spectators. And then the queer, low vessel which was on parade before all these observers started to perform. From the muzzle of her forward gun a white flame leaped. It was followed by the crash and whine which Alice Bletchly had heard before, and a shell smashed the Sophronia's bowsprit. Both jibs and the foretopmast staysail hung over hopelessly tangled in rigging and stays. The after gun spoke almost immediately upon the voice of its sister—scoring a direct hit on the starboard side of the liner—and in its turn was answered. Back and forth, back and forth, they spoke, until the din of their firing merged into a succession of ear-splitting crashes which overwhelmed the sound of the exploding shells.

Crash! And the Sophronia's bow was shattered to a blunt and gaping monstrosity. Crash! Corvan was hurled from his place as a topmast buckled the steel wall which protected him. The cabins and mess-room were a mass of blood-stained wreckage. The Sophronia was leaking in five separate places. But still Corvan did not touch his lever. With one arm crumpled at his side, and the other brushing from his eyes the blood which flowed from a gash which a splinter had made, he lay, sick and anxiously—watching.

A thick carpet of smoke was creeping across the decks. In a few minutes that blaze which one of the shells had kindled in the hold would burst through the bulkhead and be at the magazine, if the vessel did not sink first. But still he must wait. The Sophronia could not be maneuvered now, and he must wait until the U-boat was in a position for his guns to bear. The steamer was not sunk yet, and that steamer and her human lives were the stakes of this game he was playing.

Why hadn't they used a torpedo on the Sophronia? That might have sunk them, blown them to smithereens, but it would have brought the U-boat in, and if they'd survived . . . "Damn! That one holed us!"

He was right. That one had torn through the hull just at the water line. The Sophronia heaved at the contact of that shell, heeled over, and the sea rushed into the blazing space within. The Sophronia began to settle by the stern. Very gently she tilted downward, and the beardless youth at the wireless key tapped off the message which Corvan dictated over one huddled shoulder.

"Vice Admiral, Queenstown," read the message: "Q-6 slowly sinking—respectfully wishes you good-by." There followed certain notes: Lat. 47.34 N. and Long. 11.23 W. Which were immediately relayed from Queenstown. And as the beardless youth worked his key the fire from the submarine ceased.

The gunfire ceased with a strange effect of abruptness. There had been for nearly twenty minutes a bedlam of violent sounds in that calm place, and suddenly it gave way to a silence which was somehow terrible. The watchers in the lifeboats saw the scene now in a blue haze which hung over all the sea. The U-boat drew slowly northward and nearer her victim.

Alice, in her place, watched with sinking heart. She guessed that the submarine was about to finish off its work with a torpedo, and she felt a profound sense of grief and desolation, as though she were witnessing the death of one she loved.

When the submarine had moved a little farther on her course Corvan, elated, knew that his waiting was done. With a hand that trembled he grasped the brass lever at his side and pulled it sharply over.

ALICE, from her lifeboat, saw the miracle. She heard the gongs ring out on board the shattered sailing vessel and even as they rang she saw the after deck house disappear, to reveal a twelve-pounder that sought out the submarine as though it were a sensitive tentacle seeking its foe. And up forward the bulwarks collapsed to reveal machine gunners in their places at the rails. It all happened with inconceivable rapidity, and the Sophronia was transformed, as though in an instant, from a battered, sinking merchantman to a fighting ship.

The guns spoke without hesitation, and the submarine, taken completely by surprise, was not in a position to use a torpedo. The fourth shot from the Sophronia's twelve-pounder struck home abaft the conning tower, and the men who had plunged in that direction were hurled into the sea. With a blast of flame the U-boat's forward gun was blown to flinders, and another shell holed her below the water line.

All was thunder and confusion again, with the machine guns chattering an accompaniment to the deep-voiced roar

(*Continued on page 48*)

This specimen of Stenotypy shows how the Stenotype writes plain alphabet type

STENOTYPE
The Machine Way in Shorthand

This is the machine age. In business, as in other fields, the machine way has proved itself faster, more accurate, and more efficient.

ALONG with the typewriter, the calculating machine, the billing machine and the bookkeeping machine has come the Stenotype, the machine way in shorthand.

And like all other machine ways, the Stenotype eliminates waste and inefficiency. It does for shorthand what the typewriter did for longhand.

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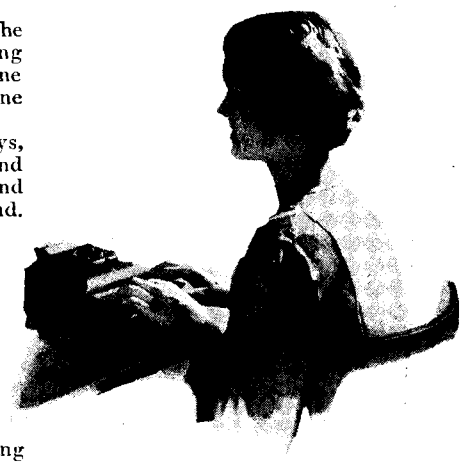

Words—Phrases—at a Stroke

It does not write the kind of shorthand you write with a pencil. It is not a system of straight lines, curves, hooks, loops, circles. Nothing so complicated as that.

Instead, it writes Stenotypy—a system of plain English spelling with the silent letters dropped. It writes words—often whole phrases—at a single stroke, in plain alphabet type.

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The Stenotype means:

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8. Better letters because you dictate at your own speed.

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Stenotypy is taught in 200 leading business schools—every one carefully selected because of its ideals, its instruction standards and community standing. Any one of them will be glad to demonstrate the Stenotype to you—give you a trial lesson free. Send the coupon. Learn how easy it is to write Stenotypy—to read it. Learn how the Stenotype has helped thousands of young people into the high places of business—how it can help YOU.

Be sure to go to an authorized Stenotype school. In no other way can you get authentic, unbiased information. Ask us for a list of authorized Stenotype schools in your city or vicinity. Send the coupon to us *today*.

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We Guarantee Your Dog Will Eat It.

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"A medicine for every dog ailment"

Double Dealing

Continued from page 47

of the twelve-pounder. And again silence came with an abruptness which made it terrible.

It came with the eruption of a towering flame from the U-boat's conning tower. The firing ceased as every man who was left on the U-boat's deck plunged as though by a given signal into the water. Then the long body of the submersible took its last dive, the stern arising to the vertical as the gigantic fish shot bottomward and disappeared. There was a moment while those who jumped for safety swam frantically away from the accursed spot, and then the efforts of many were proved vain as the water, its sparkle lost in an oily murk, leaped upward in a violent explosion. Then, save for the spreading taint of oil on the surface of the sea, the peace and serenity of the afternoon returned. The lifeboats were picking up the German survivors or taking from the Sophronia, whose decks were now awash, her officers and crew. From the east a tuft of smoke presaged the coming of a cruiser which had received the vice admiral's relayed message.

THEN Alice, who had been staring at the face of the seaman who wielded an oar in the seat facing her, with a sense of panic which killed thought and stifled every effort to control it, found her boat alongside the sinking Sophronia. Her decks were awash. Alice, in the lifeboat, could look down upon the few sailors left, and she singled out at once the man whom she had prayed to find alive in the welter of wreckage.

He stood between two seamen who supported him and superintended the abandonment of his vessel with a tensity which held at bay a feeling of deathly sickness. And that was all Alice saw. She was blind to everything else, and deaf as well, for she did not hear the men who shouted at her or feel the clutch of their hands as she went over the side of the lifeboat and plunged across the slippery, flooded deck to the man she had found.

Corvan grinned as he saw her and his sickness fell away from him with the sight of her. He moved toward her, but Jack Bletchly was beside her first. Without seeming to realize her brother's presence, she accepted his help at the same time as she turned him from his effort to replace her in the lifeboat. Straight as a die she made for Corvan.

"Come away!" she cried. "She's sinking!"

Corvan continued to grin, feeling perfectly happy, perfectly content that this absurd thing should happen.

"Don't, Alice," he laughed. "Don't make a scene."

And with the sound of his voice she regained complete control of herself, her heart and her mind. She smiled back at him, admitting her deplorable weakness.

"But can't you see the ship is sinking?" she argued.

"Not the Sophy," he said. And a shadow darkened his face. "But she can't be salvaged and they'll have to blow her up," he said.

And until the last man was removed he stood there on the sea-swept deck, and Alice stood with her brother beside him. And then the cruiser's boats took them off.

The moon came up that night over a calm and ineffably romantic sea. The cruiser still stood by the liner, while a small army of men worked repairs on the wounded hull. She would actually be able to return, unconvoyed, under her own steam, and Alice would return with her. But first they had met upon the cruiser's deck to see the last shots of that shot-ridden afternoon. The cruiser's guns dinned away in the moonlight, scoring hit after hit upon the wallowing hulk of the Sophronia until, with a blast of flame and a roar which rent the evening like a dying shriek, the long-suffering barkentine went down.

Corvan's one good arm drew Alice closer to him.

"That's good-by to a damn' fine ship," he said reflectively. And Alice, from whom the discovery of Corvan's secret service in the navy had not taken the illusion that she completely understood him, felt that she had witnessed the end of her only rival.

They were married that evening by the commander of the cruiser, and before midnight they had separated, he to proceed to Queenstown, she to rejoin the steamer, which was bound back to Southampton for repairs.

"This ought to mean a bit of leave for both of us," he said as they parted.

"Do you think your father will like to turn over the flat for a while?"

"I don't know if he'll like to," she laughed. "But I'm sure he will."

Which proved that she at least understood her father.

"Begging again, eh! Last month it was the other sleeve that was empty!"
"Boss, if I had a memory like you got, I'd be wearin' sealskins too."

IN PERSON—

SUPPOSE John Erskine were your guest some Sunday night or Bruce Barton or Kathleen Norris? What an eagerly awaited event that would be!

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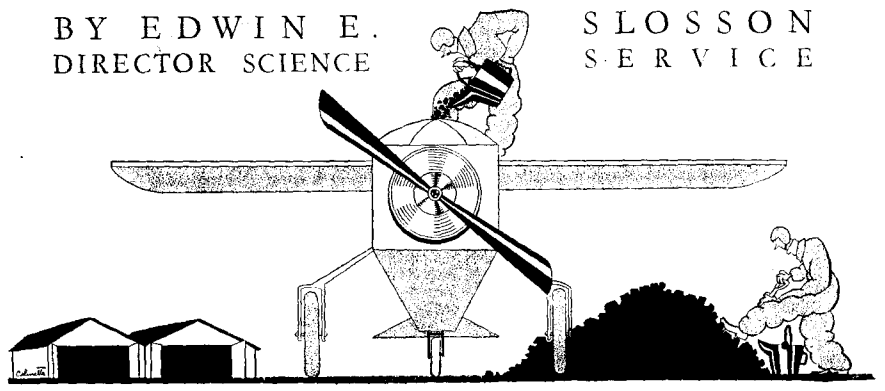

Coal *oil from* Coal

THE Germans are plunging in heavily on their new process for the manufacture of artificial petroleum from common coal, and British capital is backing them. After fifteen years of experimentation at the cost of some $7,000,000 Dr. Friedrich Bergius of Heidelberg has got his method for the liquefaction of coal to a point where large-scale production can be undertaken, and now an experimental plant is under construction at Duisburg-Meiderich which will cost about $2,500,000 and is expected to turn out 50,000 tons of crude oil a year.

According to a recent address of General-Director Brückmann to the German Society of World Economics, the process has been so improved that, on the basis of weight, the yield in crude oil is 65 per cent to 70 per cent of the coal consumed, instead of 35 per cent to 50 per cent—which was the output anticipated last year. A ton of coal would, according to Brückmann's figures, produce 1,300 pounds of crude oil, costing about $15 and selling for twice that. The synthetic oil so made is redistilled and split up into gasoline, lubricating oil, Diesel-engine fuel and other products.

Perhaps this will pay in Germany, which has not a single smell of an oil well, but even these unusually favorable figures do not give us much hope for the day when we shall have to make our own petroleum. For we should have to invest between 12 and 16 billion dollars in factories to take the place of our oil fields, and have to increase our output of bituminous coal and lignite by more than 50 per cent to supply the raw material.

Lazy Light and Lazy Men

WE ARE accustomed to call a dim light "weak." But Sir Oliver Lodge, who has a picturesque way of putting things, suggests that it would be more correct to call the light "lazy." For, according to modern notions, a ray of light consists of a stream of minute particles or atoms of energy. As the ray spreads and scatters these particles of light cover more space and of course get farther apart. Fewer of them, therefore, can enter the pupil of the eye, so the light beam does not seem to us so bright.

But the ray is not weakened by widening. It is merely attenuated. There is just as much energy in the light as a whole, and each individual particle of it is just as energetic as ever and produces just the same effect upon the retina of the eye—only there are not so many of them.

What seems most amazing in the revelations of the new view is that the particle does not lose the least of its power no matter how far it travels. A sound dies away at a distance. A rifle ball loses force by the inch. But a particle of light from a star, so remote that it has had to travel a million years to reach us, hits the eye with the same force as a ray from a few yards away. That is why we cannot tell a star from a candle at a little distance.

The light atom, in its journey of a million years through empty space, has not had a single occasion to employ its power; but at the first opportunity, as when it enters your eye, it shows itself as energetic as any atom could be. Sir Oliver draws a moral:

"I am inclined to suggest that the goodness or self-sacrificingness of humanity is rather like this. The power is mainly latent, and a lifetime may go by without its being used; but, given the emergency, whether it be a fire, a shipwreck, a colliery disaster, or even a war, it comes out strongly in the quite ordinary man, and no effort is too great in response to the call. To find this latent faculty of achievement in inorganic nature is curious."

A New Theory of Speech

SIR RICHARD PAGET believes that human speech began in sign language. For instance, when Eve called Adam to dinner she would naturally signal to him by making a chewing motion with her lips. If he had his back turned, she would vocalize the gesture: that is, smack her lips. This would be better: it would convey an idea in the dark.

Instead of wondering why words came to mean what they do, Sir Richard has reversed the procedure. He attempts to imitate with his tongue the sort of gesture he would make with his hand to convey the idea, and he voices or grunts at the same time. The sound so produced is often similar to the words actually employed in many languages with such significance.

Try it yourself. Speak forcibly a series of such words as lay, lie, low, loll, level. What mouth movement is common in these sounds? It is a sudden lowering of the tongue from contact with the palate. As a matter of fact, that ancient root *la* has the meaning "to be low" in the Aryan languages.

Try again. Add a consonant to this root, *la:* say *las.* The *s* is produced by bringing forward the tip of the tongue and pressing it against the back of the front teeth. In saying *las,* then, you lower the tongue, move it forward and take a grip with it. Well, the word *las* is an ancient Aryan root meaning "to glean;" that is, to stoop and pick up something in front.

Try another experiment. Imagine yourself one of a savage band who have lost their leader and must choose another, but who have not yet acquired the art of speech. You are likely to say something that sounds like *dook! dook!* (You see: dux, duke, duce.) Some 320 primitive roots have been found to show signs of originating in such gestures of the vocal organs.

Sir Richard Paget has gone even farther. He tried to see what sound he would emit while making movements of his tongue and lips to symbolize such simple actions as to dig, stab, shake, scrape, etc. Then he turned over twelve of these synthetic words to an expert of aboriginal languages, and he reported that eleven of them were to be found with the same significance in the primitive speech of the Pacific Islands.

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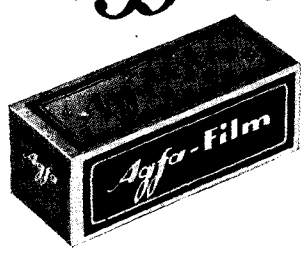

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Agfa

Bending Twigs

Continued from page 26

household; things should be brought to his attention, explained, and given interest. He has a world of infinite variety to become familiar with, and if someone is actively interested in his growing interest in and understanding of that world he will soon be at home in it and will get the habit of using his brain.

Too much cannot be said of the value of hand training as an aid to mind development.

It is easier to do things for a child than to teach him to do them for himself, but we are wasting the child's educational opportunities when we do them.

Which Kind are You?

MOST people who see many children and are in close contact with them agree that most children are much the same in natural mental endowment. There are, of course, the very bright child, whose reactions are rapid, and the child called stupid, whose reactions are slow. But in between the two extremes can be found the great majority of children, whose accomplishment depends not on their original mental capacity but on the treatment they have received.

When we come to psychological make-up, however, children differ much more widely. Here, again, characteristics are present in very early youth.

Generally speaking, human beings fall into one of four classes of psychological and emotional type. Strangely enough, we get our most accurate information about these types from a study of what we have long miscalled the insane. The reason for this is that if any one of these types becomes too pronounced, the rest of the world finds it impossible to live with.

All mothers will recognize some of the following characteristics in their children; and all frank adults can easily classify themselves if they choose.

The FIRST CLASS contains the people who just naturally think well of themselves. What they do always seems a little bit better to them than the same thing done by somebody else. These people are given to boasting and to expressing their opinion as law. They have a tendency to interfere in the lives of other people and to be very stubborn about interference with their own lives.

Sooner or later these people begin to have an injury against the rest of the world because they feel they are not getting their just deserts.

Naturally no one takes them at their own valuation, and they are frequently unpopular. So they get not nearly what they think they deserve in the matter of attention and rewards out of life. When this trend is allowed to persist, it often takes the form of a true delusion of persecution, and we have the paranoiac, a familiar figure in insane asylums.

In childhood this type is easily identified. The child is conceited, stubborn, boastful and hard to get along with. His tendencies are often made worse by the ridicule and cruelty of other children and by the determination of his parents to "break his will" and "take the conceit out of him."

As a matter of fact, he needs more love and patience and care than the children of all the other types put together. He must be made, by means of his reason, to see his place in the universe; he must be taught to compare his accomplishments with those of others and judge them fairly; he must be gently kidded, if possible, when he becomes absurd, and above all he must be taught to do some one thing superlatively so that he may have an outlet for his self-satisfaction.

Someone, in other words, must love him enough to get under his skin.

The SECOND CLASS contains people of almost opposite characteristics. They are self-abnegating, having that now hackneyed complaint, the inferiority complex. They are fundamentally shy and retiring.

A great number of people have vestiges of the tendencies of this class, although they conquer their inclinations sufficiently to get along moderately well in the social structure. When the trend becomes extreme the sufferer is absolutely incapacitated for normal life, losing all impulses to struggle for existence and all desire for anything but dreams. We then call the complaint dementia præcox.

Don't Force Your Child

THE shy, dreaming child belongs to this class potentially and needs exactly the opposite treatment to that given the child whose self-esteem is flourishing. He must be taken out of himself, made to feel that others like his companionship and need it. His imagination, which is generally active, must be given an outlet in tangible form, preferably by putting it down on paper in the form of stories and fairy tales. When the child is too young to write himself he may dictate to his mother or father.

The small boy who used to break windows with his baseball has grown up

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Nothing can be accomplished by forcing the shy child into social contacts; he must be made to like them. Music also may become one of his outlets, whether he has a particular talent for it or not.

The child of this type is often lazy, or appears to be, because he has not the incentive to physical activity that the social child naturally possesses. And here we have the parents' worst problem. They feel that in justice to their other children the lazy child should be made to do his share. He should, of course, but he cannot be forced to do so. Forcing will drive him back into himself. Work must be made interesting to him; must be given a new aspect of charm which it is often hard to find.

"The Child with a Temper"

THE THIRD CLASS contains the excitable people of the world. They are called manic in type, and anyone who has seen excitability take the form of tantrums can understand why. Potentially the manic person is a highly productive person. He is full of energy which can be translated, if properly treated, into great things.

The "child with a temper," as we call him, unfortunately fills his guardians with fear. They dread a tantrum and take extreme measures, generally of indulgence, to prevent it. It seems quite obvious that this method makes the tantrum, from the child's point of view, a paying proposition. He learns to hold it over his parents' heads as a sword of Damocles, a threat through which he can gain almost anything he desires.

There are two helpful things to do about tantrums: one is NEVER to allow them to gain anything the child wants to gain by them; and the other is to treat them with exaggerated concern as physical illness and to give them all the considerate after care which illness receives, and which materially cramps the child's style, at least for a few hours.

There must never be any hint that this treatment is punishment. The child is put to bed to convalesce from his attack. He is given much water to drink, and invalid food—milk toast and poached eggs and broth.

The excitable child should never be unduly excited when it can be prevented. He supplies his own excitement in this world, and stimulation is the last thing he needs. He too must have an outlet for his energy, and if he is physically well there is no better outlet than that of physical exertion, preferably in the form of competitive games.

Strangely enough, the excitable child is not often a poor sport, so that there is little danger of his becoming enraged by defeat. As a rule he throws himself into games with such ardor that he seldom loses.

If the habit of losing emotional control of himself is not conquered in early youth, the manic child, as he gets older, has a dangerous reaction from his fits of temper. He goes into fits of depression and self-condemnation after an attack, which are more serious for his character than his temper.

The FOURTH CLASS contains what we call the depressive types—those people whose natural outlook on life is gloomy. Even very little children show evidences of pessimism. Pessimism, again, must be met by reason—not by what is to the child too often a nauseating optimism.

The lives of children are, or should be, care-free, and there are plenty of things for them to enjoy—shoes and ships and sealing wax, for instance. Their capacity for enjoyment can be cultivated, and if it needs cultivation there is always a chance that their health needs looking into.

The gloomy children, fortunately, are few, and a mother with a normal sense of humor and good judgment is equipped to cure them—if she will take the trouble. The ownership of a dog or cat helps the moody child to forget his gloom. And a useful occupation helps even more.

If the gloomy child is kept busy helping someone, he begins to feel that something can be done about the low state of affairs in general.

The Thunder God

Continued from page 21

their taxes have been nominal and I dare say their fire losses have been inconsiderable. They wait thirty years, and then a railroad builds into it, their stumpage is worth $7 and then they proceed to manufacture it and make an additional profit.

"A man with some money, having advance knowledge of these projected plans, could slip into that territory, buy up a lot of cheap timber, hold it four or five years and double his money—probably treble it. A man with even a moderate amount of money might gamble by taking long-term options, say a year, because as soon as it became generally known that the O. R. N. was going to build in and tap this timber belt he could unload his option at a huge profit."

"Well," Whitton reminded him, "even if we had the money to invest, we may not ethically take advantage of the information which comes to us in a professional and confidential manner. You'll accept this job, Julie—of course. I very much desire it."

"Well, as you know, Ben, I had planned to do a little research work down at Stanford University and to make some experiments I've had in mind for a dog's age—"

"Oh, Julie," Mercedes protested. "Your research work and your silly experiments can wait three months, can they not?"

"Of course they can, Mercedes," Whitton assured her. "The equipment he would require for his research work has to be ordered from the East, and it will be not less than sixty days before it can be shipped. Julie, you haven't a leg to stand on. It's your manifest duty to take on this job."

"Very well," Julie answered without enthusiasm, "I'll take it. The resultant profit will help me out on my experiments later."

"We can establish a home and be happy," his wife assured him.

"I'm going to be holed up here for four or five days, Ben," Julie went on. "I wish you'd leave this map with me. I have an idea this preliminary study will enable me to proceed with the job more intelligently when we get on the ground."

"Certainly. Good idea. We'll have a nice camp, Julie. I have my crew, of course—all fine lads. You'll have to dig up your own crew."

"I know the men I can lay my hands on, Ben."

"There's wonderful hunting and fishing in that country," Ben went on. "We both need a vacation, and on this job we can combine business with pleasure."

MERCEDES retired to the bedroom, to reappear a few minutes later arrayed for the street. "I'm going to leave you two together to talk over your business," she announced amiably. "I'll be home for dinner, Julie."

She kissed him affectionately, shook hands with Ben and left.

When she had been gone a minute Ben Whitton said: "I suppose you realize why it is so important for you to take this job, don't you, Julie?"

"It's a damned nuisance, Ben. I really don't want it."

"You numbskull! As a firm we have to pay all of our own expenses on this job. It is true we will be reimbursed for them when we submit our bill to the O. R. N., but in the meantime we have to dig up more money than I have in the treasury—and my credit is stretched

(*Continued on page 52*)

Keep Your Money

——till you're convinced. We offer a free 10-day test of this amazing shaving cream to prove our case. You risk nothing

Gentlemen: When we first told you of the remarkable delights of Palmolive Shaving Cream, we advanced our claims modestly, leaving it to the product itself to "sell" you.

We told you "Don't buy—yet." We asked you first to let us prove our case at our expense.

To the hundreds of thousands of men who mailed the coupon in, we sent a 10-day test of the shaving cream as its own best ad.

For you cannot shave with beautiful advertising, and no ad can succeed unless the product is outstandingly *right* itself.

Once won, men have boosted it

Eighty-five per cent of men, we find, who once give Palmolive Shaving Cream a trial, become wedded to it. And these boosters have spread our fame in every city and town. Today we make the fastest selling shaving cream in the world.

When we decided to create a new shaving product we first found out just where other preparations were lacking. 1000 men told us their wishes, and we set out to fill them.

When, after 129 experiments, we found our present formula, we exceeded the four things they asked, by adding a fifth. Our vast laboratories, skilled for 65 years in soap making, developed a shaving cream that men tell us is truly remarkable in its action and effect.

These 5 unique features

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now mail the coupon

We take the risk—not you. We undertake to please you . . . to win you in ten shaves. Give us the opportunity to prove our case. The coupon is for your convenience — to prevent your forgetting. Won't you use it, please?

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR — Broadcast every Friday night—from 10 to 11 p. m., eastern time; 9 to 10 p. m., central time—over station WEAF and 31 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

3973

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you.

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1515, Palmolive, 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill.
Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

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(Please print your name and address)

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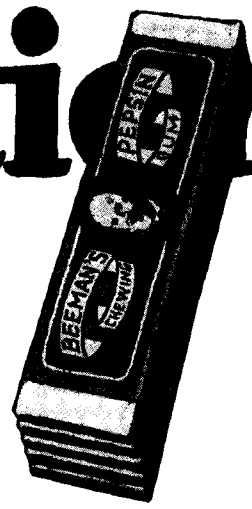
When you overeat

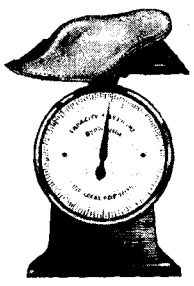
Beeman's Pepsin Gum *aids* digestion



The fine quality that Doctor Beeman put into Beeman's Pepsin Gum more than thirty years ago has always been maintained. That's why it becomes a greater favorite every year. Chew Beeman's after meals, it aids digestion.

FEATHER LIGHTNESS *Contributes to the Comfort of LYNCO Arch Cushions*

Ounces lighter because of cellular rubber construction.



Fitted to a pair of LYNCO Arch Cushions, the acute pain caused by fallen arches disappears almost instantly. The feet that were so noticeable at every step are now forgotten, for the feather lightness of LYNCO Cushions and their resilient support will provide painless and soothing aid to Nature's rebuilding.

Made of soft, cellular rubber covered with pliable leather, LYNCO Arch Cushions eliminate the discomfort of heavy supports. Their wearing really adds foot buoyancy, so well do they relieve the dragged down feeling of fallen arches.

A pair fitted in the shoes are soon forgotten. Pain gone, there is nothing to remind you that LYNCO Muscle Building Arch Cushions are gently but firmly aiding Nature to effect a permanent cure.

Consult your doctor, chiropodist or shoe dealer about LYNCO Muscle Building Arch Cushions or write us for further information.

We are now in the eighth edition of our booklet on care of the feet. We will gladly send you a copy without charge on request.

Non-Metallic Arch Cushions

KLEISTONE RUBBER CO., INC.
230 Cutler Street, Warren, R. I., U. S. A.

The Thunder God

Continued from page 51

to the general dimensions of a cobweb. Julie, God certainly had me by the hand when the devil of unrest led you back to this city, with your dreams and your $650,000 to finance this deal, and if you are going to keep from your wife the secret of Uncle Jarlath's legacy and show an excuse for living on a scale not hitherto possible, it's up to you to take this job. It will allay any suspicions she may have."

WHEN Mercedes Grannis left the apartment she went to the public telephone booth in the lobby and called the Palace Hotel room clerk, from whom she inquired if Mr. Jacob Brander was still registered there.

"He checked out last night and returned to Los Angeles," the clerk informed her, "but Mrs. Brander is still here." She went to another public telephone station and called up Jacob Brander at his Pasadena home.

"Is anybody listening on an extension telephone, Jacob?" she queried.

"No, I'm in the booth, on a direct line. What's up?"

"I have stumbled across some information that may be of considerable interest to you," she continued, and forthwith proceeded to impart to him the details of the commission which the O. R. N. had given Ben Whitton and her husband's share in it. "I heard Whitton mention that the Brander Timber Company had big holdings in that country," she went on, "and when I heard him and Julie discuss the chances for the huge profit which would fall to the moneyed man who could take advantage of this secret information, I decided at once to tell you about it—in strictest confidence, of course."

"Mercedes," he said, "you're a pearl of great price. I hadn't heard even a whisper of this, and I assure you the information is of very great interest and value to me."

"As soon as I find an opportunity to do so I'll copy from the map which Julie has an outline of the territory it is purposed to tap with this extension of O. R. N. and mail it to you."

"Mail it to my club," he suggested "and thank you a thousand times, my dear. That was rather an unfortunate mess we got into yesterday. How has it turned out for you? Are you in bad with your husband? He knows all about it, you know."

"I don't believe it, Jacob. If he does, he hasn't said so to me, although he did forbid me to continue my friendship with you and Mrs. B. I was assured by Whitton that Julie didn't recognize me: didn't know I was with you at the time of the wreck."

"Well, he knows it, all right. He called me up shortly after the wreck and gave me my orders. Told me if he caught me as much as lifting my hat to you hereafter we'd argue the matter in the smoke."

Mercedes was distressed. "He's a queer creature, Jacob. He never tells half of what he knows. I'll never know the moment he'll jump me about it. I'm—I'm terrified."

"Perhaps I should not have mentioned it to you, Mercedes, but I did it to put you on your guard. Be careful."

"Oh, I will. Did you know, too, that your wife knows all about it; that she has had detectives in her employ for some time?"

"Yes, she flew into a rage and told me all about it. We had quite a battle yesterday afternoon, and the upshot of the matter is she has demanded a divorce and a heavy settlement."

Mercedes was almost hysterical. "Is she going to bring my name into it?" she almost screamed.

"Of course not. She had nothing tangible upon which to make an accusation because there is nothing tangible."

"That doesn't make the least difference with a jealous woman. She'll make the charge just the same, merely to spatter me. And if she does I'll die."

He sighed so deeply she could hear it over the wire. "What do you suppose I offered her a divorce and $250,000 for if it wasn't to keep your name out of it, Mercedes? I couldn't afford it any more than you could—not with that wild husband of yours gunning for me. No, there is no reason for worry.

"As soon as Mrs. B. starts for Paris I'll come up to San Francisco to talk things over. Write me to the club when Grannis starts for Oregon, and in the meantime keep a stiff upper lip and *don't worry*. This railroad building tip you've given me will get me back the money I'll have to give the missus and then some. And when I make the clean-up I'll not forget you."

"I'm so glad of that, Jacob. I do so want to help, if I can."

"You're a sweetheart, and I'm crazy about you," he replied. "Good-by. And don't forget that map."

She did not forget it, but it was three days before she found an opportunity to get Julie out of the apartment, when she took the map Ben Whitton had left with him and carefully copied on the map she had bought the tracings of the proposed route of the branch line and the approximate timbered area the branch line was to tap. Then she sent her map, sans comment, to Jacob Brander at his Pasadena club.

Meanwhile the slightly strained relations between her and Julie had disappeared. Once more he was the tolerant, kindly, lovable husband, and in the knowledge of a large fee impending, Mercedes' own spirits took an upward jump.

And Julie was happier than he had been since he married her. With the aid of Ben Whitton's attorney he had established a trust fund of $150,000 worth of securities, revocable by him at any time, the income to be payable to him during life and at his death the trust to become permanent during Mercedes' life and at her death to be turned over to Gloria Justin. In the event of Gloria's death prior to his wife's, the trust was to be dissolved at his wife's death and the securities paid over to Ben Whitton, for Julie had no legal heirs in whom he was remotely interested. Then he made his will, and in the knowledge that he had done his best by those he loved, he found a happiness that surprised his wife.

IN THE meanwhile he had leased and furnished an office en suite with Ben Whitton's and the entire suite of office doors was relettered. For two weeks he was tremendously busy, looking at buildings suitable for the sort of workshop he had in mind. Finally, on the southern outskirts of the city, he found a two-story rice mill that had been idle since its owners had been ruined in the financial debacle of 1920-21. He was able to lease the land for three years, with an option of five more, and to purchase the old mill very cheaply.

During these busy days he saw little of Gloria Justin, and it was like him, in the excess of his zeal, to feel no deprivation because of this.

Despite their ancient friendship and the old sentimental association that had once obtained between them, Gloria accepted her responsibilities as secretary as calmly, as naturally, as if she had never seen Julian Grannis before.

"Competent girl, Gloria," Julian told Ben Whitton. "She doesn't have to be told to do obvious things, doesn't have to be watched and checked up."

Nevertheless, for six days in succession she gave evidence of an interest in him not wholly secretarial. One day he appeared at the office arrayed in a new suit, new shirt, ties, socks and shoes to match. When he summoned Gloria to take some dictation, instead of seating herself demurely, she stood in the doorway an appreciable moment and looked him over.

"Stand up, please," she requested. So he stood up, and she walked around him, surveying him critically. "Take that suit back to the tailor, and tell

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him to lower the collar half an inch," she ordered. "It has a tendency to climb. Otherwise I approve very heartily."

"Thank you," he said, beaming.

When he entered the following morning with a different suit Gloria again inspected him, gave a little nod of approval and set to work.

"I have more where that came from," he bragged.

"Then wear one a day until I have seen them all," she urged, and he complied.

"Like 'em?" he queried, on the last day.

"I do. They're in good taste, Mr. Grannis."

"I'm Julie when we're alone," he corrected her, almost belligerently.

"Yes, sir," she replied meekly.

She handed him a number of letters. "Here's one that isn't opened," he declared. "Gloria, I told you to open all my mail. You're my confidential secretary and I have nothing to conceal from you."

"I thought, perhaps, you might prefer that one unopened," she replied.

He glanced at the superscription in the upper left-hand corner of the envelope and noted that it was from the Los Angeles Retail Credit Association and had been forwarded to him from Madrone, Calif. This information meant nothing to him, however, until he read the communication inclosed:

MR. JULIAN GRANNIS,
MADRONE, CALIF.

Dear Sir:

This office has had placed with it for collection sundry accounts, as per list attached, against your wife, for goods furnished Mrs. Grannis by members of this association during the period she occupied the premises at 244 North Ardmore Boulevard, this city. Inasmuch as these accounts are now more than six months old and nothing has been paid upon them, and inasmuch as we have received no response from Mrs. Grannis in reply to our repeated requests that these accounts be adjusted, either wholly or in part, and since it has come to our attention that Mrs. Grannis has vacated her former address in this city, we are venturing to bring the matter to your personal attention in the hope that we may be favored with a check in full by return mail.

Very truly yours,

———

HE REREAD the communication, then carefully inserted it in his desk. His face, Gloria noticed, was very red, but he said nothing for a long time. Then:

"Take a telegram—day message," he ordered crisply. "Los Angeles Retail Credit Association, Los Angeles, Calif. Replying your communication 5th instant addressed me at Madrone, Calif., and forwarded, please address very stiff telegram to your creditor at Hotel Romaine, this city, threatening suit unless you receive immediate response and also promising, unless accounts settled, to bring matter to my attention Stop Desire party given good fright Stop If check to cover not received by you within week, wire me and I will settle immediately."

When he came home that night he found Mercedes, in a new evening dress, preening herself before her mirror. "I want you to take me out to dinner, Julie, darling," she informed him, as she lifted her head for his kiss. "We'll go to a good show afterward. I've got the tickets. Do you like my dress?"

"It seems very becoming indeed, Mercy. Cash or credit?"

"Cash."

"That's good. I don't want you to contract any more bills, my dear. They worry me. I suppose you've sent checks for the bills you owe in Los Angeles."

"The day after you gave me the thousand dollars," she replied instantly. "It was such a relief to pay them."

He said nothing, but went into the bedroom to shave, bathe and dress. Her report had comforted him greatly. Her creditors must have neglected to inform the Retail Credit Association of the receipt of her checks, he decided.

As they were going out to dinner Mercedes suddenly put her arms around his neck and kissed him. "I'm so happy, Julie," she breathed.

Something of the old thrill of their earlier married life shot through him. He thought he could understand why she was so happy tonight. The knowledge that she was in the clear on her debts would account for that.

He was so happy he realized that, despite the sudden rush of love or sentiment or passion or whatever one might call it that had assailed him when he met Gloria Justin at Ben Whitton's house, he still loved his wife. The thought came to him that he would always love her if she played the game as she had been playing it the past ten days; he felt within him a swift, resurgent rush of his old allegiance; in the knowledge that, for one night, he had wavered in that allegiance he felt now a corroding shame.

The day he and Ben Whitton and their crews were to leave for Portland Gloria laid a telegram on his desk:

Clients report no checks received. Sent hot write but no response. Please forward your check as per promise.

LOS ANGELES RETAIL CREDIT ASSOCIATION.

FOR a long time he stood staring at the telegram, then with a deep sigh, he found the list of creditors in his desk, added the sums due them, and handed the sheet to Gloria. "Send a check for that amount to these people," he ordered in a choking voice.

He seized his hat and departed for his hotel. Mercedes was practicing on her violin when he came in. He walked up to her and thrust under her nose the first communication he had received in the matter of her unpaid bills. She read it. Next he handed her the carbon copy of his telegraphic reply and she read that. Then he handed her the telegram received that morning.

She hung her head and reflected a moment on the situation in which she had been discovered; then, deciding that the old measures would still avail, she made a sudden dive for him and reached her arms around his neck. "Oh, Julie," she sobbed.

He thrust her rather forcibly from him. "You told me you had sent checks for those bills. I gave you the money to pay them. Why have you not done so? Why did you lie to me, Mercy?"

"I—I—wrote them, telling them I couldn't pay for ninety days. I—I didn't know they'd—take the matter up—with you."

"But you lied to me," he persisted.

"Oh, Julie, please don't say that. I—I didn't know you meant *those* bills, so I—I was frightened. They'd sent me a terrible telegram, and I—"

"Have you any of that money I gave you still in your account?"

"A—a little."

"What have you done with it?"

"I—I paid some other bills. I really didn't know how much I owed, and I paid the most pressing ones. I was afraid—to tell you—everything."

"I think I understand. Well, I've had to pay them to avoid a suit, because a suit would hurt the new firm's credit. Have you any idea where I got the money?"

"I suppose you got it from Ben."

"The man you do not like—the best friend any man ever had. And now I have to give you some more money to take care of your expenses while I'm away on this Oregon trip."

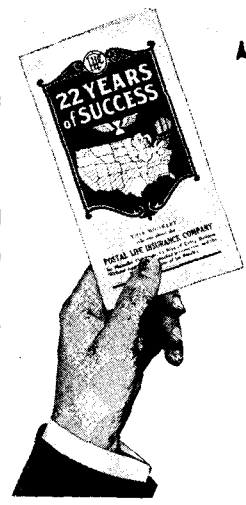
"Oh, Julie, I'm so sorry. I loathe hurting you."

"You do not. You just don't care a damn." He flung a thousand dollars on the table. "I'm leaving for the north with Ben and our crew today," he roared, "and I haven't any time to listen to your vapid and insincere excuses. That money will have to last you until I get back. See to it that it does. I'm going to pack my bags."

He left her weeping with shame and terror while he packed a couple of old duffle bags and a suit case, and called a bell hop to take them downstairs. He stood in the living-room a moment, looking down at her, then, without saying good-by, stalked out of the room.

And she did not attempt to stop him.

(*To be continued next week*)



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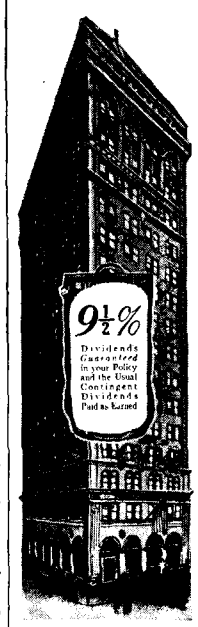

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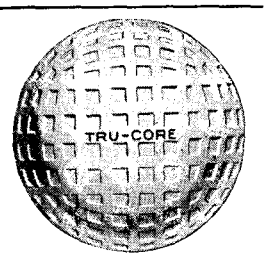

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The Red Cock Crows

Continued from page 13

know the peril in which we stand. Out yonder"—Messer Andrea motioned toward the dark line of hills behind the citadel—"they are riding to the south, God knows why, but"—he smiled bleakly—"I am no lover of ill chance. I shall send out tribute enough to satisfy them."

"By the souls of the saints," Theodore muttered, "it will need a mighty ransom."

"My agents have visited the horde," responded the Counter, "and they say that Subai Ghazi rides in haste. He does not wish to linger here. 'Tis said of him that he is a man of his word, for good or ill."

He turned to the Scot and spread out his hands. "Will you venture beyond the walls with a woman?"

"Aye, so," said Sir Bruce slowly. "Peril there may be, but the Seigneur Christ will guard a maid among pagan swords."

The Greek prince threw himself back on his cushions.

"Fool!"

But the faded eyes of the Counter—eyes quick and shrewd to weigh men and their moods—gleamed approvingly. "Swear," he whispered. "Swear that you will safeguard the girl with your life."

Sir Bruce smiled. "Faith, I passed my word to her father."

Messer Andrea nodded swiftly as if closing a bargain. "Good! And now hear me, young sir. There is a path from Tana to the northern caravan road that should be clear of the pagan horsemen. It follows the coast. I am sending thither some men of mine, and they shall guide you. They will be horsed and armed after matins on the morrow."

"Then, by your leave, missire, I will sleep." The Scot rose, stretched his long arms and turned on his heel.

"A good night to you," Messer Andrea called softly, motioning one of his linkmen to attend the knight. He listened until the firm tread of the mailed feet dwindled down the corridor; then he sent a slave for candles, a luxury he seldom allowed himself.

"Nay," he observed to Theodore, "that is no fool, but a simple soul that will hold to his given word—like Subai Ghazi." Suddenly he laughed, stroking his cheek with thin fingers.

"Body of Judas!" the Greek prince cried. "You have given the maid to him."

"Content thee—content thee! By this hour on the morrow night he will lie in his own blood. A cup, Theodore—the white spirits in the stone jar."

THE Greek drank deep, frowning as he watched the Counter clean a sheet of parchment and sharpen the pen of a quill. The candles were placed on the table, and the pen began to move over the parchment; but Theodore, peering across his companion's shoulder, beheld only meaningless curlicues—Arabic.

"'Tis a missive to the Tatar!" Prince Theodore exclaimed.

"True—the matter of the tribute."

Theodore bent over the table. "Will you send gold?"

"Gold! A mule's load would only whet the Tatars' greed. Subai Ghazi would give it to his bathmen."

"Jewels?"

Messer Andrea shrugged. "Will your Illustriousness contribute the precious stones?"

"I have not—" Theodore's dark eyes widened. "Ah, you are sending forth Marie de Rohan to the Tatar!"

"A little wine sharpens wit," Messer Andrea murmured. "Drink, your Illustriousness."

"Are there no other women in the market?"

Messer Andrea finished writing, yet did not sign the missive. "*Ehu*—I am not so foolish as to send a slave to one who has had his choice of the women of the Circassians and the Golden Horde. And you forget the honest soldier who is surety of our—gift. This is his authority. Another cup, my lord?"

Theodore seized his silver goblet feverishly. His head rolled on his shoulders, and Messer Andrea rose, pushing forward the chair to him. "Life is sweet, my lord. It is needful to write thy name on this paper." He placed the quill in the Greek's quivering fingers.

"What evil is this?" Theodore peered at it drowsily.

"Has your Illustriousness forgotten? It is the death of the swordsman." Again Theodore found his cup filled and from habit he drank. With the Counter guiding his hand, he scrawled his name. And Messer Andrea, tucking back his long sleeves, bestirred himself to melt red wax upon the parchment and press into it the signet ring of the almost unconscious prince. Then Theodore laid his head upon the table and slept.

Messer Andrea blew out the candles and slipped away into the darkness to attend to other matters.

IT WAS late in the afternoon of the next day before Sir Bruce's guides came to fresh water—four leagues from Tana. Here the trail wound upward, among gray clay buttes overhanging the sea's edge. The servitors, resplendent in the crimson and white livery of Prince Theodore, placed the pavilion pole in a sheltered spot, and hung upon it the striped silk covering under which Marie, the maid of Rohan, was to sleep that night.

"Glad am I," cried the girl, "to be again in the sun."

Sir Bruce, staring through narrowed eyes at the glitter upon the sea below them, was troubled by her beauty.

It was a miracle to Sir Bruce that he, who had not seen a woman of his race for years, now had in his charge this maid. Because he had given a promise to John of Rohan, he had wandered and searched and fought his way by land along the course the Counter's galleys had taken by water. And when he had first seen Marie the blood had throbbed in his veins. Now he was proud and exultant. Yet the grim purpose in him ever kept him silent, and she looked sidewise at him curiously.

"Oh, it is a barren land," she said, "but Messer Andrea has given me a great store of comfort. At first I did not like him, but he was generous."

Sir Bruce drew his hand across his chin. He wore this day his mail, a linked habergeon, with coif and thigh pieces. He stood beside the gray Arab that he had not yet unsaddled.

"Nay," he responded bluntly, "he is no man of faith."

"He sent his knaves to serve us."

"Aye, so." Sir Bruce knew that these men, though they wore livery, were masterless fellows, and he expected no good of them. Yet Messer Andrea had given the girl a swift-paced mare and caparisons of cloth of gold.

"He took thought for me. See, he intrusted to me a safe conduct to Constantinople."

"To you? I must see it."

Obediently she sought in her saddle bags until she drew forth a roll of parchment, tied and sealed with red wax. Sir Bruce took it silently and broke the string at once. He frowned over the missive, written in Arabic, and Prince Theodore's signature. After a moment's thought he went to the fire the guides were kindling and thrust the parchment into the flames.

"That was mine!" Marie cried. "Why did you burn it?"

"It had a name upon it, a royal name emblazoned." Sir Bruce swept his long arm around the encampment. "Here no seal of wax will avail you, my lady."

The girl lifted her head proudly. "I have no fear. You are a harsh man, Sir Bruce, and my father said of you long since that you would turn aside neither for weapon of man nor spite of the devil."

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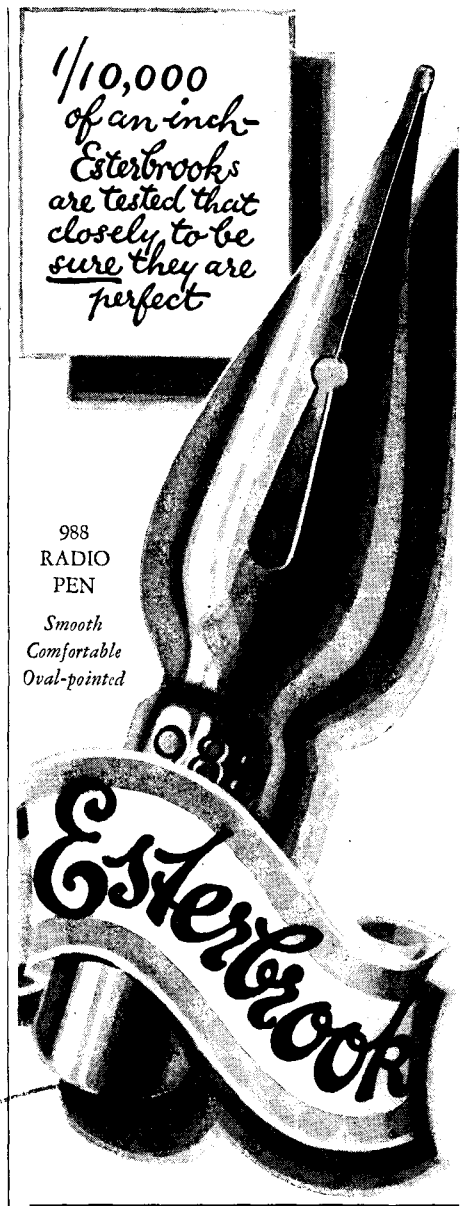

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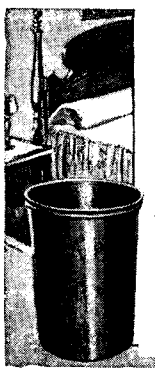

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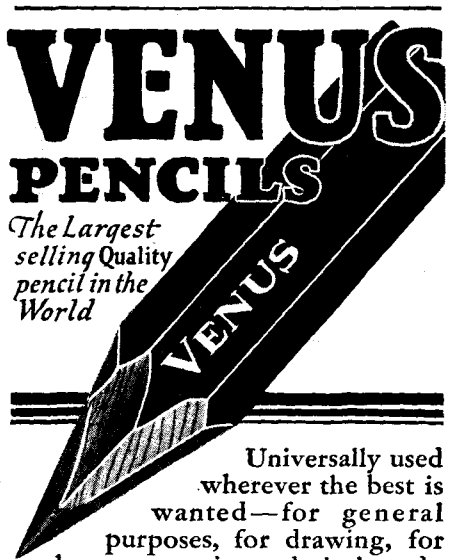

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ment crumbled, and from it ran a thin stream of crimson, so like blood that Marie was startled and caught at the warrior's arm. "Look—"

"Be quiet!" he bade her sternly.

His head bent forward, the lines in his dark face deepened. Then all at once she heard the thrumming of hoofs, and from the ravine at the upper end of the valley trotted a dark mass of riders—men in dull chain mail with long cloaks and sheepskin kaftans. At sight of the pavilion they shouted and lashed their horses to a gallop.

"Mount!" Sir Bruce's voice sounded in her ear.

She turned, and when she fumbled with the stirrup he caught her by the waist and lifted her into the saddle of her mare. For an instant he glanced at the approaching horsemen. Then he reached up and pulled the hood over her head, drawing it close to hide her face.

"Tatars!" shouted one of the guides.

Some of the servitors began to run away, casting down the spears that they had caught up at first; others cried out in fright, and when Sir Bruce mounted his gray Arab and took Marie's rein, leading her mare toward the pavilion slowly, they clustered around him in fear.

THE tide of riders swept toward the pavilion and divided into groups that galloped around the camp. Here and there a curved steel blade was drawn and flourished, flashing in the level sunlight. Lances were tossed up and caught again, and the drumming of hoofs grew to a roar, while dust eddied about the pavilion and the Christians in the center of the wild horsemen. The Greeks who had fled were headed off and herded back again like stray cattle.

Sir Bruce had drawn his sword, but made no other move. "'Tis part of Tamerlane's horde," he said to the girl. "Faith, they greet us well, after their manner."

The Tatars had not fallen upon the pavilion to plunder, nor had they snatched the weapons from the trembling Greeks.

"They are on the march," Marie whispered, with a sigh of relief; "they will do us no harm."

But Sir Bruce knew by the actions of the first riders that the Tatars had expected to find people at this spot, and that command had been given them not to seize what they found. Still the dark tide, brightened by crimson shields, moved past. A burst of plaintive music came from it—the shrilling of pipes, the clash of brass plates and the roar of kettledrums.

Nodding heads of laden camels came into view above the horses, but before the camel train moved a standard, a pole bearing a gold crescent and swinging horsetails. And with the standard came a cavalcade of Tatar princes, helmed or turbaned, with gilded armor and reins and saddles gleaming with silver. One who carried in his hand an ivory staff galloped forward, and thrust down his baton.

"*Choupek gasaur!*" he growled. "Down, infidel dogs."

The Greeks flung themselves on their faces, but Sir Bruce and Marie sat as they were, erect in the saddle. The mirza of the baton reined close to them and snarled, "Bend the forehead to Subai Ghazi, Amir of amirs!"

A deeper voice resounded harshly, and the mirza drew aside. A white horse paced forward slowly. From thigh to chin its rider was wrapped in pliant Persian mail, a khilat of red satin thrown over his shoulders, massive as a bear's. He rode with short stirrup leathers, so that he seemed to crouch in the saddle. One hand, veined and scarred, rested on the worn hilt of a heavy, curved saber—a hand that could move as swiftly as a leopard's paw, that had earned for Subai Ghazi the surname of sword slayer.

"Ahai!" he exclaimed, seeing the slight form of the girl. His green eyes gleamed under a jutting brow and shifted to the tall figure of the knight. He waited for Sir Bruce to dismount or to salaam before him, and the Scot did neither. "Eh," grunted Subai Ghazi, "there is a stubborn devil in this one. Bid him uncover the face of the khānim."

Khānim meant princess in the Turco-Tatar dialect, and Sir Bruce, who had heard this speech for years, understood the words. He raised his left hand, weaponless, and shook his head slowly. "*Yok!* Nay, it is not permitted."

Subai Ghazi's broad head lifted in sheer astonishment—that he should have been answered and answered thus. The Tatars attending him reined their horses closer about the warrior and the girl. The officer with the baton was the first to speak:

"Subai Ghazi, the Amir of amirs, gave the command. Is his word smoke, O dog of a Nazarene?"

Again Sir Bruce shook his head, while his thoughts raced. Surely the Tatars had expected to find a woman here—Subai Ghazi had expected it. No one had touched them or questioned them until his coming. He had called Marie a princess and himself a Nazarene—Christian. The riders of the advance had moved on, but the main body was preparing to camp by the well. The camels of the baggage train were kneeling.

To refuse Subai Ghazi would be to anger him, and to allow him to look once upon the face of the girl would make him eager to possess her. Swiftly—there was need of swift thought—Sir Bruce fashioned in his mind a frail defense of words.

"Koudsarma," he responded gravely—"Lord, thy power is great indeed. There is a command above thine, unutterably great. It is written that the face of a woman must be veiled. Are ye kin to her, to lift the veil?"

The Tatar struck his fist upon his mailed thigh. "What words are these words? By Allah, will thou say *she* is thine—thy woman?"

Sir Bruce, striving for time in which to think and to divert the attention of the Tatars, had invoked one of the oldest laws in Islam. He looked at the slender figure, so bravely erect, that had drawn closer to his side.

"Aye, so," he said, and his voice rang true and certain. He knew, in that instant when death was so close, that he loved Marie of Rohan.

He stretched out his hand and placed it upon her shoulder, and when he did this the thing that he most dreaded happened. At his touch Marie turned quickly to meet his eyes, and her hands—that had clasped the edges of the hood about her throat—slipped down to his fingers and gripped them. The velvet hood fell back.

Subai Ghazi leaned forward with an exclamation of triumph.

"What is it?" she whispered, for she had understood no word of their talk.

The flicker of a smile passed over his set face. "Cover your eyes, my lady. I would not have you look upon weapon play."

THE deep voice of the Tatar chieftain broke in upon his words:

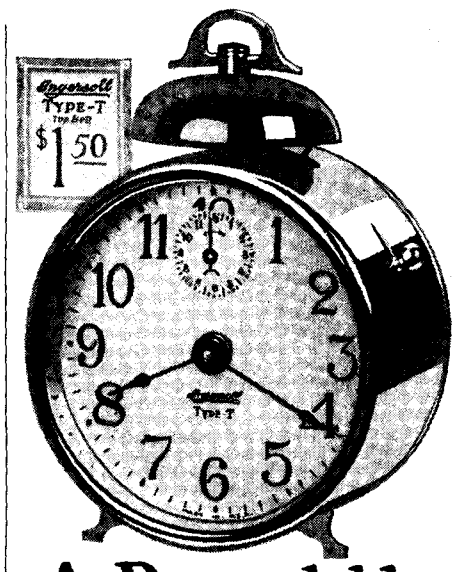
"Thou hast lied, dog of a Nazarene. Allah, thou hast lied! Of the Nazarenes in Tana I asked this—that they bring forth to me a gift. This day, at the hour when the shadows turn, a warrior with a red beard came to my tent from Tana, saying that the Prince of Tana would send forth to me a maiden, his sister, to this well."

He looked about him calmly and nodded. "Surely here is the well and the tent with the banner, as the Nazarene prince promised. Besides, the maiden was to be protected by a man of valor until she came under my hand. What other art thou? And where is the letter?"

Sir Bruce glanced at the embers of the fire, where the red wax had long since disappeared. So Messer Andrea had sent Piculph out to the Tatars at midnight! And Messer Andrea had yielded Marie to him, knowing that the Tatars would never believe that a fair woman could make even the journey of a day without an armed guardian. Indeed, the Counter had bought his own safety cheaply—at the price of a girl and a few ribalds, some horses and a pavilion.

"I have not lied," he cried—aware now that the issue was at hand. "Be ye witnesses that she is mine." His left

(*Continued on page 56*)



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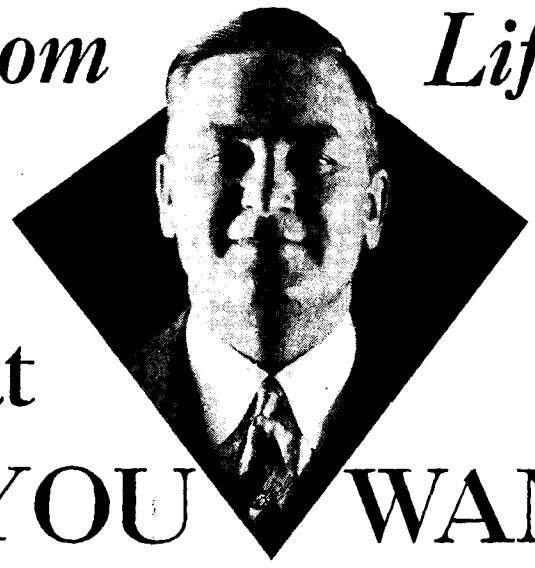

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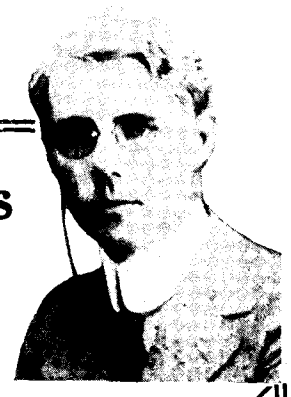

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The Red Cock Crows

Continued from page 55

hand dropped from Marie's shoulder and gathered up his reins.

Subai Ghazi made a gesture as if casting something from him. "Strike!" he commanded.

The officers nearest him freed their swords and pulled up their horses' heads. But Sir Bruce did not let them rush in upon him. He drove in his spurs and the gray Arab leaped forward, toward Subai Ghazi.

Sir Bruce had no chance to escape or defend himself. The ring of warriors broke and closed in, as wolves leap at a stag. An arrow crashed against his helmet and sent it spinning underfoot. He heard the whistle of steel at his ear and flung up his left arm—and felt the edge of a saber bite into the mesh of his mail.

HE ROSE in his stirrups and lashed down with his sword. The long blade caught the Tatar in front of him and cut through the man's uptossed shield and arm and shoulder, crushing the bones of his chest. Sir Bruce freed his sword with a wrench as a second rider shouldered aside the rearing pony of the dying man. He had not time to strike again, but he leaned forward, dashing the iron pommel of his heavy sword into the scowling forehead of the Tatar.

No one was between him and Subai Ghazi.

The Tatar chieftain might have pulled back among his men; instead, he reined forward, his broad face alight with eagerness. His scimitar flashed down at the knight's uncovered head. But the long blade parried his cut, and Subai Ghazi half wheeled his rearing horse, to take Sir Bruce upon the left hand.

And then he flung himself back, only warding with a desperate twist of his wrist the point of the long blade that leaped at his throat.

Before Subai Ghazi could recover his seat in the saddle—before anyone could come between them—Sir Bruce caught the Tatar's right forearm in the mailed fingers of his left hand and thrust back. Subai Ghazi's knees bent, and his shoulders were forced down to the rump of his horse. Under the red coat his massive body tensed and strained against the arm that held him helpless on his back. He slipped his feet from the stirrups and would have slid to the ground, but in that instant the point of Sir Bruce's long sword darted down, through his beard, through the skin under his chin—and stopped, with half an inch of steel in his throat muscles.

Subai Ghazi's big body lay passive. The Tatars who had been about to cut down the solitary swordsman checked their horses. Blunt fingers released taut bow cords slowly. A warrior on foot stepped forward and grasped the reins of the white horse, holding him quiet, lest he swerve or rear.

"Two lives for thine, Subai Ghazi!" Sir Bruce said deep in his throat. "Mine and the Khānim's!"

"Ahai!" the Tatar grunted. Blood was trickling from his beard.

A flashing thought had stayed the knight's hand. He held the life of Subai Ghazi in his fingers. If he freed the savage chieftain, there was a chance that Subai Ghazi might release the girl and himself—without him she would be lost. Somewhere he had heard that Subai Ghazi's word would stand.

The green eyes glared up at him malevolently, and the muscles in the Tatar's throat worked. Suddenly he gave his answer in his own way. He spat weakly toward the tense face above him, and growled a single word "Strike!"

A clamor of amazement, rage and sorrow burst from his followers. Then there was utter silence. Sir Bruce had lifted his sword and sheathed it in its scabbard.

"Subai Ghazi bahator," he smiled. "A brave man, thou."

The Tatar, who had once sworn that he would never yield to a foe sat up in the saddle, found his stirrups—took up his reins and lifted the scimitar that he still grasped. Curiously he gazed at his foe, indifferent to the blood dripping down his beard.

"Thou hast sheathed thy sword!" he exclaimed. "Thy head is bare—and," he added grimly, "I did not pledge thee life!"

"Nay," Sir Bruce assented gravely, "but now thou art witness that my word was true. This woman is mine. Would I stand between thee and—a gift?"

Sir Bruce smiled, because he had played his last stake and the game was out of his hands.

"Kai!" the Tatar growled. "The dog-born dog in Tana sent out to me another man's wife. Veil thy wife and go!"

At the end of that night sitting on a height by the pavilion, where Marie slept, Sir Bruce kept watch over a camp deserted by all but the horses. He looked back into the darkness along the way they had come. Leagues distant, against the faint glimmer of the sea, a point of flame rose and sank. Smoke drifted against the stars.

Subai Ghazi had galloped far that night. And now at dawn, in Tana, the red cock crowed.

SIR BRUCE needed no guide to follow the edge of the sea, over the dry steppe. With Marie at his side, he rode through the barren land where only the eagles of the sky and the wild marmots watched them—until the girl saw a long dust line moving across their path, and in the dust the nodding heads of beasts. "The caravans!" she cried.

"Aye, the caravans." The eyes of Sir Bruce kindled and he smiled. "And now ye'll be after coming home—wi' me."

Close Harmony

Continued from page 25

hand, if your contract had another eight months to run, can you assign it to a friend?

After a fellow tries three or four of these near-beer marriages, when does he start to get service stripes?

Many men would go in for this sort of thing, but they figure, if you're gonna take poison there's no difference between a trial size and the whole bottle.

Don't take companionate marriage too seriously. I think it is a fad, just like night clubs, although night clubs can be raided.

Talking of night clubs, here's the new companionate cocktail:

Take a little sap, then some honey. Put them together, shake well, and cool off, and what have you got? Rat poison!

It's a good thing our fathers and mothers didn't know anything about companionate marriages—by now we would all be saxophones!

He isn't finished but you've got to give the other boys a chance. Besides it'll all be in the Congressional Record and the Roadside Stand Journal, anyway. Here's Supreme Past Master (Meister) Hiker,

Donald Ogden Stewart

A paper read at the Fifteenth Annual Convention of the United Light, Power and Insurance Dealers of America, Atlantic City, May, 1927.

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I am very much in favor of companionate marriage, and in our neighborhood it has almost entirely taken the place of the old saloon. Of course anyone with half an eye could have seen that this great boon to mankind was coming—even as far back as 1900. The glaring inequalities of the old marriage system were all too apparent. Men of the working and middle classes sometimes had to wait thirty-five or forty years before they could marry again. Men were dying all over America without even having had more than one wife. And wives were dying all over America because it was the only way a poor husband could get rid of them. Such intolerable conditions could not last. The Constitution of this country (or maybe it was the Declaration of Independence) guaranteed to every man the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Patrick Henry (or maybe it was Daniel Webster) said, "Give me liberty or give me death." Lincoln (I'm sure it was Lincoln) freed the colored slaves. The next step was bound to come.

Of course there are still a few reactionary souls who believe that a man ought to be satisfied with one or two wives, and to these I can only say, "If you don't like it in this country, why don't you go over to France and live?" The benefits of companionate marriage are indisputable. Workingmen now have money in the bank and automobiles. They are happy. They spend their evenings at home. As I said before, the saloon had to go. It must never come back. Hurray for Judge Landis and companionate marriage!

Well, that settles companionate marriage, anyway. And you gentlemen of the Londonderry Pipers' and Skittle Players' Forum won't forget the monster rally right in this same place very soon. That's good. And costumes are not only optional—they're outrageous. Dismissed!

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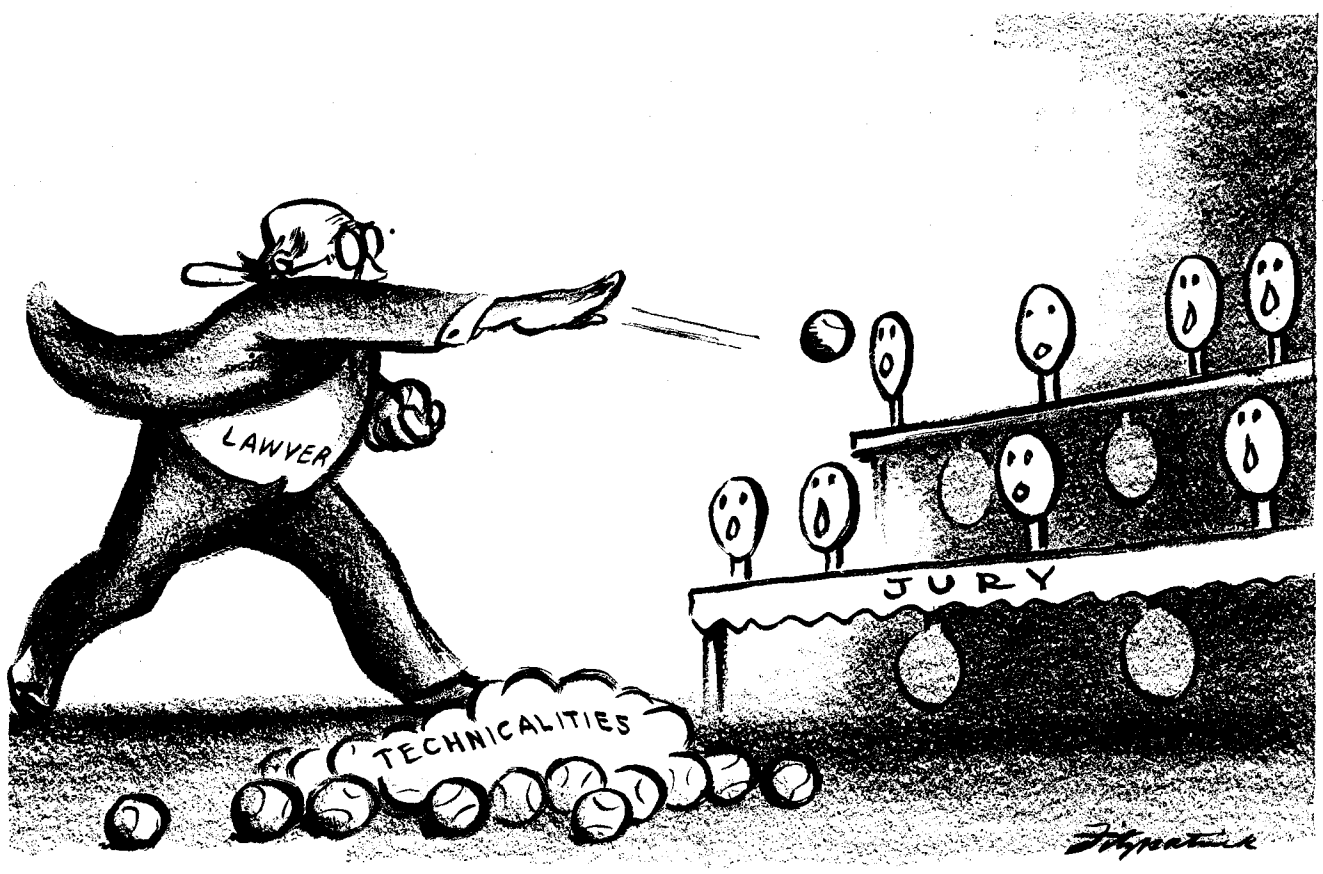
Our Peers

DO YOU remember the case of George Remus, the bootlegger and ex-convict freed by a Cincinnati jury after he had chased his wife in an automobile and killed her?

At that time it was explained that prohibition was so unpopular in Cincinnati that juries could not be expected to convict the bootleggers who merely murdered their wives.

Almost every case involving women accused of crime is a burlesque upon the law. Husband killing is a safe crime if the murderess is a personable woman. Juries are highly susceptible to feminine charm.

"You can't imagine how hard it was to follow the evidence. We would leave the courtroom in the evening with headaches from trying to remember the points the lawyers brought up."



Any fairly adroit lawyer can confuse a case so that the jury cannot escape honest doubt

Much more sinister than sentimental weakness of jurymen, however, are the symptoms shown in the oil trials.

The record of guilt was so plain that the sober-minded men of the United States Supreme Court had gone out of their way to denounce corruption of the conspiracies arranged by Secretary Fall with the oil men.

Yet juries successively found both Doheny and Sinclair "not guilty."

At this writing no charges of any impropriety have been brought against these jurors.

The fact is that in most cases impropriety is unnecessary. Any fairly adroit lawyer may be relied upon so to confuse a case that an average juryman cannot escape honest doubt concerning the proven guilt of a prisoner.

After the Sinclair verdict, one of the jurors said:

The evidence in the oil cases was complicated. Perhaps we should not fairly have expected a haphazard jury to work out such a puzzle. In other fields amateurs are not expected to pass on technical questions.

The historical fact is that the jury system was invented to meet the needs of a much simpler age and that for most cases it is obsolete and useless today.

Juries were serviceable when judges were appointed by kings and when courts were ruled by men not under popular control. The jury coming from the same social class as the accused then was able to understand the facts and to correct the prejudices of the judge.

All that is past.

The old-fashioned juror was chosen because of his knowledge of those involved in the case.

Now the ideal juror knows nothing, has no prejudices or opinions and manages to avoid reading and is a wholly colorless individual. Lawyers by their questions try to eliminate everyone of decided views or of apparently vigorous character. The more credulous the jury the more preposterous the lawyer may be.

The remedies are obvious enough if the jury system is to be saved.

First, we must change the methods of selecting jurymen so that more representative citizens are enabled to serve. Most busy men will go to any length to escape jury service.

Why shouldn't they? Who wants to listen to the petty bickerings which form the substance of so much litigation? But if minor matters were referred to judges for direct settlement, it would be possible to get any type of citizen to serve on juries assigned to important cases.

In such fashion it ought to be possible to get juries capable of understanding cases upon which they must pass judgment.

Second, court procedure must be simplified so that taking testimony becomes more nearly an effort to learn the truth and less a confusing game played by astute and thoroughly unmoral lawyers.

Unless some such changes are made, the trial by jury will be lost. Already it is being made absurd and contemptible by verdicts returned in conspicuous cases.

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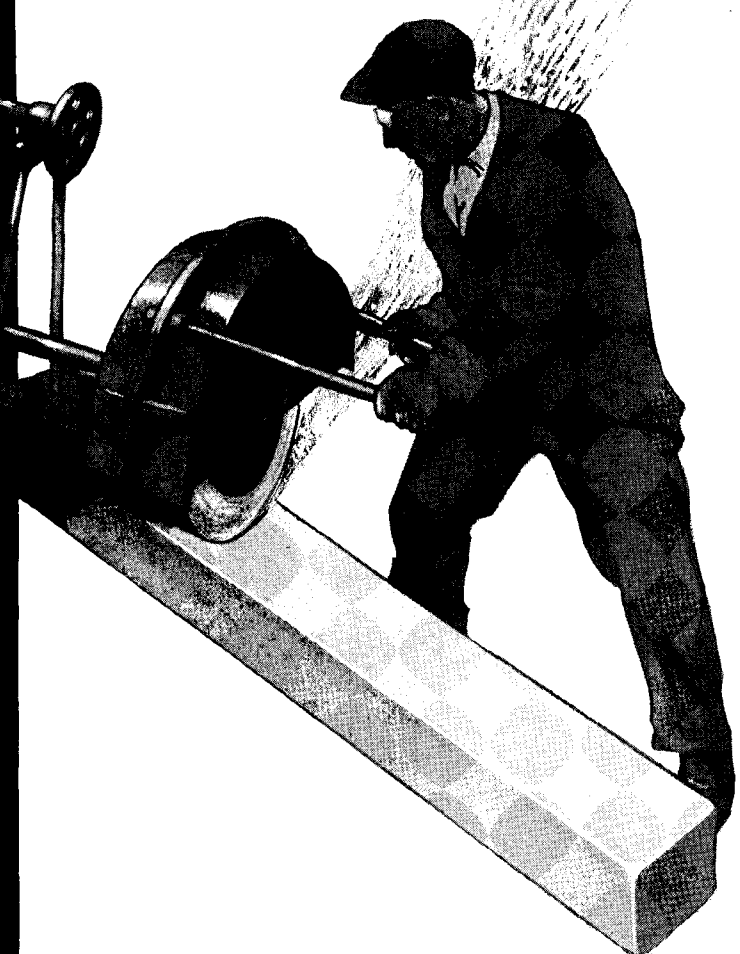

Crosses indicate points where Timkens are used in passenger automobiles

Make	Model	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	x	x	x		x
Cadillac	All	x	x		x	x
Chandler	Special 6	x	x	x		x
	Big 6 & Royal 8	x		x		x
Chrysler	52-62-72	x	x	x		x
	80	x				x
Cunningham	All	x	x	x		x
Dodge	All	x	x			x
Durant	55	x	x	x		
	65 & 75	x	x	x		x
Elcar	6-70	x				x
	8-78, 8-82	x	x			x
	8-91, 8-92	x	x			x
Falcon	All	x	x	x	x	x
Ford	All	x		x	x	x
Franklin	All	x	x	x	x	x
Gardner	All	x	x	x		x
Graham-Paige	610	x	x	x		x
	614	x	x			x
	619, 629, 835	x	x		x	x
Hudson and Essex	All	x	x	x		x
Hupmobile	6	x	x	x		x
	Big 8	x	x			x
	Century 8	x	x	x	x	x
Jordan	All	x	x	x	x	x
Kissel	All	x	x	x		x

Make	Model	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
LaSalle	All					x
Lincoln	All	x	x	x	x	x
Locomobile	Jr 8	x	x			x
Marmon	68	x				x
	78	x	x			x
McFarlan	All	x	x	x		x
Moon	All	x	x	x		x
Nash	Std 6	x	x	x		x
	6 and 8	x				x
Peerless	8-69	x	x			x
	6-91, 6-60 and 6-80	x	x	x		x
Pierce-Arrow	81	x	x	x		x
	36	x	x			
Reo	Flying Cloud	x	x			x
	Wolverine	x	x			x
Star	All	x	x	x		
Stearns-Knight	All	x	x	x	x	x
Studebaker and Erskine	All	x	x	x	x	x
Stutz	All	x	x	x		x
Velie	All	x	x	x	x	x
Willys-Overland	Whippet 4	x	x	x		x
	Whippet 6	x	x	x	x	x
	56	x	x	x		x
	66-A	x			x	x
	70-A	x		x	x	x

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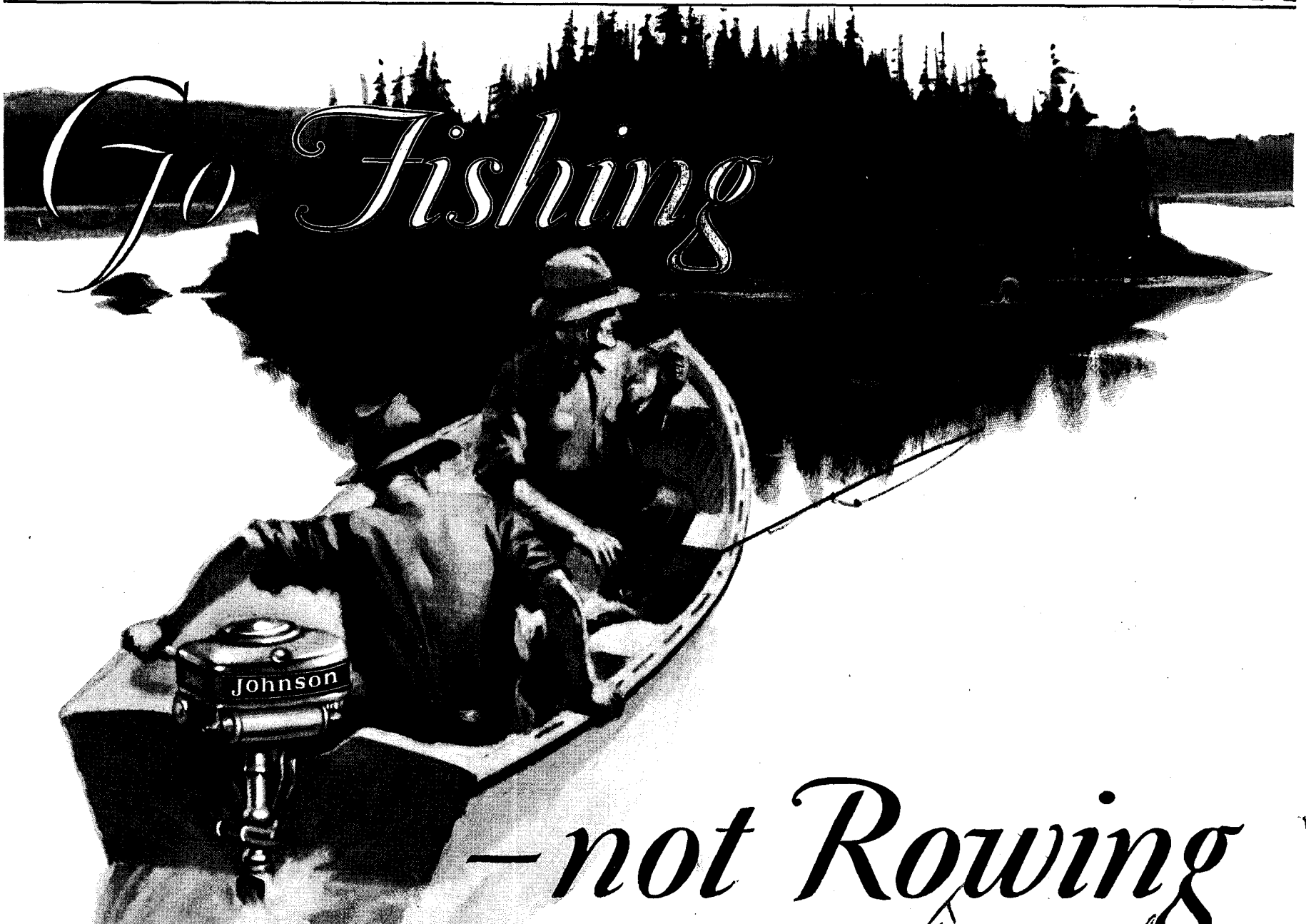

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